

Chapter 1- The Final Summer:

It wasn't exactly what you would call the most beautiful day here
in August, that's for sure.

The raindrops beat against the window in a gentle, soothing beat, almost like a set of drums. Most people would have thought the constant beating was annoying, irritating, anything but gentle or soothing. But, to Lily Julia Potter, the constant music of rain hitting her bedroom window was comforting. It helped take her mind off things. Things that she didn't nor should have to think about. Things no sixteen year old girl should have to think about.

There she was, sitting at her desk. Her eyebrows were furrowed in the utmost concentration and she seemed to be sucking on her quill, most likely it was a Sugar Quill and working hard on whatever she seemed to be working on, whether it be summer homework or writing a letter. But, whatever she was working on, she seemed to give up as she threw her quill down in frustration and stood up and walked towards the window. Lily sat down on her window seat, grabbed a pillow and hugged it to her chest and stared out into the cloudy, gray sky. For some reason, Lily thought the sky matched the emotions she was feeling right now; gray, dreary, depressing.

Lily gave a sad, yet frustrated sigh and ran her fingers through her long silky blonde hair. She had really changed over the summer. If you had looked at a picture of Lily from when summer had first started and now, you would not have been able to tell it was the same girl. Lily had grown from a scruffy, yet very cute and pretty young girl into a beautiful woman and the sad part was she didn't even realize it. Lily's long, golden, once-messy blonde hair was now long, straight, sleek, and shiney, reaching down to her waist, flowing like golden river. Her once developing curves had finally finished developing and now showed as a stunning, curvy figure, like an hourglass. Helping her figure, Lily had lost a lot of weight without even meaning to. She hadn't changed her appetite or anything. Her complexion, which wasn't always the greatest, had cleared up a great deal, though she still had some of those "teenage zits" as Lily and Robby called them. The only thing that hadn't changed about Lily's appearance were her

sparkling emerald green eyes, which were twinkling behind a pair of oval, gun-metal colored glasses, which seemed to shape her face quite nicely.

Lily continued to stare out the window aimlessly. Not that she had anything better to do with her time at the moment. Her four best friends; Eddie Weasley, Asher Lazard, (who also happened to be Lily's boyfriend) and Robyn Andrews were all gone until late August. Eddie and the rest of the Weasleys had gone to America this summer, Florida to be precise. Some place called Walter Disney World or something like that. Asher had gone to Ireland to see his family. And Robyn had gone to a tropical island in Mexico, Cancun, or Lily couldn't remember. All her friends had gone on vacations this summer, leaving her behind in England to grieve alone.

Grieve over what you ask? Well, you might wonder what Lily has been thinking about as she stared blankly out her bedroom window. She was thinking about the events that had occurred during her previous, her sixth year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. I mean, it's kind of hard to forget about the events, especially one of them was your father being murdered right before your eyes, and it was on your account. Well, that's what Lily believed. But, her father's death most certainly wasn't on her fault.

Lily took a deep, shaky breath, but no tears fell. Lily had only cried once in her life and that was when her father, Harry Potter, died in her arms after giving his life for her. She took another shaky breath, thinking about how Voldemort charged at her with his knife raised, ready to plunge it into Lily's heart, how Harry had stepped in front of her, guarding and protecting her from death and taking it for himself.

This memory only increased Lily's hatred for Voldemort even more. Her fist was curled into a tight ball, her jaw was clenched tightly as her emerald eyes became more of a grayish, greenish. Her eyes only turned this color when Lily was down right furious. She was so angry that she didn't even notice Sirius Black, Harry's godfather and Lily's legal guardian come into her room. Sirius stared at her with eyes full of concern, knowing exactly what and who she was thinking about.

"Flower?" Sirius called, breaking Lily out of her intimate thought. Lily jumped and turned to look at the man who had become her second father. "You okay?"

"Fine," Lily said shortly, turning to look out the window again. She didn't mean to be so snappy at Sirius. She loved him dearly, but she was just so full anger she couldn't help but be a bit snippy. Sirius didn't mind, he knew what she was going through. He himself had lost Harry and was just as melancholy and depressed.

"Well, I was just checking to see how you were doing..." Sirius said, his voice trailing off as Lily continued to look out her window, ignoring him. "How are you doing, Lily?"

"I've been better," she answered in all honesty. Sirius gave a weak grin as Lily sighed. He crossed the room and sat down beside her on the window seat, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"You can't go on like this Lily," he whispered somberly. Lily shook off his shoulder.

"I said I was fine, Sirius!" she snapped. "With Eddie, Asher, and Robby gone all summer I'm just bored is all!"

Sirius knew this was a lie, but he overlooked it.

"Well, you'll be happy to know that Eddie is coming home tomorrow," said Sirius, trying to bring a smile on to Lily's face. The last thing he would have expected was for her frown to deepen at the mention of her best friend.

Lily and Eddie had been best friends since the day Eddie was born. They were inseparable as children and nothing changed after they came to Hogwarts. The only thing that began to change was in their fifth year, when Eddie had started to have more deeper feelings for Lily than friendship. Eddie had expressed these feelings at the end of last year, telling Lily that he loved her. But, Lily had been going out with Asher for many months and was in a happy relationship. She didn't want to let that go. Besides, she didn't really think Eddie loved her like that. He only thought he did. It was probably some silly little

crush, which he had most likely gotten over by now. Disappointment settled in Lily's stomach at the thought of Eddie being over her, which utterly confused her. Lily ignored the feeling and frowned at the thought of how she had hurt her best friend.

"Sirius, I don't want to sound rude, but could you leave me alone for awhile?" Lily asked, smiling at Sirius, patting his hand. "I really need to be alone right now."

Sirius gave her another weak smile before leaning over and kissing her lightly on her forehead.

"I understand, Flower," he said, still smiling. "You take as much time as you need to think. Just know that I'm here if you ever want to talk. I'm here for you, Lily."

"Thanks Padfoot," Lily said smiling brightly. Sirius continued to smile as he ruffled Lily's golden hair and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him. Lily rested her forehead against the window, closed her eyes and fell into a deep slumber, dreaming about that horrible night that her father was murdered. Lily knew that before the night was over, she would at least once wake up screaming in her sleep.

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"Lils?" came a voice in Lily's ear. Feeling warm and comfortable, Lily groaned tried slapping it away.

"Go away!" Lily whined before turning over and pulling her blankets over her head. She heard the voice chuckle. Lily's eyes busted open. She knew that chuckle. A large, beaming smile played on her lips as she sat up abruptly and looked at the person who had been whispering in her ear. This person was tall, very tall and lanky, bushy, flaming red hair, warm chestnut eyes, and freckles scattered all over his face. It was Eddie Weasley.

"Eddie!" Lily shouted happily. She jumped out of bed and flung herself at her best friend, wrapping her arms around his neck. She felt Eddie's arms slowly wrap around her waist, returning the hug.

“Good to see you too, Lils,” he said, smiling to himself. Being around Lily always made Eddie feel happy and he just couldn’t help but smile when he was around her. She just made him happy.

“How was that place? In America?” Lily asked, breaking the hug. Eddie gave a disappointed shrug.

“Kind of lame actually,” he said. “Claimed to be a place of magic. But, it doesn’t come even close to Hogwarts.”

“They’re Muggles, you’ve got to give them some credit for trying,” Lily said reasonably. Eddie rolled his eyes, still grinning.

“Yeah, though Teresa loved the...er...what were they called again...?” Eddie asked, scratching his head. “Rolling custers (A/N -- Rollar coasters) or something like that. I didn’t like them much. Not nearly as fun as flying or Quidditch. Doesn’t give you as much as a rush.”

Lily gave a small laugh.

“Can’t argue with that,” said Lily as she walked towards her mirror. She took her hair out of that messy ponytail, which was how she wore her hair to bed, and let fall. Eddie’s eyes nearly bulged out of his head. He did notice when Lily jumped up to hug him, how much her figure had changed, but it really just hit him how she changed from a girl into well...a woman...in one summer.

“Hey Lils?” Eddie asked, a little awkwardly which Lily didn’t fail to notice.

“What’s up?”

“Well...I just wanted...wanted y-you to know that...you look really pretty,” he stuttered nervously. He could feel his cheeks growing hot and Lily gave him a small smile.

"Thanks, Ed," said Lily, "now if you don't mind," she grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the door. "This girl needs to get changed out of her pajamas." Lily pushed Eddie out the door.

"Can't I watch?" Eddie whined playfully, giving his friend a wink. Lily glared at him before shutting the door in his face. She could hear Eddie's sniggers from behind the door and she couldn't help but shake her head and grin.

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Lily came down the stairs and saw her godparents, Ron and Hermione Weasley, Eddie's parents and her deceased father's best friends were sitting at the kitchen table with Sirius, Eddie, and Remus Lupin, another good friend of herself and Harry. He also happened to be one of James Potter's, Lily's grandfather, best friends. Lily could also see Teresa Weasley, Eddie's little sister, playing with two-year old Anna Weasley.

"Hey Lily!" Ron said cheerfully, putting down a mug he was drinking out of. Lily gave him a smile in return.

"Hey, how was America?" Lily asked as she plopped into the seat between Eddie and Remus.

"Just fine," he said grinning. "But more importantly, how is my goddaughter doing?"

"Bored," Lily answered dully. Let's be honest here, Lily's final summer was actually her most uneventful summer.

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"Lily Flower? Lily wake-up."

"What do you people want from me?" Lily snapped at Sirius, who was gently shaking her shoulder. "Can't a girl get some sleep around here? Especially during her summer vacation!"

Sirius grinned to himself. This girl was so much like her

grandfather is wasn't even funny. Sirius could actually remember James saying those exact words one summer morning; "Can't a guy get some sleep on his bloody summer vacation?" Sirius chuckled and sat on the edge of Lily's bed as the teenager pulled the blankets over her head.

"Lil, it's almost noon," said Sirius, amusement in his voice. "You're supposed to meet Ed, Asher, and Robyn in an hour at Diagon Alley. You only have a week left until school starts."

"Bloody hell," Lily muttered into her pillow. Sirius put on a stern face.

"Lily, how many times do I have to tell you to watch your mouth," Sirius said firmly. Lily groaned.

"Sorry," she said shortly. "Alright, I'm up."

"Good, Asher is coming to pick you up in about forty-five minutes," said Sirius as he crossed across the room and towards her door.

"Alright," Lily muttered as she literally rolled out of bed and got to her feet. Sirius grinned in amusement and closed the door behind him. He went downstairs and sat down at his kitchen table, drinking a warm cup of tea. He continued to stare off into space for no apparent reason until he heard a stumble, a cough, and a few well chosen profanities come from the living room. Sirius grabbed his wand, jumped to his feet and dashed into the living to see Asher Lazard, getting to his feet, covered in soot, brushing off his robes.

Asher had also grown over the summer. He used to be extremely short, maybe even an inch shorter than Lily. Now, stood a tall, boy with tan skin, dirty blonde hair, a slight overlarged nose, and gentle stormy eyes, like clouds on a stormy day.

"Hey Sirius," said Asher grinning. Sirius grinned back. "Is Lily Billy ready yet?"

"She wasn't expecting you until around one," said Sirius. Asher

gave him a funny frown.

"It is one, Si," said Asher, looking at his watch. Sirius realized he spaced off for almost an hour.

"Oh."

"Hey Ash, Sirius," came a voice from the kitchen. Lily walked into the room and smiled at the pair of them. Asher beamed when he saw his girlfriend. He walked over and gave Lily a quick peck on the lips. "Merlin Asher, you got tall." Asher laughed.

"Hey Lily Billy," he said taking her hand in his. "Ready to go?"

"Sure," she said shrugging. Turning to Sirius; "I'll be home around dinnertime."

"Take care, you two," said Sirius smiling. Asher led Lily to the fireplace, handing her some Floo Powder.

"Ladies first," he said charmingly. Lily rolled her eyes and took some in her hand before stepping into the fireplace, screaming; "DIAGON ALLEY!"

Lily disappeared in the emerald flames.

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Lily made a rough landing, which she determined had to be a family trait, remembering all those stories and times Harry had trouble getting around with Floo Powder. Lily smiled at first, but the thought of Harry was like a stab at her heart and her chest constricted. But, that could have been because Asher just came through the fireplace and was now sitting on top of Lily.

"Whoa!" Asher cried, jumping to his feet. "Sorry Lil Bill. Didn't see you there."

"Asher!" she said in annoyance. "Didn't have to crash into me, thanks!"

"Well, Lily Billy, most people usually *move* out of the way when they know someone is coming behind them," Asher said in an equally annoyed voice. Lily rolled her eyes and gave a slight grin.

"Sorry," she said shortly. "In a tempermental mood I guess." Asher smiled and wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

"Don't worry about it," he said, "c'mon lets go meet Eddie and Robby Bobby."

They two walked, Asher's arm around his girlfriend's waist, towards Gringotts where they were meeting Eddie and Robyn. They weren't hard to find. Eddie's hair really stood out. Standing there, talking with Eddie was a pretty, tall, African-American girl; Robyn Andrews. Robyn saw the couple coming towards them and she waved. Eddie also turned but didn't wave. Instead, his eyes wandered to Asher's arm, which was still wrapped around Lily, and he frowned. The other three didn't seem to notice.

That afternoon was just your regular afternoon with the four teenagers, except the fact that Eddie refused to stop glaring at Asher everytime he held Lily's hand, or wrapped his arm around her, or kissed her cheek, or pecked her on the lips. The four of them had gotten their school supplies, new robes, and anything else they needed.

After a long afternoon of shopping and glaring (mostly on Eddie's part), the four teenagers sat around eating ice cream and just goofing around.

"Well, as if we don't see enough of these filthy Gryffindors at Hogwarts we have to see them during our summer vacation as well," a female voice said coolly. Lily whipped around and saw Raven Dawsetta and Daris Malfoy, holding hands, and staring down at the four of them with dislike. Raven was a pretty girl with long silky black hair that fell to her waist. Her skin was soft looking and tan, almost olive and she had warm dark chocolate brown eyes, and a model type figure. Malfoy look nothing short or less than his father, Draco Malfoy with white blonde hair, hard cold gray eyes, and a pug face.

“Seriously, Dawsetta, do you have anything better to do than annoy the bloody hell off of us?” Eddie snapped.

“Of course not,” Lily answered for Eddie, “we all know that Dawsetta has no life. The only two things she knows how to do is going around and snogging every guy she can get her hands on and annoying us to no end.”

Eddie, Asher, and Robyn all bursted out into laughter as Raven glared at Lily. Malfoy snarled and started to pull out his wand, but Lily beat him to it. She had her wand out and was fingering threateningly.

“What are you going to do Malfoy? Curse me into oblivia like you always threaten but can never seem to follow through with?” Lily asked innocently. Eddie, Asher, and Robyn couldn’t help but notice how much more confident Lily seemed from her previous years.

“Oh, don’t you worry Potter, one day all my promises will come through,” Malfoy snarled, pointing his wand at Lily’s throat. Lily heard someone stand up abruptly from behind her.

“Is that a threat, Malfoy?” Lily heard Eddie ask angrily.

“Eddie, stay out of it!” Lily snapped. She noticed Asher get to his feet. “You too Ash!”

Lily and Malfoy just stared at each other with pure hatred, Lily’s green eyes flashing and Malfoy’s gray eyes, colder than Lily had ever seen them. They just stared at each other, about to scream a curse at each other, when;

“Excuse me?” a firm, female voice called. Lily and Malfoy both looked up to see a young, stunningly, beautiful woman walking, more like gliding towards them. She had pale skin, gray eyes that sparkled like crystals in the gleaming sun, and long silvery blonde hair that fell to the middle of her back. All of the boys stared at this woman completely lost for words, speechless. Lily frowned. This woman was no doubt a veela of some sort.

“May I ask what is going on ‘ere?” the woman asked. Lily noticed she had a slight french accent.

“Er...nothing that concerns you,” Lily said rather coldly. The woman just stared down at her wearing a weird expression.

“You are six ‘Ogwarts students, am I correct?” the woman asked. Lily turned around and looked at Robby, than took a quick glance at Raven. She noticed that they were looking at this woman in the same dislike.

“Yeah, so?” Raven snapped. The woman turned and glared at them.

“Well, if you are all ‘Ogwarts student, zen zis does concern me, as I am your new Potions Master,” the woman said coolly.

“Really? That’s great!” Asher said excitedly. Lily turned and punched him on the shoulder. “Ow, I mean...that’s bad. No, I mean...I think I’m going to shut-up now.”

“Best idea you had all day,” Lily said coldly. Asher glared at her before turning to drool over the woman again.

“You’re our new Potions Master?” Malfoy asked. “What happened to Professor Snape?”

“Retired,” the woman said simply. “My name is Dominique Delinor, but you can call me Professor Delinor. ‘Ho might you six be?”

“Asher Lazard at your service!” That recieved a glare from Lily.

“Robby Andrews.”

“Raven Dawsetta.”

“Daris Malfoy,” Malfoy said in a deeper, more mature voice than he usually used. The girls rolled their eyes.

“Eddie Weasley.”

“Lily Potter.”

The woman heard Lily's name and just stared at her, long and hard. Dominique stared at Lily so intently that Lily started to shift uncomfortably under her gaze. Dominique's mouth opened, then closed. She just stared at Lily.

“Potter did you say?”

“Erm...yeah...”

“Any relation to ‘Arry Potter?” Dominique asked, barely above a whisper. Lily frowned slightly.

“Yes, he's my father,” said Lily, in a slight proud voice.

“You're ‘Arry Potter's daughter?” Dominique gasped, nearly choking on her saliva. Lily nodded, giving her incredulous look, like she was an escaped insane person from Mungo's. Dominique finally tore her eyes off Lily, gulped and looked around frantically.

“Lilee, E....’E's not ‘ere now, is ‘e?” Dominique stuttered. Lily noticed some coming down from her brow.

“No, my father died,” Lily said coldly as her voice would allow her. Dominique looked at her weirdly. The nervousness in her eyes suddenly replaced with something else. An emotion Lily couldn't place.

“E...what? ‘Arry - I mean - Mr. Potter died?” Dominique asked in such a low whisper, Lily was astonished that she had been able to hear it.

“Yeah...” Lily said slowly, her voice trailing off, not understanding why this woman could possibly care this much. Dominique looked on the verge of tears.

“Ow? When? Why?” Dominique asked desperately. Lily turned to look at her four friends (by that time, Malfoy and Raven had snuck off.) and they looked just as confused and weirded out as she did.

“Who-?”

“Dominique!”

Lily looked ahead, and coming from behind Dominique was another beautiful woman, with silvery blonde hair, pale skin, perfect teeth, and crystal blue eyes. She too had to be a veela, because the boys started gaping again. Lily noticed that she also had a French accent. Dominique whipped around.

“Fleur!” she cried with relief. “I’ve been looking for you.”

“Where have you been?” The woman known as Fleur asked. Dominique launched into some kind of explanation. Lily turned to look at her friends and jerked her head in the opposite direction, telling them they had best escape while they still could. The four teenagers slipped off before the two veela, French women noticed, and left those two women behind talking vigorously in French.

“What was THAT all about?” Eddie asked finally when they reached the Leaky Cauldron. Lily shrugged.

“I don’t know, all I can say is that them French people,” she said shaking her head. “Barking mad they are.”

“That Dominique woman, was she a veela?” Robyn asked. Lily nodded.

“I thought so.”

“She seemed rather interested in you, Lils,” said Eddie, frowning in confusion. “And interested in Harry as well.”

“You guys noticed that too? I mean, she was only on the verge of tears when Lily Billy said Harry had passed away.” Asher said sarcastically, earning a glare from Eddie.

"It was weird," Lily muttered. "But, I'm not going to fret over it. It's probably nothing. Probably one of those obsessive fans, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah probably," Asher said offhandedly.

"But, what about the second woman?" Robyn asked. "What was her name? Floo?"

"Fleur, I think."

"Yeah...her."

"What about her?" Eddie asked, confused.

"I don't know...there was something about her..."

"We heard her say two words, and they weren't even directed towards us," Asher said dryly.

"But there was something about her that...just...weirded me out."

"Yeah me too," Lily nodded in agreement.

"Well, this certainly was a...er...interesting day," Asher said, one of his hands holding Lily's and the other scratching his uncertainly.

"It's been an interesting summer," said Robby.

"Well, maybe for you three," Lily said dryly. There was an awkward silence.

"C'mon," said Eddie, breaking the silence. "Let's go home before we run into some other weirdo."

"Couldn't have said it better myself."

Chapter 2- Returning to Hogwarts:

With Sirius beside her, Lily pushed her trolley that held her trunk to the wall between platforms 9 and 10 at King's Cross Station, getting ready to head off to her seventh and final year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

"Alright, I'm off Sirius," Lily said cheerfully, ready to run between the two platforms on to Platform 9 3/4, but the older man put a hand on her shoulder to stop her. Lily looked at Sirius with a face of mixed confusion.

"What's up Sirius?"

"Lily, you're going into your last year at Hogwarts," said Sirius. "I still remember when you were getting on the train for the first time. You were so nervous, though you would never admit it. I was so proud of you Flower, I still am. I want you to know that, no matter what you do this year, no matter what career you choose, no matter how many N.E.W.T's you get, I want you to know that I love you and I could never be more proud of you. You're only sixteen, and you've accomplished so much in your life."

"Thanks Padfoot," said Lily as she walked over and enveloped Sirius in a warm embrace. "I love you too."

"Now get going," Sirius said, pushing Lily away from him playfully. Lily grinned at him before turning and running, disappearing through the barriers. Sirius hurriedly wiped the tears threatening to fall from his eyes.

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Lily sat on the Hogwarts Express in their usual compartment with Eddie, Asher and Robyn. Asher and Robyn were playing Exploding Snap as Eddie just gazed out the window. Lily was taking Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans and tossing them into the air, trying to catch them in her mouth. Robby looked over at her friend, and shook her head.

"You don't know how unattractive that looks Lil," said Robby in disapproval. Lily caught a red bean in her mouth and shrugged.

"So? Mmmm strawberry," she said licking her lips. Asher grinned.

"I think it's adorable. By the way, I like strawberry too!" He leaned over and kissed Lily deep on the lips. No one noticed Eddie's fists clench so tightly that his knuckles were white and his facial features were covered completely with a frown. When Asher pulled away, he also licked his lips.

"Mmmm...tasted more like cherry to me," he said winking. Lily gave him a playful shove before taking out another bean and tossing it into the air and catching it in her mouth again.

"I wonder who the Head Boy and Head Girl are this year," Robby said thoughtfully. They all shrugged.

"All I know is that none of us were prefects expect Robby here," said Eddie, "so I think neither of us is going to get it."

"Yeah, and we all know Robby was caught into many closets with too many guys to get Head Girl," said Lily grinning. After that statement, Lily had to duck in order to avoid a textbook being thrown at her head.

"So, what do you think in store for us this year Lil?" Robby asked, giving Lily a playful smile. Lily rolled her eyes.

"Hopefully nothing," muttered Lily, gazing out the window. "I want my final year at Hogwarts to be normal, well as normal as you can get at Hogwarts. You know, without any Voldemort or danger. I want to be a normal witch."

"Yeah, but when your last name is Potter, especially of your the daughter of the famous Boy-Who-Lived, Harry Potter, having a normal life is kind of unlikely, almost impossible," said Eddie honestly. They all laughed.

Neither of them knew how true that statement actually was.

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“Oh for the love of Merlin,” Lily muttered throwing her head back in her seat. “I’ve had to listen to the Sorting for six years now. It gets boring after awhile! Can’t they sort the first years in private or something? I mean, the kid’s are nervous wrecks as it is, they don’t need the whole bloody school watching them!”

“Oh quit whining!” Robby muttered, though she looked even more bored than any of the people at the Gryffindor table. Lily looked over at the staff table and noticed Dominique from Diagon Alley sitting at the table, her crystal eyes sparkling. Beside her was the woman called Fleur sitting up straight and tall, proud, her perfect nose high in the air. Lily thought she looked like a stuck-up snob.

Thankfully, the last first year was being sorted. Lily watched as ‘Zimmers, Alana,’ became a Ravenclaw and she laughed at the fact that Eddie and Asher had grabbed their forks and knives anxiously. Lily turned her attention back to Hermione, who happened to be Headmistress at Hogwarts, as she stood to her feet ready to make the announcements.

“Welcome back to another year,” Hermione said, beaming at her students. “Before we begin the feast and a new year here at Hogwarts, I’d like to make a few announcements. First off, I’d like to congratulate this year’s Head Boy, Reuben Randers from Ravenclaw, and Head Girl Mandy Micrelle from Gryffindor.” Lily turned to Mandy, who was scarlet, with wide eyes. Mandy was a pretty, sweet girl, but extremely shy and very smart. It was no big surprise that she was made Head Girl. After an applause, everyone turned back to Hermione.

“Also, I’d like to welcome to new teachers to the staff,” continued Hermione. “It is my deepest...erm...regret...to inform you that Professor Severus Snape has retired as your Potions Master.” (There was a small applause from the Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff table.) “But, I happy to welcome Professor Dominique Delinor as the

new

Potions

Master

here.”

There was a pleasant as Dominique stood to her feet and smiled at the students. Much of the male population was drooling by then.

“Also, I’d like to welcome Professor Fleur Delacour (A/N -- I dunno if I spelled that right, too lazy to get up and look in the books) as our new Transfiguration teacher and the new Head of Slytherin House. Professor Remus Lupin, our current Transfiguration teacher will once again be teaching Defense Against the Dark Arts and will remain Head of Gryffindor House. Please welcome them both.”

Fleur stood to her feet and there was more applause and once again, the men were drooling. Why Hermione hired two veelas to teach at Hogwarts was beyond Lily’s comprehension. None of the boys were going to pay attention.

“Well, let’s eat then shall we?” Hermione asked now taking her seat. Food magically appeared on to the golden plates and everyone ate.

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After a full feast, and a few more announcements from Hermione, Lily was lying on her bed, gazing out the window. She was so happy her bed was right near the window. Over the summer, Lily had grown to love looking at the twinkling evening stars. Her emerald eyes finally started to feel heavy and the fluttered closed, leaving Lily in a fitful slumber.

**She looked around her and saw nothing but thick trees and bushes. It looked like the Forbidden Forest to her, but she really couldn’t be sure. She continued to walk. She didn’t know why, but something was telling her to walk. Suddenly, there was a flashing light, almost angelic. It was so warm and comforting that she wasn’t scared, she felt at peace with herself. Once the light dimmed a little, she was able to open her eyes and she saw a man. A man wearing golden robes with red lining. He was handsome with a thin face, neatly combed brown hair and big green eyes. He had the light surrounding him and the sight was breathtaking. The man spoke urgently to her. “You must

find the key, you must find it. Before *he* does. Find the key!" Suddenly, there was green light and the man disappeared and she could see was a pair of red, snake like eyes**

Lily sat up gasping, in cold sweat. She shivered and wrapped her blankets tighter around herself. Once laying back down and closing she decided to forget about that dream. It made no sense to Lily, so she put it in the back of her mind for now. But, her dreams still came as a surprise to her, as they were filled with one person with flaming red hair.

“LILY! ASHER IS CHEATING ON YOU WITH RAVEN DAWSETTA!” a voice shouted loudly throughout the dormitory.

“WHAT?” Lily screamed as she rolled over and literally toppled out of bed, bringing her blankets with her, getting her legs all tangled with the blankets. Robby and Mandy were crying with laughter. Lily scowled at them.

“Ha ha ha,” she said sarcastically. The girls continued laughing hysterical. “Y’know? I think I liked it better when you threw water on my face!” Lily said sardonically, trying to untangle herself from the sheets and blankets. At that moment, Eddie, followed close by Danny Micrelle bursted into the room. Eddie had his wand raised.

“What’s going on here?” Danny asked urgently, apparently worried for his twin sister, Mandy.

“Nothing,” Mandy managed through her laugh. Danny raised an eyebrow.

“We heard a scream,” Eddie said, looking around in concern, especially at the sight of Lily on the floor, tangled up in her sheets.

“We’re fine,” Lily said impatiently, trying to untangle herself and apparently having a hard time. “These so-called friends of mine decided to scare the bloody daylights out of me.”

“Well, you are impossible to wake up Lils,” said Eddie smiling. “Unless someone pours ice water on your face or scares you.”

“I prefer the ice water,” she said bitterly. For some reason, she couldn’t untangle herself from her blankets. Eddie grinned the famous Weasley lop-sided grin and strided over to her, trying to help his best friend. Robyn, Mandy, and Danny shared knowing smiles.

“I’ve got it Ed,” she said impatiently. As you can tell, Lily isn’t exactly a morning person. Eddie grinned again.

“C’mon Lils, you’ve been trying to untangle yourself for...what...the last ten minutes? Just swallow some of that Potter pride and let me help you.” Eddie said reasonably as he bent down and pulled as hard as he could on the blankets.

Unfortunately for Eddie, he pulled a little too hard and stumbled slightly, falling forward on to the floor. But, it wasn’t the floor the broke his fall, it was Lily. As he landed he heard Lily grunt with pain and he looked down, Lily laying beneath him. She looked back at him, the two of them just searching each other’s eyes. Emerald met chestnut and they never broke eye contact. Robyn, Mandy, and Danny were all looking at them wide-eyed, but had slight smiles on their faces.

Eddie just continued looking into Lily’s eyes and he swallowed hard. He leaned in slightly, feeling Lily’s breath on his face, until;

“Hey, I heard a scream before. Now it sounds like someone fell through the flo-” Asher’s voice stopped short when he saw the sight of Eddie on top of Lily. Robby, Mandy, and Danny all held their breaths, as though waiting for some kind of explosion to erupt. There was a small silence, though Eddie and Lily never broke eye contact.

“WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS GOING ON HERE?” Asher’s voice roared, quite angrily, making Eddie jump off Lily as though she on fire. Lily scrambled to her feet, through her blankets were still wrapped around her ankles. Asher’s gray eyes were blazing as he looked at Eddie.

“WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT WEASLEY?” Asher shouted. He stormed forward and shoved Eddie, who immediately shoved him back. Eddie was a lot taller than Asher, so Asher didn’t retaliate...yet. “You keep away from my girlfriend, you hear?”

“I wasn’t coming on to your girlfriend, Lazard,” Eddie said through gritted teeth, his eyes narrowed. “She needed help with something.”

“All I saw was you helping her snog!”

“We weren’t snogging!” Lily finally said in defense, glaring at Asher for accusing Eddie. No one had a right to accuse Eddie. Nobody. “Eddie just slipped and fell on top of me!”

“Oh, he accidently fell on top of you in such a convient position and I walk in finding you two looking at each other and him getting ready to bloody kiss you! You weren’t even trying to stop him!” Asher snapped bitterly. Lily narrowed her eyes.

“There was nothing to stop,” Lily said coolly, folding her arms across her chest.

“Nothing to stop?” Asher snarled, glaring at his girlfriend. His fists were clenched. “Get out of denial Lily! I’ve seen it but I didn’t want to believe it! You like Eddie! Go ahead! Admit it! You prefer Eddie over me, your BOYFRIEND! You wanted him to kiss you, didn’t you? Everyone knows your head over heels for this redheaded freckle-faced git. Admit it!” Lily just continued to stare at Asher, calm and collected, her arms still crossed and she had a cool eyebrow raised, as though everything Asher were saying didn’t mean anything.

“I don’t think I like this jealous side of you Ash,” Lily finally said coldly.

“JEALOUS?” Asher bellowed. “You expect me to be calm when I find my friend and my girlfriend on the floor about to snog senseless?”

“Asher, calm down...” Mandy whispered. Asher turned to her furiously.

“MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!” Asher shouted. Mandy immediately backed away. Danny glared at Asher, but no one noticed. He turned and rounded on Lily again. “Lily, I trust you. But, I don’t trust Weasley here, so I want you to stay away from him. Understood?”

There was a long silence in which Lily stared at her boyfriend in

complete and utter disbelief. Eddie's stomach dropped and he looked at Lily anxiously, waiting her response. Surely she wouldn't let sixteen years of friendship go down the drain because of a jealous boyfriend, would she? As each second passed, Lily's eyes got wider. She slowly advanced on Asher until she was so close their noses were practically touching. Her wide eyes were now narrowed, and she glared at Asher.

"If you're going to make me choose between you and my best friend, than I don't think this relationship is going to work," Lily snarled. She brushed past Asher, making sure she bumped against his shoulder, and stormed into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Asher turned to Eddie with his jaw set and his fists clenched, eyes narrowed dangerously, and Eddie could have sworn he saw lightening strike in Asher's eyes, an angry lightening.

"You stay away from her Weasley," Asher whispered in a deathly whisper. "I see the way you look at her. You still like her, a lot. But, you made your choice last year and you had better stick with it."

"That wasn't my choice," Eddie whispered in that same furious whisper. "I was being controlled."

"That would be because you're so weak-minded!" Asher snapped. That was the final straw for Eddie. Eddie took out his wand, as did Asher and they pointed it at each other, both glaring.

"STOP IT!" Robby shouted, jumping in between Eddie and Asher, trying to stop them from cursing each other. "Look at you two! You two have been friends since your first year and your going to let a girl come between that?"

"She's not just any girl," Eddie mumbled under his breath so no one could understand him. Robby and Asher both raised eyebrows at him, but Eddie just continued to glare.

"You just keep your distance Weasley," Asher said in a warning tone before stuffing his wand into his pocket and stormed towards the

door.

“You don’t deserve her!” Eddie said angrily. Asher, who had just reached the door, stopped and turned and looked at Eddie.

“Oh and you do?” With that, Asher stalked furiously out of the room, slamming the door behind, making everybody flinch. But, for Eddie, it wasn’t the door slamming that made him flinch, it was Asher’s words.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*

Lily continued to frown as finally threw her robes on over her uniform and grabbed her books from her bed. Who was Asher to accuse Eddie? Eddie wasn’t going to kiss her! Or...was he? Lily remembered his face coming closer and closer to her’s. She could almost count every single freckle on his nose and cheeks. But, he wasn’t going to kiss her was he? Lily shook her head. She wasn’t going to accuse her best friend of something that wasn’t going to happen. Sure, he may have liked her in the past, but surely he was over that, right? Lily shook herself out of her thought and headed towards the Common Room. She was already late for her first class of the year, Potions.

“Great way to start off a new year with a new teacher. Great first impression Potter,” she told herself sarcastically as she headed down the stairs to the Common Room.

When she got there, she was surprised to see Eddie sitting down on the couch, in front of the fire, staring intently into it. He was holding a small stack of toast in his hand and looked deep in thought.

“Ed?” Lily called out. Eddie jumped, and his eyes settled on Lily and he smiled.

“Hey Lils,” he said standing up, holding the stack of toast out to her. “You missed breakfast so I thought you might be hungry.”

“Starved. Thanks.” Lily said, taking the toast and taking a bite out of one. Eddie was now staring at his feet and he sat down on the

armrest of the couch.

“So, are you and Asher...you know...breaking up?” Eddie asked slowly, a weird look in his anxious brown eyes. Lily shrugged.

“No idea,” she said, taking another bite. “I don’t like the fact that he tried to make me choose my boyfriend over my best friend.”

“Well, I can understand his point Lils,” Eddie said slowly, “I mean, we were rather in a...erm...compromising position.” He blushed slightly.

“Yeah, but it didn’t mean anything right?” Lily asked curiously. Eddie’s throat was now too tight to speak. “Right?”

“That’s what we need to talk about Lily,” Eddie said softly. He looked at Lily. She didn’t seem shocked, scared, nervous, embarrassed, or anything. She seemed...well perfectly normal. Disappointment hit Eddie hard in the stomach.

“Listen, Ed, we can talk later,” Lily said hurriedly. Eddie glared.

“Lily, I really need to talk to you. Why are you putting this off?” He said impatiently.

“I’m not putting this off, I’m only saying this because I think it’s best we talk later because we are ten minutes late for Potions right now,” Lily said hastily. Eddie’s eyes widened and he looked at his watch. Realizing the time, he swore loudly and grabbed his books.

Lily and Eddie both raced down to the dungeons as fast as they could, trying hard to be any more late than they already were. Eddie was ahead of Lily, he grabbed the door to the classroom and he bursted through it, Lily on his heels. The pair stumbled into the room and were both gasping for much needed breaths.

Professor Dominique Delinor was sitting at her desk, a smile on her face, her white crystal eyes twinkling.

“Good morning,” she said sweetly. “Miss Potter, Mr. Weasley.”

“Good morning,” the both said in monotone. Dominique smiled again.

“May I ask why you two are so late?”

“Lost track of time,” mumbled Lily, waiting for the word detention. She looked up to see Dominique smiling at the pair of them.

“Well, since it tis ze first day of school, I’ll let you two off the ‘ook,” said Dominique, looking sincere. “But, I expect no more of zis tardiness. Understood?”

“Yes Professor.”

“Good. Now please, take your seats and open your books to chapter one.” Dominique said simply and she continued working at her desk. Lily and Eddie both grinned at each other. This is their first Potions class they had ever gotten away with something.

Lily took a seat between Eddie and Asher. Asher turned and glared at her as she sat down.

“Lost track of the time did you?” Asher said coldly. “Too busy snogging Ed in a broom closet somewhere?”

Lily glared and kicked Asher’s shin.

“I thought you said you trusted me.”

“I do-”

“You’ve got a funny way of showing it,” snarled Lily.

“Miss Potter? Mr. Lazard? Is zere a problem?” Dominique asked, as she turned and stopped writing with her wand on the board. Lily and Asher’s faces both jerked up to look at their new teacher.

“No,” they both said shortly.

“Miss Potter, see me after class,” said Dominique as she turned back to the board. “Now, today class we will be doing ze potion Suenolion. Can anyone tell me anyzing about Suenolion Potion?”

“It wakes people from the dead?” Daris said coolly, trying to sound cool and funny. Raven bursted in a fit of giggles as Nott chuckled. No one, even some of the Slytherins, found this funny.

“Zat shall be ten points from Slyzerin Mr. Malfoy,” Dominique said coolly. “Five points for interrupting my class, and five for making your joke extremely lame.”

The Gryffindors burst out laughing. They already liked this teacher. Malfoy glared at Dominique and muttered something along the terms that sounded like ‘my father.’ Lily beamed at the Dominique, who caught her eye and winked.

“Well, back to what I was saying,” started the Potions Master, throwing an annoyed look at Malfoy. “Can anyone tell me what ze Suenolion Potion does?”

Mandy timidly raised her hand.

“Miss Micrelle?”

“It wakes a person up from a coma?”

“Yes, but not quite,” said Dominique, giving her an encouraging smile. “Anyone else like to take a guess?”

Lily raised her hand in the air. She knew the answer very well, for she was put under the Sueno Curse in her fifth year. The Sueno Curse was a dangerous curse. It puts you to sleep, almost like what Muggles would call a coma and as you sleep, your brain slowly eats away your memories and continues until all your memories or gone, that its like you never existed and you die. It was a deadly curse. Dominique saw Lily with her hand raised and her eyes just seemed to widen and she smiled brightly at her student.

“Miss Potter?”

"The Sueno Curse is like a coma, except your memories slowly slip away until you have no more memories left and you die. The Suenolion Potion is the only way to cure the Sueno Curse, though it is extremely difficult to make, as you need the blood of the attacker as one of the ingrediants," Lily explained quietly. She looked over at Daris Malfoy and Christof Nott to see them smiling maliciously.

"Yes, you would know that answer to that, wouldn't you Potter?" Malfoy asked coolly, causing Nott to laugh evilly. Lily shivered slightly at the memory. Suddenly, she felt someone grab her hand and give a comforting, reassuring squeeze. She looked up and saw Eddie smiling down at her, holding her hand tightly. Thankfully Asher didn't notice.

"Mr. Malfoy, one more outburst from you and you will spend your evening in detention!" Dominique scolded. "Understood?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good, five points from Slyzerin," Dominique turned back to Lily. "Fabulous answer Miss Potter. Couldn't 'ave said it better myself. Five points to Gryffindor! Now, today we will be making ze Suenolion Potion. Except without ze use of blood. I just want to see your skills in making a potion and 'ow well you follow directions, and such. Your ingrediants are in the back, and you will pair off wiz a partner. I will be grading you on how accurate ze Potion is. You have until the end of ze period. Begin."

"Be my partner Lils?" Eddie asked, grinning. Lily looked sideways at Asher, but he was already pairing off with Danny Micrelle.

"Erm, sure," she said shrugging. They started working diligently on the potion and didn't say much to each other throughout the period. The potion was quite advanced and very difficult to brew. It literally took them the whole period to brew and for Dominique to grade.

"Miss Potter, Mr. Weasley? 'Ow are we coming along?" Dominique asked as she came by with her gradebook.

“All we need to do is add the blood,” Eddie said confidently. Dominique judged the Potion for awhile, while Lily and Eddie shot each other anxious looks.

“Well, you two make make a fine pair, excellent job!” Dominique said beaming. She looked over at Lily. “You’re smart, Potter, like your father.”

Lily’s heart seemed to jump in her throat and she nearly choked.

“Okay class, you’re ‘omework assignment is a two-foot essay on the Suenolion Potion. I’ll see you on Zursday,” said Dominique as students scrambled out of the room.

“Coming Lils?” Eddie asked as he swung his bag over his shoulder.

“Later, Professor Delinor wanted me to stay behind, remember?”

“Oh yeah,” somehow he looked disappointed. “Alright, see you in a bit.” With one final look at her, he quickly walked out of the room.

Dominique was taking out her planbook, for her next most likely. Lily slung her bag over her shoulder and slowly walked up to Dominique’s desk. She stood there for a moment, clearing her throat. The Potions Master looked up and smiled as she saw Lily standing there, looking a little apprehensive.

“Oh Miss Potter, I believe I did ask you to stay after class, didn’t I?” Dominique asked grinning.

“Yes Professor,” said Lily nodding. Dominique gave a small ‘tut.’

“Please, none of zat ‘Professor’ nonsense, feel free to call me Dominique. Please, take a seat, Lilee.”

Lily nodded and sat down in front of her desk, looking utterly and completely confused on why Dominique asked her to stay after class.

“Would you like anyzing to drink? Tea?”

“No thanks, I’m fine,” Lily said politely. “What did you want to talk to me about Prof-I mean- Dominique?”

“Oh, I must say, I’m impressed wiz ze potion you made today wiz Mr. Weasley.” Dominique explained. “Very good, Lilee.”

“Thanks,” muttered Lily, not knowing where this conversation was going.

“You knew a lot about zat Sueno Curse,” explained Dominique. “One does not usually learn about it until end of sevenz year.”

“Oh, well, when I was in fifth year, I was put under the Sueno Curse,” said Lily, going red with embarrassment.

“WHAT? ‘Ho would do such a zing?” Dominique gasped.

“That’s not important, I’m fine,” Lily brushed if off. Dominique raised an eyebrow.

“‘Ho was able to get ze blood of your attacker?”

“My friend Eddie Weasley got it for me. Don’t ask me how, but he did it, and he knows I’m thankful for it.”

“Yes, it was a bit obvious zat boy has taken a liking to you,” Dominique said grinning. Lily went slightly red.

“He’s just my best friend,” she muttered. “First Asher, now my teachers say Eddie still has some kind of infatuation with me.”

“Well, I’ll say it again, you did a fabulous job in class today,” Dominique repeated, apparently realizing she should change the subject, as Lily wasn’t very comfortable or keen on talking about it. Lily shot her a grateful smile for changing the subject.

“Thanks, I know I’m not very good in Potions-”

“Oh I zink you are. You just never really ‘ad a fair shot, wiz Professor Snape and all. From observation, ‘e was not too fond of ze Gryffindors. But, don’t worry, your fazer (father) wasn’t ze best in Potions ezer,” Dominique said before she could stop herself. Lily looked up startled and stared at Dominique, who looked like she wanted to slap herself.

“You...you knew my father?” Lily asked slowly.

“Erm, only zrough rumors,” said the Professor, not looking Lily in the eye. “I come from France you know, and your fazer spent a lot of time zere at one point. I knew someone ‘ho worked wiz ‘im for a little while.”

“Oh,” Lily said looking down disappointed.

“Lilee?”

“Yes?”

“If you don’t mind me asking, ‘ow did ‘Arry - I mean - your fazer die?” Dominique asked, her eyes oddly shiney.

“Voldemort,” Lily said simply, making Dominique flinch at the name. “He murdered him.”

“Oh,” Dominique whispered. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be, you didn’t murder him,” Lily muttered. “I think I should go. I don’t want to be late for Transfiguration.”

“Oh, Professor Delacour?”

“Yeah...”

“Be careful, she’s tough,” Dominique said grinning. Lily returned the grin and walked out of the class, utterly confused.

“Now what was that all about?” she asked herself. “That

woman's

bonkers."

Lily dashed into the Transfiguration classroom a few minutes before the bell rang. She figured that after Dominique's warning, Professor Delacour might not be as understanding as her new Potions Master about being late.

"Lil! Over here!" Robby called. Lily grinned and walked over to Robby, Eddie, and Asher. Eddie and Asher were sitting at two desks behind Robby, who had saved Lily a seat in front of Eddie. Lily couldn't help but notice how the two boys continued to glare and scowl at each other. It made her feel slightly guilty. Lily brushed it off for now and took the seat beside Robby. The bell rang.

As Professor Delacour entered the room, Lily had managed to take out her books, some parchment, ink, and a quill, trying to look prepared and diligent. Lily had believed Dominique when she said that Delacour was tough. She looked the part. Despite the fact that Delacour was a veela no doubt and extremely beautiful, she had this snobby, stern attitude that Lily knew would turn up in her teaching. So, she made no mistake in trying to make a good impression, for Transfiguration was Lily's worst subject, even more so than Potions when Snape was teaching it.

"Good morning," Delacour said stiffly. "My name is Professor Fleur Delacour. I'm going to call roll. Please raise your 'and and say 'ere when I call your name. Robyn Andrews?"

"Here."

"Garrett

Benit?"

"Here."

"Jeremy

Crabbe?"

"Here."

"Raven

Dawsetta?"

“Here.”

“Jarius

Engers?”

“Here.”

“Franklin

Goyle?”

“Here.”

“Asher

Lazard?”

“Here.”

“Daris

Malfoy?”

“Here.”

“Jane-Elizabez

Marvelson.”

“Here.”

“Danny

Micrelle?”

“Here.”

“Mandy

Micrelle?”

“Here.”

“Christof

Nott?”

“Here.”

“Lilee

Potter?”

“Here.”

“Edward

Weasley?”

“Here.”

“Rosaline

Zabini?”

“Here.”

“Very good,” Delacour said as she put her rollbook away and took out another book. “Quills and parchment out. Today we will be learning ze fine art of Animagi. Miss Dawsetta, tell me, what is Animagi?”

“A form of Transfiguration where a wizard can transform into an animal,” Raven said proudly. Lily rolled her eyes.

“Very good, ten points to Slyzerin!” Delacour said proudly. “Now, ‘ow does a witch or wizard transform into an animal? Miss Potter?”

Lily nearly jumped at the question.

“Oh...erm...by..er..using the process of Animagi,” Lily said, not as confident with herself as she usually was. “They-”

“No, five points from Gryffindor,” Delacour said, sneering at Lily.

“For what?” Lily snapped. “I wasn’t finished answering-”

“Another five points, and if you don’t watch your mouz, I’ll take away twenty points, Potter,” Delacour snapped. Lily’s mouth and eyes widened in anger and disgust. Who did this woman think she was? The bloody Queen of England?

“But-”

“Shut-up!” she heard Eddie hiss from behind her. Lily frowned, but decided to take Eddie’s advice and just keep her mouth shut for a change. Delacour was wearing a smug smile as she smirked evilly at Lily, as though she did that in spite.

“Alright, as I was saying, before Potter decided to show off her act of stupidity,” Delacour said, turning away from Lily, who was

bright red in the face, "Animagi is probably the most advanced type of Transfiguration you will learn this year. It's definitely on your N.E.W.T.S, so we will be spending a lot of time on it." Lily raised her hand. Delacour rolled her eyes at her.

"What Potter?" she asked warily. Lily frowned inside, but didn't show it.

"Professor, last year, Professor Lupin taught Transfiguration and he started a special course for those who wanted to learn to become Animagi. Are you going to continue with that course?" Lily asked curiously.

"Yes, Potter, and 'ell shall freeze over before I let you join my course," Delacour snapped. "Five points from Gryffindor for asking foolish questions."

"WHAT?"

"Lily...don't..." Robby whispered desperately. She felt a pair of hands on her shoulders, trying to force her down into her seat, as she tried to stand and most likely lose her temper.

"Let go of me," Lily snarled. The hands pushed her into her seat. She turned around and saw Eddie staring at her sternly.

"Don't get yourself into anymore trouble," Eddie mouthed. Lily glared before turning back around and listening to Delacour lecture.

"Zero's not a problem is zero Potter?" sneered Delacour, causing Lily's emerald eyes to narrow. "Because if zero is, you can always talk to about it in detention."

"No," Lily grumbled, "no problem, Professor."

"I didn't sink so," the Professor said coolly. Lily continued to glare at her new Professor. She could hear Malfoy, Raven, and Nott taunting her from behind, but she just ground her jaw, tightened her fist and decided to ignore it, once again taking Eddie's advice on shutting her mouth and staying out of trouble.

Throughout the whole class, Delacour ridiculed, embarrassed, and took even more house points off of Lily. It looked like Christmas had come early for the Slytherins. A teacher who detested Lily Potter in every way, shape, and form. She was no better than Snape. In fact, she was worse than Snape. At least Snape hated all everyone except the people from his own House. The only person Delacour seemed to hate was Lily. She didn't pick on anyone else, didn't even take house points off of Eddie or Robyn when they answered a question wrong. But, yet she took points off Lily for no apparent reason, for things like coughing too loud, saying it was disrupting her lecture. Lily was just downright furious and Eddie, Asher, and Robby did a lot to make sure she kept her temper in check.

After what seemed like an eternity to Lily, the bell finally rang.

"No 'omework!" Delacour called out, recieving many "yippies" in reply. She smiled and returned to her desk. Lily quickly packed her things, grabbed her bag, and stormed out of the room without even waiting for her friends. She glared at Delacour as she walked past her desk and the Professor glared right back.

Lily decided that she only learned one thing during that Transfiguration class; that she hated Professor Delacour.

Chapter 5- The Lives of Typical Teenagers;

The green leaves that had bloomed during the summer months had now grown into the enchanting colors of red, brown, orange, and yellow, giving Hogwarts a dazzling look, making it look like water colored painting. You could see the sun setting in the horizon against the castle. The air was cool and crisp and the only people that could be seen in the outdoors were about fifteen people flying around on broomsticks on the Quidditch Pitch and six people sitting on the grounds watching them.

The Gryffindor Quidditch team was holding try-outs for a new Beater, as one of their previous Beaters, Chuck Jamonos graduated the previous year.

"Well Cyrus, what do you think?" Lily, captain of the Quidditch team asked the other Beater, a fourth year by the name of Cyrus Stunnington. The small boy frowned, apparently deep in thought.

"I think Patty Patil is quite good-"

"You only say that because you think she's cute," Chaser Orian Kellberg, a fifth year said grinning, making Cyrus go red. "We're judging athletic talent here Cy, it's not a beauty pageant."

"Fine, Sadie Yameh," muttered Cyrus.

"The second year?"

"Yep!"

"Must say I agree..." Eddie said slowly. "I mean, she's got the true makings of a beater, just like Jasmine. And Jasmine was a great beater."

"Must be in the blood," Robby said giggling.

"Yes, she is very good," agreed Lily. "Is it agreed that Sadie Yameh is our new Beater?"

“Yeah,” everyone said in agreement. Lily turned to all the anxious students, waiting to hear the decision.

“Alright, the team has come to a unanimous agreement,” started Lily, “and we’ve decided that our new team Beater shall be Sadie Yameh. Congradulations Sadie.”

Sadie beamed.

“Alright, thank you everyone for trying out and better luck next year,” said Lily, giving everyone an encouraging smile. The rest of the students trudged away looking disgruntled and disappointed. Sadie stepped forward and joined the rest of the team.

“Okay, practices are on Mondays and Thursdays at four until six. We have our first Quidtich Match against Ravenclaw coming up soon, so that doesn’t leave us much time to practice,” started Lily. “So, I’m going to be a little...harsh...I guess you could say...this week. Alright. That’s all I have to say for now. Get some sleep guys, first practice tomorrow.”

Lily, Eddie, and Robby broke off from the rest of the team and headed back to the castle together. At that time, Neil Weckers, a seventh year from Hufflepuff came up to the three of them.

“Hi Lily, Robyn, Ed,” he said grinning and nodding. The girls smiled back politely, but Eddie just gave a nod, a slight frown on his face. Feeling something was up, he stepped closer to Lily and gave Neil a warning glare. Neil noticed, but just gave Eddie a reassuring grin.

“Robyn, may I talk to you in private?” Neil asked. Robyn giggled.

“Sure, how about we walk around the lake?”

“Sure,” as he took Robyn’s hand. They started to walk away and Robyn waved to them good-bye. Lily and Eddie gave small waves back.

“That girl has dated so many guys I’m surprised she isn’t

pregnant yet," Eddie said shaking his head. Lily couldn't believe that came out of her best friend's mouth and she slapped him over the head.

"You make it sound like she's some kind of...scarlet woman or something," Lily said, still appalled at Eddie's comment. Eddie just rubbed the back of his head and grinned slightly.

"I'm not saying THAT..."

"Yes you did!" Lily said sternly. "You were refering to it."

"No I wasn't," said Eddie, still grinning. "I would never suggest anything of the sort. I'm just saying she dates a lot."

"Yes you did! You said you were surprised she isn't pregnant yet!" she said frustrated, knowing her best friend was doing this just to get riled up. Eddie laughed. He knew that despite the argument between Asher and Lily that was about him, Eddie, they were still going together, still boyfriend and girlfriend. But, Eddie couldn't help but playfully flirt with Lily. He liked her way too much, even if she was Asher's girlfriend. Besides, she never complained about it.

"Why not? I find it rather amusing arguing with you. You look cute when your mad," Eddie said innocently. Lily smiled at him sardonically.

"Oh ha ha ha."

"You do! Your cheeks get all flushed and you're glaring at everyone, your fists are clenched and it's funny because your so small. It's so adorable." Eddie said chuckling.

"Small?"

"I'm sorry, petite."

"THANK you," Lily said rolling her eyes. Eddie grinned again and playfully slumped his arm around her shoulders.

“Oh c’mon Little Lily, y’know you love me. Oh, by the way, when I say little, I mean little,” Eddie said teasingly. Lily glared at him before shrugging off his arm and taking out her wand.

“I’ll give you a ten second head start before I start hexing you,” Lily said with narrowed eyes. Eddie winked and dashed off before Lily even started counting. After he ran into the castle, Lily put her wand back in her pocket and rolled her eyes, grinning also. She slowly walked back up to the castle, her Firebolt, which was Harry’s when he was a teenager and still one of the best brooms ever created, (though no longer the fastest and newest) still clutched in her hand. As she reached the Potrait of the Fat Lady, she heard a voice from behind her.

“Lily?”

Lily turned around to see Asher standing in the shadows, staring at his feet.

“Hey, Ash,” she said smiling. She walked over to him and planted a small kiss on his lips. “What’s up?”

“Can I talk to you?”

“Sure, let me just go put my broom away and take off these Quidditch robes,” said Lily, “I won’t take long, I promise.”

Asher nodded and smiled weakly as Lily ran into the Common Room and into her dormitory. She quickly changed out of her robes and took her hair out of her neat ponytail so that it hung loose. She ran downstairs again and saw Asher sitting in front of the fire, looking into it intently.

“Hey!” she said sitting next to him.

“Hey, want to take a walk?”

“Sure.”

“How about around the lake?”

“Erm, Robyn and Neil Weckers were-”

“I’m sure they’re already snogging in a closet somewhere,” said Asher smiling. Lily chuckled and nodded in agreement.

“You sound like Eddie,” Lily said smiling. “Alright, around the lake sounds great.”

Asher took her hand and led her out of the Common Room, down the corridors, and out on to the grounds. They circled the lake in silence, just holding each other’s hand. Lily didn’t notice that Asher was deep in thought until the second time they started going around the lake. When she realized that Asher hadn’t said much, she looked at him and noticed he was frowning slightly, deep in thought. Though something in his gray eyes was showing that he felt guilty about something.

“Ash? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” he muttered quietly. Lily raised an eyebrow.

“What did you want to talk about?” Lily asked slowly. Asher ran a hand through his hair and took a deep breath.

“Us.”

“Us? What about us?” asked Lily.

“Well, listen Lily, see...” Asher ran another hand through his hair. “Last year, and this summer...I liked you, a lot. I even thought I loved you...”

Lily held her breath.

“But, I was wrong,” continued Asher. “I love you as a person in general, but I didn’t love you the way I thought I did. I know that now.”

“How do you know that?” Lily asked, curiously.

“Because...Lily...promise you won’t hex me?”

“I promise.”

“I like someone else. I...er...last night, while you were serving detention with Danny for getting into a dueling fight with Malfoy and Dawsetta, I...erm...I was hanging out with Yvonne Necter.”

“That Ravenclaw prefect? She’s in sixth year right? Light brown hair...” Lily asked, trying to think of who this girl was.

“Yeah, her, well...while I was taking a walk with her I realized that...erm...I...er...”

“Oh for Merlin’s sake, spit it out Asher!” Lily snapped impatiently.

“I realized that I like her...”

There was an extremely long awkward, hesitant silence.

“You WHAT?”

“Listen, Lily, I didn’t even mean for this to happen. I never thought I’d fall for another girl. I told you, I didn’t love you the way I thought I did.” Asher said defensively.

“Oh, but you love Yvonne right?” Lily snarled sarcastically. Asher shook his head.

“No, I don’t love her. But, I do like her, a lot. And I really want to be with her.” Asher said, getting ready for Lily to take out her wand and hex him to Kingdom Come. “But, the only way for me to be with her is-”

“To break it off with me,” Lily whispered. Asher took a deep breath and nodded. Lily turned away.

“Listen Lily Billy, I really like you, but after dating you,” said Asher, “I realize I only want your friendship. I mean, we’ve been friends since first year.”

“Yeah I know,” Lily whispered, looking at her feet. Suddenly, she looked up at Asher, and she looked rather angry.

“So, while you’re dating Yvonne, when another pretty girl comes along and dump Yvonne as well?” Lily asked coldly. Asher flinched at Lily’s tone but shook his head.

“Oh, don’t give me that Lily, you know that this relationship hasn’t been fair to either of us, especially you.” Asher said quietly. Lily was startled at his comment.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Listen, you may have had a small crush on me last year, but we both know who your heart really belongs too. I don’t want to hold you back.” Asher said, looking at Lily square in the eye.

“Who...what are you talking about? Who my heart really belongs to? My heart belongs to know one!” Lily stuttered furiously.

“Lily, don’t do this to yourself. I know that you have feelings for this guy and I know he feels the same, if not more, for you. You two belong together and I can’t stand in the middle of that anymore. It’s not fair to either of us. It’s hurting me and it’s killing you, whether you realize it or not.” Asher explained. He looked as though he had tears in his eyes. Lily had never seen Asher this emotional before.

“Are you saying that we’re over, for good?” Lily whispered quietly. Asher nodded, hastily wiping his tears away. “I see...”

“Lily Billy, even though we’re not dating anymore, can we still be as good of friends as were before we started going out?” Asher asked hopefully. “I still care about you and I still want your friendship.”

Lily looked into Asher’s eyes and saw how sincere and honest he was being. Lily also saw pain, and regret. Lily was upset, though she wasn’t completely devastated. This was her boyfriend, her first boyfriend, the boy who gave her her first kiss, well other than that little incident in the hospital wing, but she wasn’t consious so she really didn’t count that. It was plain to say that Lily was upset, not

heartbroken.

"Of course, Ash, of course we can still be friends," whispered Lily, giving a very sweet smile. Asher smiled in gratitude and kissed her lightly on the cheek, before wrapping his arms around her and pulling her into a brotherly, sisterly embrace. Lily hugged him back.

"Alright, thank you Lily," whispered Asher. "This is why you're such a good friend." There was an awkward pause. "So, I'll see you at dinner?"

"Yeah, see you at dinner," Lily said smiling, shuffling her feet.

"You okay?"

"Fine," Lily said honestly. "Even though I'm a little upset, I feel that the this is a mutual feeling. I like you, but no more than a friend."

"The break-up is mutual?"

"Yep!" Lily said, smirking. Asher grinned, gave Lily one last final kiss on the cheek, and started towards the castle again. Lily looked up to see the back of his figure walking away.

"Wait, Ash, who was that other guy you were talking about? The one were you said that my heart belongs to him?" Lily called out after him. Asher turned around and looked so astonished, Lily almost laughed at the surprised look on his face.

"You mean...you don't know?" he gasped. "Geeze, for a girl, you're more dense than a guy!"

"Okay, okay, okay, it's a known fact that I'm dense," Lily said rolling her eyes. "Just tell me."

"If you don't know," said Asher, "than I'm definately not the one to tell you. Trust me Lily Billy, you'll find out sooner or later, and I'm betting on sooner than you think." With that, he grinned again and turned to go back to the castle, leaving Lily in her confused thoughts.

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Unlike Asher, Lily didn't bother going back up to the castle. She reached the edge of the lake and sat down at the water's edge, hugging her knees to her chest and resting her chin atop of her knees, looking as though she were deep in thought. And she was. Lily was thinking about a lot of things; Harry, Voldemort, her friends, Delacour and how she hated her, Dominique, or as Lily liked to call her, Miss Bonkers, that new prophecy that was made at the end of last year, Asher and how he had broken up with her, plus so many other typical teenage thoughts. She was entranced in her own thoughts she didn't hear someone walk up behind her and sit down beside her.

"Hi Lily," came a female voice. Lily was startled out of her thoughts and turned her head to see Robyn sitting beside her, a weak smile on her face.

"Oh, hey Robby," Lily said in a quiet, distracted tone.

"You okay?"

"Of course I'm okay," Lily said angrily. "Why wouldn't I be okay?"

"Don't you start being all smart and sarcastic, Lily Potter," Robyn said sternly. "Don't act all brave and uptight. I know you're hurting."

"Why would I be hurting as you so bluntly put it?" Lily snapped bitterly. She hated how Robby tried to tell her what her emotions were, how she felt. Lily knew how she felt, she didn't need Robby to tell her. And she most certainly wasn't 'hurting.' A little disappointed, sure, but certainly not heartbroken.

"Asher told us what happened," Robyn said in a much gentler voice than before.

"I see," said Lily.

"So, are you alright?"

"I'll admit, I'm disappointed," Lily answered truthfully. "But,

certainly not devastated or heartbroken.” Robyn gave a ironical laugh.

“You had better tell that to Eddie.”

Lily gave her friend a startled look. “What? What are you talking about? What does Eddie have to do with this?”

“Well, Asher just told us he had broken up with you during dinner when Eddie asked where you were.” Robby explained. A small smile flickered on to her face. “Now he’s in the hospital wing.” Lily’s face bent in confusion and she shook her head, her eyes squinted in puzzlement.

“Why is Asher in the hospital wing?” Robby’s smile only widened.

“Eddie tried to, and I quote, ‘curse him until he lost his sanity for hurting his best friend.’” Robby said smirking. Lily rolled her eyes. “Naturally, Asher didn’t take Ed’s hexes lying down, so they had a downright duel in the middle of the Great Hall. You had to hear some of the things Ed threatened to do to Asher for breaking up with you. I distinctly remember one about being crushing his bones into dust.”

“Eddie needs to learn to control that Weasley temper,” Lily muttered. Robby smiled and nudged Lily.

“What can I say? He cares about you a lot, especially to curse his friend into having boils covering his face and are swelling by every second we speak,” Robby said giggling. Lily couldn’t hold back her weak smile anymore.

“So, Eddie is in the hospital wing as well?”

“Yep, covered head to toe in mosquito bites and and monkey hair,” giggled Robyn. Lily laughed too. “Even when he got covered in all that, Remus still had to hold him back from tackling Asher.”

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake!” Lily said, now losing her patience with Eddie’s outburst on the situation. “Ed needs to learn to control that temper! He’s not my big brother, he doesn’t need to take care of me! I can do that myself thank you VERY much.” With that, Lily got to her

feet and stomped towards the castle.

"Where are you going?" Robby called after her.

"To see how Asher's doing and give Weasley a piece of my mind!" Lily called over her shoulder, storming towards the castle. Robby smiled, shook her head, and turned to look back out into the lake.

"She's got it REAL bad," she said giggling.

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"Don't know what you were thinking Edward Ronald Weasley," Hermione said, glaring at her son. Eddie winced. He knew he was in trouble, because she was calling him by his full name. "Starting a duel in the Great Hall. Setting a horrible example for the younger students. And with one of your friends no less!"

"I'm sorry, mum," Eddie muttered, wincing slightly as Madame Parks dabbed a potion on his mosquito bites, which were the size of his knuckles.

"Sorry isn't going to make itchyiness go away now will it?" Hermione said coolly, placing her hands on her hips. Eddie looked down in embarrassment. "You maybe seventeen years old, Edward, but sometimes you act like a third year! You're so much like your father, Edward that it infuriates me!"

With that, Hermione planted a kiss on her son's cheek, ("MUM!") and turned to leave the hospital wing, her cloak billowing behind her. Eddie stared after her, rather embarrassed and shocked at the same time.

"Well, this potion will take away the itching, Mr. Weasley, but I'm afraid I can't do anything about the swelling," said Madame Parks. "I have a potion that will make it go away in a few days. That's the best I can do. Now, go rest up while I brew you that potion. And no fighting OR dueling with Mr. Lazard!"

Eddie rolled his eyes and made rude face behind the nurse's back. Eddie never really liked her much anyway. He liked Madame Pomfrey much better, but she retired in his second year.

Eddie walked from Madame Parks's office and sat himself on one of the beds and rested his head against the pillow and closed his eyes. At that time he heard the door to the hospital wing open and close and footsteps coming towards his bed. They stopped at the foot of his bed, but Eddie didn't move or care. He just kept his eyes closed.

"Merlin Ed, you look like crap," he heard a voice say above. The most welcoming voice Eddie could ever think of. His eyes snapped open and he looked into a pair of emeralds staring back at him. Except that weren't sparkling like they usually did, they were narrowed and looked angry.

"Erm...hi Lils..." he said, looking uncomfortable under her irritated gaze.

"Ed," she said coldly. "Robby told me what wonderful performance you and Asher performed in the Great Hall."

"Oh, she did, did she?" he stuttered nervously, going slightly red in the face. He was trying to act all innocent and failing miserably.

"Yes she did!" Lily said coolly. "And from the looks of those swollen mosquito bites all over you, I'm betting she wasn't lying either." Remembering he was covered in mosquito bites, Eddie went scarlet. "So, want to tell me why you threatened to hex Asher into insanity? And why he's most likely covered in boils?" Eddie was so red that Lily could have sworn his hair was about to burst into flames.

"He..he broke up with you..." Eddie mumbled, stuttering slightly.

"So? That's still no reason to threaten to crush Asher's bones into dust!" Lily said irritably. 'Mental note, kill Robyn,' Eddie thought to himself, still blushing furiously. Lily noticed that Eddie was still not answering her before she rolled her eyes and stomped her foot on the ground.

“Look Eddie, don’t get involved, that break-up had nothing to do with you!” Lily said hastily. Eddie immediately stopped blushing and turned his head to look at Lily, anger, and even some kind of pain written in his eyes.

“Nothing to do with me?” he asked angrily. “Nothing to do with me?”

“Yes, nothing to do with you!” Lily snapped. “Unless you and Asher are gay and were having an affair as I was dating him, than no, you have nothing to do with it.”

Eddie glared at her, ignoring her smart-aleck comment.

“Lils, you are my best friend and I care about you a lot!” said Eddie. “And if you are involved in anything, than I’m immediately involved.”

“That doesn’t include relationships, Ed,” Lily said warily, rolling her eyes.

“Yes it does!”

“No it doesn’t Ed!” Lily said, looking annoyed, but talking in a gentle tone. “I don’t need you to get involved in *everything* that happens to me. You maybe my best friend, Ed, but I’m implied to have a life of my own without you sticking your nose in it every single step of the way. I didn’t make a huge fuss when you went out with Britta Dirdel last year.”

“Yeah but-”

“Eddie, you need to control your temper. The break-up between Asher and I was mutual. You had no right to do that to him.” Lily said sternly.

“Well, if he told me it was mutual, maybe I wouldn’t have gone so demented on him, now would I?” Eddie said sarcastically. Lily rolled her eyes and let a loud groan of frustration.

“He probably DID try and tell you, but I think it’s rather hard to calmly explain something to someone when a person is trying hard to ‘hex them into insanity.”

“Oh shut-up, Lily,” Eddie snapped, knowing she was right. “You’re starting to sound like my mum.”

“And that’s a bad thing?” Lily asked. “Your mum is a talented, wise witch. I take that as a compliment.”

“She may be wise and talented but you also have her nagging trait. Stop nagging and lecturing me Lily, I don’t want to hear it.” Eddie said bitterly.

“Are you calling me a nag?” Lily asked angrily.

“Why, yes, I believe I am,” Eddie said impassively. Lily narrowed her eyes and clenched her fists.

“Well, I may be a nag, but at least I’m not an insufferable, insensitive, git like you, Eddie Weasley!” Lily snapped.

“I am NOT a insufferable, insensitive git!” Eddie snapped defensively.

“Yes you are!”

“If I am, than why do you even bother to hang out with me? If I’m so insufferable why are you my best friend?” Eddie sneered, crossing his arms across his chest.

“I’m your best friend because-”

“WILL YOU TWO SHUT-UP?” a voice shouted testily. Lily looked up and saw Asher lying down in another bed a clear liquid on his face, making him look sweaty, his boils were still rather large, but were reducing in size slowly, ‘probably due to the clear potion,’ Lily thought. “It’s awfully hard to get sleep around here when you two are fighting like this! I swear you two sound like an old married couple!”

“We do not!” Lily and Eddie shouted in unison, though Eddie went considerably red. Asher just rolled his eyes, than rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. Lily turned and looked back at Eddie, who looked back at her. They stuck their tongues out at each other, each making a face, before Lily turned on her heel and stormed out of the hospital wing, slamming the door behind her.

Eddie laid his head on his pillow and rolled over, closing his eyes. He couldn't help but grin as he tried falling asleep. Like he said, he couldn't help irritating Lily, she just looked so darn cute when she was mad, or frustrated.

Chapter 6- In The Heart of the Forbidden Forest:

As the students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry were sleeping peacefully in their dormitories or in the hospital wing (in Eddie and Asher's case), there was some kind of meeting going on deep in the heart of the Forbidden Forest.

Three men, wearing thick, long black cloaks, their hoods up, completely covering their face, walked towards the place they were going to meet. Finally, they reached a large tree, so large and wide that two of the men standing next to each other equaled the size of the trunk itself. They approached the tree and noticed it had a picture of a snake carved into the trunk. The three men stopped and stood in front of the large trunk.

"This is it," said one of the men. "What was the password again?"

"End of the flower," said one of the men. The tree trunks soon made a soft hissing sound, before it started to slowly break apart. The whole surrounding area covered in smoke and the hissing sound grew more deadlier. The three men looked around nervously at each other. Soon, the smoke cleared and instead of a normal tree trunk, there stood before them an opening with a pair of stairs, leading down deep under the ground. The three men nodded and slowly moved down the stairs. They could hear the entrance door from the trunk closing behind them.

The three men reached a tunnel. It was muddy, drafty, dingy, and had the smell of wet grass and dirt mixing in the air, which another nasty smell the men couldn't describe. They continued down the melancholy tunnel until they reached a large, wooden oak door. It really looked out of place compared to what the rest of the tunnel looked like. It was large and made of the finest oak, covered in some kind of gloss and had gold hinges and a golden knob. One of the men placed their hand on the knob and knew it was made of pure gold, as it was heavy and hard to turn.

"Wait, maybe we should knock?" one of the men asked fearfully. They all nodded in agreement and knocked firmly on the door.

"Come in," came a cold, high voice, it sounded more like a hiss than anything. The three men entered through the door and looked around to see a large, circular room. The walls were covered in the same fine oak that the door was made out of. In the middle of the room, on the opposite side of the wall from the door was a large fireplace, with a fire blazing in the hearth. In the center of the circular room, stood a tall sickly green armchair, made of the same oak wood and the sickly green fabric, which was pure velvet. On top of the chair, stood the statue of a snake. The back of the chair was facing the door, the front facing the fire, so the three men couldn't see who was sitting in the chair, though they already knew who was. Hanging all around the walls were pictures of snakes, serpents, and a wizard by the name of Salazar Slytherin. In the corner of the room stood a sickly green velvet couch, where two other men were sitting. One had white blonde hair, a pointed nose, and boring look on his face. The three men recognized it as Lucius Malfoy's son, Draco Malfoy. Sitting next to the young man sat an old, short man with no hair, and a mouselike face. They recognized him as Peter Pettigrew.

"Who has come, Draco?" asked the hissing voice from the chair.

"Mr. Lestrangle, and his son Brutus, and Dolohov," drawled Malfoy. "Have you any news?"

"Yes, news for a change," snapped the cold voice. The cold, high, hissing voice of Voldemort. "Ever since the death of Harry Potter, WHICH WAS NOT INTENDED, the prophecy of 'A Crow and Two Mockingbirds' is quite useless to me."

"That's why we've come Master," said Lestrangle. "We believe that there may have been another prophecy."

"Another?"

"Yes, Harry Potter changed time, so therefore he changed the prophecy. We believe that the prophecy of 'A Crow and Two Mockingbirds,' may be different, changed somehow."

"What made you come to this conclusion?" sneered Voldemort.

“Britta gave us this conclusion.” Lestrangle said reasonably. “Last year, while she had Edward Weasley under that control spell, the one you created with that ring, she said that he took her to a room. It was without a doubt the Room of Gryffindor.”

“How does she know this?”

“Weasley explained to her that Lily Potter was the one who had really found it, he was just with her at the time. She also managed to just know the password to get in without having to think. Only one with Gryffindor blood would have been able to find the room and guess the password. You know that as well as any of us Master,” said Brutus Lestrangle.

“Yes, but what has this got to do with the prophecy?” Voldemort asked angrily.

“Well, one night Britta and Weasley were spending some time together in that room, she saw the prophecy written on a plaque on the wall,” explained Dolohov. “So, we believe that since Harry Potter died, the new prophecy might be written on the same plaque, in the Room of Gryffindor.”

“But, the only way to get a hold of that prophecy is either to get into the Room of Gryffindor, which would be possible, as Weasley had given the password to Britta. The only thing we need to do is sneak into Hogwarts and find the Potrait of a waterful on the eighth floor corridor. The password is ‘heart of a lion.’” Lestrangle told his master.

“Well, I’m pleased with the three of you and Britta of course,” said Voldemort. “Enough about the prophecy, what about the weapon?”

“We apologize, but we have no news on that, Master, we’re so sorry,” Dolohov, said bowing to the back of the chair.

“Well, you brought me news of the prophecy, that’s all I asked for from you three, now I wish for you to find me the news of the weapon. If the old prophecy is true, without the power of Eyeluta, that weapon will be the only thing that can help me destroy Lily Potter. If she gets a hold of it-”

“We know, Master, we know,” muttered Dolohov desperately.

“But Master, if we can’t find it, surely a seventeen year old girl can’t find it, especially if she’s not even looking for it. I doubt she even knows it exists,” Lestrage said anxiously.

“You’re probably right.” Voldemort hissed. “But, back to the prophecy, how do you suppose we get into Hogwarts to find the Room of Gryffindor?”

“Well, an attack on Hosmeade might be a nice distraction...”

“I couldn’t agree more Brutus,” and Voldemort smiled evilly into the fire.

Chapter 7- Gryffindor vs Ravenclaw:

It was quite a long time before Madame Parks let Eddie and Asher out of the hospital wing, almost two weeks. It just so happens that they're hexes were rather strong and the boys liked to get out of class anyway.

"Hey, Ed, you're still not going to hex me for breaking up with Lily right?" Asher asked cautiously. Eddie just grinned lop-sidedly.

"Nah, Lily told me it was mutual," he said shrugging.

"Oh, so you listen to Lily, but it doesn't matter what Asher says, let's hex him anyway and cover him with boils!" Asher said sarcastically, grinning slightly at his friend. Eddie laughed and shrugged again.

"Well, what can I say, Ash? She's Lily." Eddie said smiling. Only Asher noticed the dreamy look that had settled in Eddie's eyes. Jealousy hit the pit of Asher's stomach for a second. I mean, after all, he had just broken up with Lily and did have a certain thing for her, but nothing that he couldn't get over.

"Of course 'she's Lily,'" Asher said teasingly. "Now, you just have to ask her out before another guy does." Eddie stopped abruptly.

"What that's that supposed to mean?"

"Oh, please, Ed," Asher said rolling his eyes. "You know you like her and care about her a lot, don't you?"

"Well...I...uh..." Eddie started going red. "Yeah, I know I like her a lot, but-"

"Everybody else knows too, Ed, this isn't a big secret." Asher explained, grinning.

"Really?"

"Really. You show how much you care about her, you don't hide it. That's why everyone knows. Well, except Lily of course." Asher added chuckling.

"Wait, Lily should know," Eddie stated, though one could hear the confusion in his voice.

"Why should she know?"

"I told her, at the end of last year," Eddie answered. Asher's smile slowly disappeared and he glared at Eddie.

"You told her you like her, at the time I was dating her? And you KNEW I was dating her?" Asher asked angrily.

"Yeah, but don't worry, she turned me down flat," Eddie muttered miserably. Asher stared at him wide-eyed.

"She did?"

"Yeah, she said she liked you too much and didn't want to break it off with you." Eddie said, a little more angrier than he wanted to.

"Why would she do that? I thought she liked you."

"Well, she doesn't, so I'm going to try and get over her," Eddie muttered bitterly.

"Eddie, you can't get over her and you know that!" Asher nearly shouted impatiently. "Just ask her to be your girlfriend. I see no reason why she should say no, unless some other bloke asks her before you do. She would say yes."

"Really?"

"Yeah really!" Asher said, knowing his friend was going to do the thing he had been wanting to do since his fifth year.

"Well, than, yeah, I'm going to ask her!" Eddie said brightly, his chest swelling with confidence. Asher beamed. "Tomorrow. After the

Quidditch game against Ravenclaw.”

“Perfect timing,” Asher said smiling. “Nothing like winning a Quidditch game than go get a girlfriend afterwards. There’s also a Hogsmeade trip the next day as well.” Eddie laughed and the two boys walked back to the Gryffindor Common Room.

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The next morning, Lily dragged herself, and the rest of the Quidditch team, to the Pitch a half an hour early before the match. She gave them an encouraging pep talk in the locker rooms before sending the boys to their locker room to change into their Quidditch robes, as they girls changed in their’s. By the time everyone was changed and ready to go, it was time for the match; Gryffindor vs. Ravenclaw.

“Alright, you guys ready?” Lily asked. The team nodded confidently, though little Sadie looked extremely nervous.

“Hey Sadie, come here,” Lily said, giving the small second year a wave. The girl walked timidly up to Lily and Lily noticed that she was shaking from head to foot. Lily smiled at her and ruffled her hair. “You’ll be fine, Sadie, just do what you did at the try-outs and I bet you can be the best damn Beater Gryffindor has seen in years.”

“Really?”

“Sure! Now stop being so nervous,” Lily gave the small girl, a light, playful punch on the shoulder. Sadie beamed at her. Lily smiled back and turned around and Eddie stood beside her. She could hear the three Chasers, Robyn, Orion, and Benjamin muttering stuff to each other in nerves and Lily knew that the Beaters, Cyrus and Sadie, were standing behind the Chasers. Hopefully Cyrus was giving Sadie good words of encouragement.

“Now!” came Ravenclaw 7th year, Hart Rosenbell’s voice through the magical microphone. “I present to you, THE GRYFFINDOR QUIDDITCH TEAM! We have Yameh, Stunington, Weasley, Andrews, Thomas, Kellberg, and Captain Potter. Probably

the cutest captain to come to Hogwarts may I add. Say, Lily, Hogsmeade trip tomorrow...what do you say?"

"Mr. Rosenbell!" Remus said sternly. "No asking girls out by commentating. Don't make me take that microphone away!"

"Sorry Professor Lupin, couldn't resist," said Hart. "Get back to me about Hogsmeade Lils!"

Lily was blushing scarlet that whole time. Robyn and Sadie kept giggling as the rest of the boys gave Lily knowing winks, except one of course. Eddie was too busy glaring dangerously at Hart, growling many well chosen profanities about Hart that would make Hermione faint.

'How dare he ask her out, HOW DARE HE CALL HER 'LILS!'" Eddie thought furiously. 'That's MY nickname for her and Hart Rosenbell sure isn't good enough to use it!'

Eddie's thoughts were interrupted by Lily shouting at him to get into position. Eddie rolled his eyes and flew over in front of the goal posts. Lily flew up towards the Ravenclaw Captain, a sixth year by the name of Justin Davis. They both shook hands and nodded in good sportsmanship. Professor Jeremiah Wood (Oliver's son) threw the Quaffle into the air and all six Chasers went diving for it. Lily flew up higher into the sky and looked around for any signs of the Snitch.

Hart continued to commentate; "Andrews takes the Quaffle down the pitch, but oh damn, knocked on the arm by a Bludger. That's going to leave a mark! Vinnette of Ravenclaw takes it over to the Gryffindor side. Yameh shoots a Bludger at her, but ohhhhh Benter blocks it, hitting it back to Yameh. WHOA! Watch it Benter, the girl's only twelve and not to mention she's not even half your size! Don't hit it so hard, geeze! Alright, Vinnette scores and WHOA A FABULOUS SAVE BY WEASLEY! Damn good spanking Keeper that guy is. Okay, back the match, Kellberg takes it down the pitch, oh, NICE BLOCK SADIE! We're seeing talent in this kid already. Kellberg passes to Andrews, Andrews back to Kellberg, back to Andrews, and FINALLY someone passes to Thomas. Thomas flies up, shoots, WHOHOO!!!! Marvelson wasn't quick enough to make the save! Oh,

tough play, next time Jem. Alright, Carson takes is back to Gryffindor's side, Carson passes to Tonilarson, Tonilarson, passes to Jamison, back to Tonilarson, COME ON JIMINA SCORE! WHOOHOOOOOOOOOOO!!! JIMINIA TONILARSON SCORES! GO RAVENCLAW! Oops, sorry Professor Lupin, taking sides, sorry. Alright, score is tied, ten to ten. Gryffindor has the Quaffle, Kellberg passes-OH nice block by Stunnington. Kellberg would have been off the broom and splatted on to the ground if that Bludger hit him. Andrews now has the Qu - wait...what's the adorable, charming Potter doing? She's diving! She's seen the Snitch! GO LILY! Sorry, Ravensclaws, but I'm rooting for Gryffindor here!"

It was true. Just a few moments before, Lily was narrowing her eyes, looking intently for the Snitch. The Ravenclaw Seeker, Ray Cole-Chang, wasn't tailing her. Ray was known for being arrogant and figured he'd see the Snitch without her help, which was no problem for Lily. Lily saw a hint of gold right by Professor Wood's ear. He didn't notice, he was too busy cheering on his students. Lily tipped her broom and flew towards her teacher. Ray followed her.

"GO LILY GO!" Hart shouted through the microphone. Eddie glared at him quickly before catching a Quaffle about to go into one of the hoops. Lily and Ray were still diving for the Snitch, neck in neck.

"Come off it Potter!" Ray snapped. "No measley little girl who's shorter than her broomstick can beat me!"

"Who are you calling little?" Lily asked through narrowed her eyes, as she sped up on her broomstick. Before she got away, Ray managed to knock his elbow into her ribs. Lily gave a small gasp of pain and nearly toppled off her broom. She quickly grabbed the handle before she fell and continued diving, ignoring the pounding pain in her ribs.

"CHEATER! CHEATER!" Hart roared through the microphone. "That is no way to treat a lady, Ray! Where are your gentleman skills? Have you no respect for chivalry? AND WHAT ARE YOU, MATE? A BLOODY SLYTHERIN? You're acting like one! Nearly knocking the poor girl off her broom, despicable. Disgrace to Ravenclaw!"

Lily continued diving, catching up with Ray, nearing the Snitch. They were very close to the ground now. Lily went into an even more steeper dive, until her chest was pressed against the handle of the broom, going at top speed. She and Ray were now neck and neck. Finally, Lily swerved in front of him, blocking his path to the Snitch. Lily reached out her hand and clasped the tiny golden ball in her fist. Realizing she was only a few feet from the ground, she pulled up in a dangerous Wronki Fient (sp?). Ray, who was never as good as a flyer as Lily, tried pulling up, but didn't manage as well. He crashed into the ground, though nothing life threatening. Lily flew above the stadium, holding the Snitch tightly in her fist. The Gryffindors cheered loudly.

"LILY POTTER CAUGHT THE SNITCH!" Hart screamed into the microphone. "GRYFFINDOR WINS 160-10!"

Lily slowly flew down to the ground and had a little celebration with the rest of the team, with some "Great jobs" and hugs. Lily and the rest of the Gryffindor team walked proudly to the locker rooms. They were all changing, but Lily was the first one done. She grabbed her Quidditch robes and Firebolt before heading out. She was extremely surprised to see Hart Rosenbell standing there.

"Rosenbell?" Lily asked confusedly. Hart laughed.

"Lils, please, you make us sound as though we were enemies when you call me by my surname. Please, my name is Hart." Hart said, grinning. Lily smiled back.

"Sorry, just surprised to see you is all," Lily said shrugging. Hart grinned again.

"Can I walk you back to the Gryffindor Common Room?"

"Actually I was going to go get some dinner..." Lily said slowly. Hart shrugged, though the grin never left his face.

"May I escort you to dinner van?" Hart asked in a very bad accent, holding out his arm. Lily chuckled and linked her arm with his.

“Thank you,” she said smiling. “Though you should quit the whole accent thing. It’s quite horrible.”

“Really? I was trying to sound like Professor Delinor and Delacour.” Hart said in mock seriousness. They laughed as they started walking towards the Great Hall, arm in arm.

“So, I heard you broke it off with Asher Lazard?” Hart asked uncertainly.

“You heard right.”

“So, you two are no longer boyfriend and girlfriend?” Hart asked slowly, looking slightly nervous. Lily shook her head.

“Yes.” she answered truthfully. “Don’t get me wrong, Asher and I are still friends. We just decided to stay friends. It wouldn’t work between me and him as a couple. He’s too much like a brother to me and I’m too much like a sister to him.”

“You dated your brother?” Hart asked teasingly, though he put on a disgusted, shocked face. “Ew, Lils, that’s nasty.” Lily punched him on the shoulder, but she couldn’t help grinning.

“He’s not my biological brother!” she said defensively. Hart laughed.

“I know, I’m just messing with your head, Little Lily,” he said teasingly. A huge grin was still on his face. Lily rolled her eyes and they continued to walk towards the Great Hall, still arm in arm.

“So Lils, Hogsmeade trip tomorrow,” said Hart. Once again, he looked extremely nervous and was going slightly red in the cheeks. Of course, Lily being the oblivious girl that she is, failed to notice.

“Yeah, I’m excited,” she said, smiling. “Can’t wait to stock up on some Honeydukes candy, and Zonko’s and Weasley Wizard Wheezes’s of course.” Lily said, grinning maliciously. Hart grinned too, but still looked very nervous.

"You know Lils, I meant what I said," said Hart, now looking so red that even Lily couldn't help but notice.

"Said what?"

"That you're cutest captain to come to Hogwarts," he stuttered. "Actually, I think you're the cutest girl to come to Hogwarts." Hart was now scarlet. Lily went slightly red as well.

"Oh, er, thank you."

"And I also meant it when I asked you to Hogsmeade." Lily's eyes were wide.

"You did?"

"Yeah," he muttered, looking embarrassed. "So, will you go to Hogsmeade with me?" Lily stared at him wide-eyed. Her jaw nearly dropped. She was being asked out by boy that wasn't an extremely close friend. She looked at Hart. They were always friendly with each other. Lily never had a problem with him. He was smart, as he made Prefect in fifth year, funny, charming, always had been sweet and nice to Lily. Hart was also known for being a loyal friend, which immediately attracted Lily. He had even defended Lily once in fourth year when Malfoy was picking on her for one thing or another. Even though he had a great personality, Lily couldn't ignore his attractive appearance. He was tall and kind of scrawny when it came to muscles, but that didn't matter to Lily. All guys with muscles seemed to arrogant anyway. He had longish brown hair, that he kept untidy, a deep set of hazel eyes, bushy eyebrows, and the cutest smirk Lily had ever seen. Even back in third year, she had always liked Hart's smirk.

Now, Hart stood in front of her, hands in his pockets, looking anxiously at Lily. Lily's mouth soon formed into a smile.

"Sure, Hart, I'd love you go with you." Lily said confidently. Hart was a fun guy and she really didn't mind spending a day at Hogsmeade with him at all.

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Great!” Hart said beaming. They continued to give each other huge goofy grins until Hart leaned over and planted a soft kiss on Lily’s cheek. They both blushed slightly before Hart took her hand in his and led her to the Great Hall for some dinner.

Little did they know that a tall, redhaired, freckle faced boy was hiding behind a suit of armor, and had heard the entire conversation. Also, no one noticed that his brown eyes were filled with so much hurt and regret that words would not be able to describe it.

Lily walked down to the Great Hall, rather early for a Saturday morning. Lily was heavy sleeper who could sleep in until 3PM on weekends if she was lazy enough. It really didn't matter that she missed Hogsmeade trips once in awhile. But, today she wasn't going to miss a Hogsmeade trip, as she had a date with Hart Rosenbell, 7th year Ravenclaw and the Quidditch commentator.

Lily walked into the Great Hall, smiling. She saw Eddie, Asher, and Robby already sitting at the table, with their cloaks at hand, all ready to go to Hogsmeade. Lily smiled again and walked over to her three friends.

"Hey!" she said smiling. All three of them looked up startled, rather surprised she was up so early on a Saturday morning.

"Alleluia! Lily-Billy wakes up before noon on a weekend!" Asher said in mock astonishment. "Now, I've seen everything! Before you know it, Malfoy will be getting some--"

"Don't you finish that sentence!" Robby said sternly. "Just talking about Malfoy doing that makes me sick to the stomach!"

"I just feel bad for the girl--"

"ASHER!" Robby said in annoyance and warning. Asher chuckled and put his hands up in defense.

"Alright, Robby-Bobby, you win," he said, still grinning. Robby gave a grin of pride and turned to Lily.

"So, what are you doing up so early? Planning on coming to Hogsmeade?" Robby asked anxiously. Lily grinned.

"Actually, that's exactly what I was planning," said Lily, still grinning. She took a seat across from Asher and beside Robby. Eddie was across from Robby and beside Asher.

“Mandy, Jem, and I were planning to do some shopping for the Halloween Ball, care to join us?” Robby asked politely.

“Halloween Ball? Robby, Hermione hasn’t even announced it yet!” Lily said, exasperation in her voice.

“Yeah, but we have one every year and she should be announcing it anyday now,” said Robby, shrugging. “Plus, Halloween is only two weeks away you know.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Lily muttered, rolling her eyes. She loaded some sausage on to her plate, then scooped up some eggs mixed with melted cheese.

“So, are you going to come with us?” Robby asked again, giggling. Lily, once again, rolled her eyes.

“Can’t.” she said simply. Robby raised an eyebrow. Asher looked around confusedly. No one noticed that Eddie had been staring at his eggs the moment Lily had walked into the Great Hall, knowing perfectly well why she was up so early, why she was so ‘giddy,’ and why she couldn’t go to Hogsmeade with Robby, Mandy, and Jem.

“Do you want to hang out with me and Eddie?” Asher asked, giving Eddie a nudge in the ribs. But, Lily didn’t notice and the only thing that changed about Eddie’s expression was that he was now glaring at his eggs.

“Can’t.”

“Why not?” Asher asked. Lily just grinned as Robby’s eyes widened with pure and utter delight.

“You have a date, don’t you?” Robby squealed. Lily blushed and nodded sheepishly. Robby squealed again. “Who? What’s his name? Who is he? What House is he in? What year is he in? Is he cute?” No one noticed that Eddie was now stabbing his eggs with his fork, and hard.

Lily laughed and patted Robby on the shoulder.

"Calm down," she said through her chuckles. "He's in Ravenclaw, and he's a seventh year. Hart Rosenbell."

"The Quidditch commentator?" Asher asked, scratching the back of his head. Lily nodded and Asher looked grave about something. Lily chose to ignore it.

"Rosenbell?" Robby repeatedly softly. She thought for a moment before nodding her head in approval. "Yeah, he always seemed like a sweetie. And he's a cutie too! Good pick Lil."

"Thanks," said Lily grinning.

"So, what happened? When did he ask you? C'MON LIL! Give me the details!"

"He asked me yesterday after the Quidditch match," Lily said shrugging. "He told me I was the cutest girl to ever come to Hogwarts."

"AW!" Robby giggled. Lily just rolled her eyes, but he couldn't help but grin. Asher looked extremely uncomfortable about something and kept looking at Eddie at the corner of his eye. Eddie was still staring at his food furiously. It was now that Lily finally noticed that Eddie hadn't said anything, or even looked at Lily ever since she had entered the Great Hall. Lily eyed him suspiciously.

"Eddie? Are you okay? You seem out of it. Is something wrong?" Lily asked in concern. Eddie looked up at her startled. For a moment, he just stared at her, before glaring.

"Fine, Lily, just fine," he snapped. He then stared hitting his potato with his fork. "What-" JAB "could-" JAB "possibly-" JAB "make-" JAB "you-" JAB "think-" JAB "something-" JAB "was-" JAB "wrong!" JAB. Lily bit her lip uncertainly.

"Maybe because you haven't stopped staring at your eggs and you're physically abusing that potato. You could have just *asked* for

mashed potatoes, y'know," Lily said, grinning slightly, trying to lighten up Eddie's furious behavior. Eddie, however, was not amused.

"Don't be a smart aleck," he snapped, getting to his feet. Lily gave him a surprised look. "I'm just in a bad mood, alright? Aren't you supposed to be meeting Rosenbell?"

"Oh, yeah you're right!" Lily gasped. "I'll see you guys later."

"Bye Lil!" Robby called off as Lily dashed out of her Great Hall, her golden hair rippling behind her. She didn't realize that Eddie was glaring at her back, looking fully rejected for Lily didn't recognize the sarcastic tone in Eddie's voice when he said that she had to meet Rosenbell.

~~*~*~*~*

After Lily dashed out of the Great Hall, Asher turned to look at Eddie, looking a bit uncertain. Robby was also biting her lip in nervousness at Eddie's reaction. Eddie noticed that his two friends were looking at him as though he were a bomb about to blow and destroy the school.

"What?" he snapped.

"Sit down, Ed," Robby said softly. So softly that Eddie reluctantly sat down in his seat again, looking depressed and rejected. He let out a sad sigh.

"No wonder you came to the dorm all moody last night," whispered Asher. Eddie shrugged. Robby reached over and covered his hand with her's. "Geeze, I broke up with her because I was sick of holding her back from admitting her feelings for you! Why did Rosenbell have to get in the way? Damn him!"

"I was going to ask her!" Eddie nearly shouted and he sounded angry, though his eyes looked pleading, as though he wished this wasn't happening. "Bloody hell I was going to ask her yesterday! But Rosenbell got to her MINUTES before I could! Why does this have to happen? I really like her! Why can't I just be with her already? It's all I

want. Why is my life so messed up?" Eddie started hitting his head against the table.

"Eddie, stop hitting your head," Asher said impatiently. He looked just as annoyed as Eddie at the moment. After all, he did break up with her so that she and Eddie could finally be together. Also because he liked Yvonne, but he knew that Lily and Eddie had feelings for each other, just needed a boost in the right direction. Asher was willing to give them that boost by breaking it off with Lily. Now, Rosenbell came along and ruined everything.

"Eddie, stop hitting your head!" Asher repeated testily, as Eddie had ignored him the first time and continued to hit his head against the table. "Ed, mate, stop. You need all the brain cells you can get."

"Hitting your head isn't going to make her leave Rosenbell and come running into the Great Hall begging you to come to Hogsmeade instead of him, you know," Robby said sympathetically. Eddie finally stopped hitting his head against the table and looked at his two friends. His eyes were filled with such distress, pain, and regret that Robby almost gasped at the dejected emotion building up in the boy's eyes.

"It just...irks me to think that some other guy is holding her and kissing her and doing all that stuff! And what irks me even more is that that guy is not me!" Eddie said desperately, before burying his face in his arms.

"Ed, you need to understand, you're not going to be the only one who notices Lily," Robby said reasonably. "She's pretty, smart, spunky, firey, funny, and brave."

"I know," whispered Eddie, "that's why I love her so much."

~~*Meanwhile*~*~*

Lily could already see a bunch of other students making their way to Hogsmeade. Lily entered the Entrance Hall, wrapped her cloak around her and looked around for any signs of Hart. Being very short, she stood on her tip-toes, trying to see over the heads of the

much taller people, but it was no use. Lily was no taller than a fourth year.

Suddenly, she felt a heavy weight on her shoulders as someone pounced on her and wrapped their arms around her neck loosely. Lily gave a startled yelp.

"Guess who?" came a teasing voice. Lily smiled.

"Hart?"

"Damn, how'd you know?" Hart asked, letting go of her and coming around to face her. He was a good deal taller than her.

"C'mon, I've heard that voice commentating at the Quidditch games for almost five years, I'd be a moron not to recognize it," Lily said grinning.

"Well, you're a moron anyways," Hart said scratching his head, putting on a face of mock puzzlement. Lily gave him a playful punch on the shoulder and Hart grinned. "Ahhh, you know I'm just kidding Lils!"

"Yeah," said Lily, "so off to Hogsmeade?" Hart beamed and held out his arm for her. Lily winked, and linked her arm with his and the two walked off to Hogsmeade together.

The first place they stopped off at was of course Lily's favorite store, Honeydukes! Lily had a large sweet tooth, had one since she was a baby. Harry made the big mistake of giving her a melted chocolate frogs when she was young and she craved candies and chocolates ever since. That would probably explain her slight case of acne, but she didn't care. Life was too short, live it to the fullest, especially if Voldemort is on the hunt for you.

Lily stocked up on candy and other sweets in a large paper bag. Hart chuckled as Lily scrambled around the room, trying to fit as much candy into her bag as she could. He decided she never looked cuter. Almost like a little two-year old in a toy store.

“Have enough?” Hart asked, taking her free hand and giving her an amused grin. Lily chuckled.

“No, but I guess this will have to do,” she said in mock disappointment, causing Hart to ruffle her hair slightly and playfully.

Lily went up to pay for her candy, Hart still holding her hand. As the cashier rang up the price (3 Galleons and 4 Sickles), she reached into her pocket to take out the money, but she saw Hart plant the money on the counter before she could. Lily went slightly red.

“Hart, you don’t have to,” she muttered, looking slightly embarrassed. “I mean, I bought a lot of candy.”

“Hey, I want to be a gentleman here,” he said, nudging her playfully. “I can’t exactly do that if you play Independent Woman all the time. It’s my treat Lily. This whole trip is my treat.”

“But Hart-”

“No Little Lily, I insist,” he said beaming at her. Lily grinned sheepishly as Hart paid for her sweets before taking her hand and leading her out of the candy shop. They continued to walk through the streets when a hand placed itself on Lily’s shoulder, stopping her. Lily whipped around to look up into a pair of white, crystal eyes.

“Miss Potter, Mr. Rosenbell,” Dominique said nodding, smiling at the pair. “Ow are you two zis lovely afternoon?”

“Oh, hi Professor Delinor!” Hart said cheerfully. A little too cheerfully. Lily just rolled her eyes. “Lily and I are just strolling.”

“Art,” she said nodding. “Are you and Lilee a couple?” Hart went scarlet.

“I erm...I er....I...maybe...no...yes? I dunno,” he muttered, going redder with every ‘erm.’ Dominique grinned knowingly and gave Lily a wink.

“What can I help you with Professor Delinor?” Lily asked politely,

trying to change the subject, as it was greatly embarrassing Hart, and not to mention herself as her cheeks had gone slightly red as well.

“Please, Lilee, I asked you to call me Dominique,” Dominique said beaming down at Lily. “Would you two care to join me for a butterbeer in the Zee Broomsticks?”

“Oh, well...”

“Actually, we were going to head off to Zonko’s,” Hart said hurriedly. “Sorry.”

“Oh!” Dominique looked extremely crestfallen. “Oh, alright, you two lovebirds have fun!”

Hart’s hold on Lily’s hand tightened before he dragged her away from Dominique and towards the joke shop. Dominique gave a weak smile and wave before heading off to the bookstore.

“She freaks me out,” Lily stated, once Dominique was out of earshot. Hart turned and looked at her.

“I can see why,” said Hart with raised eyebrows. “She’s like your own personal stalker! Even in class she likes to baby you.”

“Baby me?” Lily asked curiously. “How so?”

“Well, everyone knows you’re her favorite student,” said Hart casually. Lily raised a confused and curious eyebrow. “I mean, it’s not because you’re the greatest in Potions or anything because, no offense, you’re not. But, she seems to let you get away with everything from being late in class to missing homework assignments. And you always seem to get really decent grades in that class even though you barely do any work. You’re just her favorite.”

“I see...” Lily said, her voice trailing off. “I wonder why.”

“Changing the subject,” Hart said quickly. “Why don’t we take Professor Delinor’s advice and have a butterbeer in the Three Broomsticks?”

"Sounds great!" Lily said smiling up at him. He smiled back before letting go of her hand and wrapping it around her shoulders and together they walked into the warm comfort of the Three Broomsticks. Inside they saw Asher, who was with Yvonne, and Eddie sitting at a table with the other Gryffindor 7th year boys; Jarius Engers and Danny Micrelle (Mandy's twin brother) and two Ravenclaw 7th boys; Eustrice Whitwelp (who also happened to be Hart's best friend) and Garrett Mosilini, who was with his girlfriend, 6th year Ravenclaw, Deserae Nart.

"Hey Hart, Lily!" Eustrice called out. "Over here!"

Hart guided Lily towards the table filled with Gryffindors and Ravenclaws. No one noticed, except Asher, who looked cautiously at his friend, that Eddie's grip on his mug tightened so much that his knuckles were whiter than milk. He bit his lip as Eddie eyed and glared at the arm that was around Lily. Asher was afraid that Eddie might just go and do something stupid, like tear Hart's arm off.

"Hey Ed, Ash!" Lily said cheerfully, as she slid into the seat next to Eddie. He smiled down at her, though it disappeared rather quickly when Hart slid into the seat beside Lily and once again wrapped his arm around Lily's shoulder.

"Want a butterbeer Lils?" Hart asked politely, not knowing that Eddie was tearing him apart with his angry chestnut eyes. Only Asher and Danny noticed Eddie's tension and Danny knew Eddie's temper.

"Erm, Jarius, maybe we better go," Danny said slowly. Jarius gave him a confused look before Danny jerked his head ever so slightly at Eddie. Jarius turned and saw Eddie was glaring furiously at something. He followed his gaze and saw that it was Rosenbell, who had his arm wrapped around Lily and was holding her rather close. He nodded in full agreement.

"I completely agree!" he said quickly. "See you guys later. C'mon Dan, I wanna check out that new Zonko's supply they recieved from Eddie's uncles's store." Jarius and Danny quickly left the pub.

“Erm, Des and I are going to leave as well,” said Garrett. “We’re going to head off to Madame Puddifoot’s for some tea.” Lily rolled her eyes, along with Hart and Eustrice. Garrett took his girlfriend’s hand and they left, Garrett’s arm awfully low around Deserae’s waist.

“What’s wrong with her?” Lily asked without even thinking about what she was saying. “Doesn’t she know that all he wants is a good snog? And if a boy ever put his arm that low around my waist, I’d snap his arm in half!”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Hart teased, playfully nudging Lily, tightening his arm around her shoulder. She went slightly red but leaned into his embrace. Asher bit his lip in nervousness again, just waiting for Eddie to blow.

But he never did. Asher was rather suprised and strangely enough proud of his friend for keeping his temper in check. Asher guessed that maybe he didn’t want to ruin things for Lily. Also, losing his temper would just make her angry with him and that was the last thing Eddie needed at the moment.

Now, sitting at the table was now Lily, Hart, Eddie, Asher, Yvonne, and Eustrice. They were all chatting about Quidditch and Lily playfully made fun of Hart for being such a “bad bloody commentator!” No one noticed that Eddie continued to stare at Lily constantly and got EXTREMELY angry looking whenever Hart showed Lily some kind of affection or did some kind of flirting. Eddie really almost lost it when Hart continued to call Lily “Lils,” and “Little Lily.”

‘He can’t call her those names,’ Eddie thought furiously to himself. ‘Those are *my* nicknames for her! I half a mind to punch his lights out right now.’

Before Eddie could think anymore, or actually follow through with his thoughts, there was a scream from the back side of the pub, where Madame Rosmerta’s kitchen was. Everyone gasped and held their breath. Suddenly, the door to the pub slammed closed and everyone heard it magically lock. Eustrice and another Hufflepuff fifth year jumped to their feet and tried to wrench open the door, but it was

no use. Even with the 'Alohomora' spell casted by Dominique, as she was the only one who had a wand, it wouldn't open.

Lily looked around the room to see that only one adult was in the pub, besides a few other Hogwarts students. That adult was none other than Dominique Delinor. But, she wasn't paying attention to Lily or the students. She had her wand out and had it pointed it at the kitchen where the scream had come from.

Orion Kellberg, one of the Gryffindor Chasers, jumped out of his seat and looked out the window. His face paled and he gulped nervously.

"The streets are deserted!" he gasped. "It looks as though all the shops are locked and everyone seems to be locked inside somewhere! It's as though someone is taking the town hostage!" There were several gasps and screams of horror.

Lily's palms were starting to become clammy and sweaty. Her breathing became heavy as her bad feeling grew more and more powerful.

"What's going on?" Hart called out into the pub. He was no longer hugging Lily, but now on his feet with Asher and Eustrice. It was unfortunate that none of the students ever brought their wands to Hogsmeade. Yvonne was looking terrified as she clutched on to Asher's arm, pleading him to sit down. Lily took a steady breath.

Suddenly, the kitchen door bursted, or more like exploded open, causing more screams and more terror into Lily's gut. Lily was thankful that Eddie was still sitting beside her, as she felt very unprotected without her wand. Standing in the doorway, dragging Madame Rosmerta by her collar, holding her at wandpoint, stood a masked figure, and you could see the Dark Mark blazing on his wrist. Lily gasped and her heart was pounding fearfully against her ribcage. It was a Death Eater. Hogsmeade was under attack.

All of the sudden, Lily felt a lot of pressure on her head as Eddie had placed his hands on top of her head and pushed her head below the table, hiding her from view from the Death Eater. Eddie knew that

once this Death Eater saw Lily, she would be in some serious danger.

"Hey there kiddies," sneered the Death Eater. "SILENCE!"

Everyone went deathly silence. Eddie could feel Lily trembling violently beneath the table. He knew she was scared. Whenever she faced Voldemort and Death Eaters, she always put on a brave, tough face, but that didn't actually mean that she didn't dread facing them, and tried to avoid it as much as possible. But, like Harry, Lily didn't go looking for trouble, trouble always found her. Eddie put a hand on her shoulder and squeezed it in reassurance, telling her with his mind that he wouldn't let anything bad happen to her.

"Much better," said another Death Eater as he entered behind his companion. The one holding Madame Rosmerta, threw her towards the bar and raised his wand.

"Now, if everyone would please sit down, and I'd like all the Mudbloods to come forward." No one moved. "No?"

"What do you want?" Dominique snarled, raising her wand still. The Death Eaters just noticed she was there.

"A Professor? Darn, that just ruins all my plans on torturing the Mudbloods," one of them said coolly. The other on the other hand was having a good look at Dominique.

"You're part veela no doubt. You're undeniably beautiful."

"Don't get any funny ideas, buddy," Dominique said in a firm voice.

"Oh, don't you worry your pretty little head, I would never try anything funny with anyone who works under the employment of a Mudblood Headmistress," the Death Eater that accused Dominique of being part veela said casually. Eddie went red with rage at the insult thrown at his mother. He clenched his fists and went to jump out of his seat furiously, but Lily had a tight, fearful grip.

"What do you want?" Dominique repeated in her same deathly

voice.

"Well, Master wanted a little fun on this enjoyable weekend so we decided to take Hogsmeade hostage for a little while. Every store in town will be...closed...for a little while. Death Eaters have taken over the town. To get rid of all the slimey Mudbloods we can get rid of while we're at it. Especially that bushy-haired Mudblood Headmistress." the second Death Eater sat down at a table with his wand raised. It was so unfortunate that no one besides Dominique had a wand. And none of the students thought she could take on two Death Eaters on her own. "I'll take a fire-whiskey, Rosmerta." Rosmerta just spat in his face. The two Death Eaters laughed

"Well, I hope someone found the Headmistress," the first Death Eater said nonchalantly.

"So do I," the other agreed, "seriously, a Mudblood head of Hogwarts. Disgrace to the wizarding world. Unlike our Master."

"You watch yourselves," Dominique snapped. Her wand still pointed at them. As long as no one was getting hurt, the Potions Master knew she wouldn't have to use it.

"Mudblood huh? Disgrace eh?" snarled Eddie as got to his feet.

"Eddie, no!" Lily gasped. Too late, Eddie was on his feet and now snarling at the Death Eaters. Lily knew that if either had tried to hurt Eddie, she'd jump from her hiding spot in a second to help him.

"Disgrace?" Eddie repeated. "Even more disgraceful than two pure-blooded wizards, much like yourselves, falling at the feet of a wizard who's father was a mere Muggle?"

Lily held her breath. Everyone gapped at Eddie, even Dominique was looking at him, half astonished, half with admiration. The two Death Eaters stared at Eddie through their masks, and without a doubt they probably looked furious.

"I just might have to place the Cruciatus Curse on you for that boy!" One of the Death Eaters raised his wand and pointed it at Eddie.

Lily was just about to jump out from hiding, but;

“Don’t!” the second said quickly. “That’s the son of the Mudblood! He’s a Weasley! He looks just as his weasel of a father did in seventh year. Edward Weasley!”

“So? Who cares what his name is?” the other Death Eater snapped, his wand still pointed at Eddie. “He insulted our Master! He deserves to die!”

“It’s not that, you can kill him I promise,” said the first Death Eater, advancing on their table. By this time, it was only Asher, Yvonne, Hart, and Eddie at the table, Lily was still under it and Eustrice got stuck by the window with Orion Kellberg. “But, I know that wherever Weasley is, Potter is close by.”

“Potter?” the second Death Eater asked hopefully, his attitude immediately changing.

“Yes...”

“Where is she Weasley?” snapped the second Death Eater, furiously advancing on Eddie. Eddie gulped, but shook his head and didn’t say a word. The Death Eater charged at them. Asher pulled Yvonne behind him as the Death Eater stormed forward, shoved Hart out of the way so that he was no longer present at that table and grabbed Eddie by the collar, shaking him vigourously and furiously.

“WHERE IS SHE BOY?”

“Let go of me!” Eddie looked paralyzed with fright. The Death Eater pulled out his wand and pointed it at Eddie’s face.

“Cruc-”

“DON’T YOU HURT HIM!” a voice shrieked from underneath the table. The Death Eater was so startled that he jumped and threw Eddie on to his seat. Everyone turned to see a blonde head pop out from under the table, her green eyes behind her glasses blazing like a green fire.

“Potter!” with that, the Death Eater grabbed her and pulled her towards him, holding her at wandpoint.

“LILY!” Eddie shouted. He was about to storm forward when Asher jumped and held on to one arm as a tall Ravenclaw fifth year grabbed his other arm, to hold him back. “Let go of me!” he snarled at the boys. He then turned to the Death Eaters. “LET GO OF HER YOU SLIMEY-”

“Shut your mouth, boy,” snapped one of the Death Eaters. The other still had Lily at wandpoint.

“Let Lilee go,” came a deathly whisper. It was so deadly that it could have melted venom, make a snake shivel and die. The Death Eaters turned to see Dominique, her face red with the utmost fury. She had her wand pointed at them, her arm shaking violently with fury. You could almost feel the anger vibrating off her. “Let ‘er go! ACCIO LILEE!”

Catching the Death Eater off guard, Lily flew out of his grasp and soared towards Dominique. Dominique caught her around the waist and set Lily to her feet. She grabbed Lily’s arm and pulled her so that she was behind Dominique. Dominique stood protectively in front of Lily, shielding her from the Death Eater’s graps.

“Stop playing games veela,” sneered one of them. “Give us the girl and spare your own life.”

“If you want ‘er, you’re going to ‘ave to zrough me first,” Dominique said in that same deathly whisper. Asher and the Ravenclaw still had a hold on Eddie, though they loosened it slightly. They were quite astonished that a teacher was willing to give her life for a student. A student she barely even knew.

“Oh woman! Get over yourself!” the second Death Eater said, throwing his hands up in frustration. The first Death Eater sounded amused.

“Protecting

Potter?”

“Wiz my life!”

“Why? Why is her life so important to you?”

“STUPEFY!” Dominique shouted. The first Death Eater was thrown off his feet and landed on the floor, several feet from where he was, with a sickening crunch. Lily gasped and looked at Dominique astonished. The second Death Eater stood up with his wand raised. He pointed his wand at a Hufflepuff fourth year.

“CRUCIO!” than he pointed it at another student. “AVADA KEDEVRA!” than another. “CRUCIO! CRUCIO! AVADA KEDEVRA!”

Dominique gasped and turned to Lily.

“Lilee, you’re ze one zey want. You need to get out of ‘ere,” she said urgently. ‘Ead into ze kitchens and zere is a trapdoor benez ze stove. Open it, follow ze tunnel, and hide zere until I come to get you. Understood?”

"NO!" Lily nearly shouted. "I'm not a coward! I don't hide!"

“CRUCIO!” CRUCIO!”

“Lilee, you need to stay alive...ze prophecy-”

“How do you know about that?”

“Your godmuzzer told me,” she said quickly. “Just leave, Lilee, please.”

“CRUCIO!”

"But, Eddie - Hart - Asher-"

“Don’t worry about zem, I’ll take care of zem. Just get out of ‘ere...NOW!” Dominique screamed. Lily dashed out of the room, still hearing curses being thrown at the students. Lily ran into the kitchen and just as Dominique told her, there was the trap door. Lily, her

heart pounding in fear, wrenched open the door and climbed down the stairs, closing the door behind her.

Lily looked around at the tunnel and saw it was stocked with barrels, filled with of drinks, wines, juices, other types of beverages, and boxes of food. No doubt a Preservation Charm was on them. Lily took a deep breath and followed the tunnel, just as Dominique had told her to. Finally, she reached another storage room. Lily entered without thinking and she saw that people were already in there. Unfortunately, those people were the last people she wanted to see; Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

Lily screamed and stumbled backwards. Voldemort set his eyes on her and grinned widely.

"Well, Miss Potter sure does know how to attract trouble," he said coolly as he advanced on her. "I only came here to find the weapon. I may not need it, as young Flower as so kindly dropped on us. And fortunate, she here is unarmed and unprotected I assume, otherwise she'd be giving us her lively attitude tone." He then raised his wand and waved it at Lily.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" he shouted in his high, cold voice. Lily gasped as her feet lifted from the ground. She had never been so terrified in her life. Usually when she faced Voldemort, she had her wand. Now, she completely defenseless...unless of course...she used Elyuta.

Why did Dominique send her down here? Was she a spy for Voldemort? Was Lily being set up? Lily didn't have much time to think about it because Voldemort's cold voice broke her thoughts.

"Crucio!"

Lily screamed in pain as hot white knives pierced at her skin. She fell to her knees and just screamed in agony at the excruciating pain that had enveloped her whole body. When the curse ended Lily found herself lying on the floor, breathing heavy, and sweat coming down her face.

"Enjoy that Potter?" snapped Voldemort. He seemed angry now. Lily looked into his fiery red eyes and stared determinedly at him. "You know your in trouble don't you? No daddy here to save you this time. CRUCIO!"

Once again, unexplainable pain crunched in Lily's bones as she screamed in agony, wanting it, begging it to end. Lily shrieked as though someone had teared off her legs. It was a wonder no one heard her. She didn't care anymore. She just wanted to die, anything to make this physical pain go away. The curse was suddenly taken

off her and she looked into Voldemort's eyes. This was it. This was the end. Voldemort raised his wand slowly and pointed it at her. Lily stood shakily to her feet, her knees buckling in pain as she trembled head to foot from the pain that was soaring through her bones and veins. She faced Voldemort, she faced death right in the face as Voldemort pointed his wand at her. This was it; the prophecy would be fulfilled. 'One must win.' Voldemort would kill her now and we would win.

"Avada Kedavra!" Voldemort roared. A green light soared towards Lily. She could hear the sirens of death coming towards her in the bright green light. Lily clasped her eyes together, shut tightly, she waited for life to be swept from her body. But, it never came. Instead she felt someone push her roughly aside and she fell to the ground, far away from the green light, with a thud. Suddenly, she felt as though she was spinning and she could hear voices in her head, flashbacks. A voice of an old man was heard;

*** "When one wizard saves another wizard's life, it creates a certain bond between them..." ***

Lily saw the face of an old weary man flash before her eyes as her mind swirled and spun in colors, it felt as though she were transporting through a Portkey, only more intense. Lily heard another voice in her mind, a younger one, one of boy's;

*** "NO!" the boy yelled. "You can't kill him," the boy said breathlessly. "You can't..." ***

The old man's voice came back.

*** "Pettigrew owes his life to you. You have sent Voldemort a deputy who is in your debt..." ***

The voice trailed off and then appeared again.

*** "And I'm much mistaken if Voldemort wants his servant in the debt of Harry Potter..." ***

Lily didn't know what was happening. These voices of the boy

and the old man just kept flashing her mind. She couldn't control them. It were as though her mind and eyes were blinded with spinning colors and these so-called flashes of voices. The boy's voice came again;

*** "We'll take him up to the castle. We'll hand him over to the dementors...He can go to Azkaban...but don't kill him..." ***

The boy's voice soon faded and the old man's appeared again.

*** "This is magic at its deepest, its most impenetrable, Harry. But trust me...the time may come when you will be very glad you saved Pettigrew's life..." ***

The voice trailed off again and another voice appeared. It was sometime of angelic, soft, distant voice. It was announcing something it seemed.

*** "The bond is now broken. The debt has been repaid." ***

The spinning, voices, and everything stopped. Lily found herself on the floor of the storage room, where she was pushed roughly to the side. She could see the green light from the Avada Kedavra curse dying down and lying there on the floor was a mouse like looking man. It was Peter Pettigrew and he was dead. Lily's eyes widened when she realized he had pushed her aside, taking the the Killing Curse for her. The man who betrayed her grandparents, had given his life to Lily Potter. Lily gasped. Voldemort and the rest of the Death Eaters looked astonished.

"That meddlesome fool!" Voldemort shouted angrily. Lily silently got to her feet and started towards back to the tunnel for an escape. Voldemort was distracted by what Pettigrew had done. "Traitor he was. Both to his school-boy friends to ME! If only that fool was still alive." Lily was now backing into the tunnel slowly. "I would torture him. Make him beg for me to kill him, betraying me and saving a POTTER!" Lily was now walking backwards down the tunnel slowly. The room was almost out of sight, when;

"POTTER!" Lily gasped and she turned around before spinting

down the tunnel. She could hear footsteps behind her as she ran down the tunnel and up the stairs towards the trapdoor to the Three Broomsticks.

Lily reached the top of the stairs in a panic, as she fiercely pushed the trapdoor open and scrambled out, the hands of Death Eaters just grazing at her feet. Lily slammed the trapdoor shut, landing on a Death Eater's fingers before turning and running into something, or rather someone.

Lily looked up and saw angry crystal eyes. It was Dominique. Lily didn't know whether to trust her or not, not knowing if the Potions Master set her up or not. Dominique grabbed Lily's arm and pushed her behind her again. The Death Eaters bursted through the trapdoor angrily, their wands out. All of the sudden, Lily felt another pair of hands grab her and pull her far away from the Death Eaters. Lily looked up to see Ron, Hermione, Remus, and Delacour all coming forward with their wands out, ready to fight the Death Eaters. Remus grabbed Lily hastily before shoving back into the pub and out of the kitchen. Lily immediately stumbled into someone and that someone wrapped their arms around her in a warm, comforting embrace. Lily didn't know why, but she was trembling, probably out of anxiety and fear.

"Shhh, Lils," whispered the voice. "It's okay."

Lily looked up and her eyes met warm, chestnut ones. Eddie, her best friend, was holding her in a warm embrace, trying to calm and comfort her.

"C'mon, let's get out of here. We'll hide in the tunnel that's behind the one-eyed witch," said Eddie. Eddie wrapped an arm around her and he had a wand in his hand that he recognized as Hermione's. "Mum gave this to me so we can defend ourselves in case we meet some Death Eater's. She's using somebody else's. Accio Lily's Invisability Cloak!"

A few moments later, Lily's Invisability Cloak came soaring towards them. Eddie wrapped it around them and they headed off to Honeydukes. Lily looked around to actually see bodies on the floor, in

the streets. She gasped in horror and buried her face into Eddie's shoulder. Eddie looked down at her, eyes wide. But they soon softened when he saw the distress she was in. He slowly wrapped his arm around her and pulled her close, very close. Lily was face was now buried in his chest and his arm was around her tightly as he guided her to Honeydukes.

They reached the trapdoor which led to Hogwarts and the one-eyed witch. The crept into the tunnel.

"Lumos," Eddie muttered, pulling off the cloak, but he still held Lily close to him.

"Ed, is that you?" came Asher's voice from down the tunnel. They heard Robby's squeal.

"Yeah!" Eddie called back, walking towards the sounds of their voices. He was still guiding Lily.

"Is Lily with you?" Robby called out nervously.

"Yeah, I've got her, she's fine!" Eddie called out. Lily was now clutching on to Eddie tightly. But, Eddie didn't really seem to mind. You could almost see a smile twitching at the corner of his lips.

The two finally reached Asher and Robyn to also see the rest of the Gryffindor seventh years; Danny and Mandy Micrelle, and Jarius Engers. Lily and Eddie didn't mind them being here, as they were the only seven students who knew about this secret passage.

"What happened?" Lily asked in a timid voice, still hugging Eddie, but no longer clinging to him like she was.

"Death Eaters came and took the stores hostages," Mandy said through her tears. Jarius walked over and hugged her tightly. "Than, one of the Death Eater's in the Three Broomsticks started killing and torturing students. Professor Delinor started dueling with him and she won!"

"Really?" Lily whispered. "She won?"

“She was protecting you, Lils,” Eddie whispered. Lily looked up
at him wide-eyed.

“What?”

“Yeah...when she would you to hide, the Death Eater dived at you and she just started hexing and cursing him like crazy. I never thought I could see a Professor, much less a veela, look so angry. She looked ready to kill.” Eddie explained. “Once the Death Eater was unconscious, she took his wand and somehow she managed to unlock the door. She started to free all the stores and soon more Professors started to help her attack the Death Eaters.”

“A lot of people died though?” Lily whispered timidly. Eddie bit his lip and hesitated before he answered.

“Yeah, a lot of people died,” he whispered softly, pressing her head against his chest before resting his cheek on her head. “But, it’s okay. It was a nasty battle, and a lot of people did die, but we won, Lils. We won.”

“Eddie...” Lily whispered before she passed out completely. Eddie caught her and lifted her into his arms, cradling her like a baby. He gazed at her lovingly, knowing that she was safe, alive, and knowing nothing would happen to her as long as she was in his arms.

Asher, Robby, Mandy, Danny, and Jarius all looked at each other and smiled knowingly at the loving stare Eddie gave Lily.

Lily felt as though a rock had settled herself on her head. She groaned and pain and tried sitting up, but a pair of hands grabbed her shoulders and settled her back down against the pillows.

“Shhh, Flower, you need your rest,” came a gentle male voice. Lily felt his hand soothing the top of her head. Lily groaned again and her eyes fluttered open slightly. Above her, she saw an extremely blurry vision (as she didn’t have her glasses on) of a man, looking down at her. But, Lily didn’t need her glasses to know who it was. She knew that face and that voice anywhere.

“Sirius?” Lily groaned.

“Shhh...ease up, no talking.” Sirius said gently. “You need rest. You don’t want to pass out again do you?”

“What happened?” Lily groaned. Sirius continued patting Lily’s head.

“You passed out. You’re in the Hogwarts hospital wing now.” Sirius stated.

“How long have I been asleep?” Lily asked quietly.

“Not long. Eddie carried you up here about an half of an hour ago, and he said you had only passed out an hour before.” Sirius explained. “Now rest up.”

“I’m tired of everyone treating me like a baby- WHOA!” Lily nearly shouted, sitting up abruptly, but a sudden dizzy spell settled into her head and her head began to pound. She slowly settled herself back in the pillows, holding her palm against the forehead. Sirius chuckled.

“Told you. Must you always be so stubborn? You’re so much like your grandfather and father,” Sirius said shaking his head. “Potters...it’s in the blood...”

After a long silence, Lily cautiously bit her lip and sighed.

“Sirius?”

“Yes

Flower?”

“Did...did

anyone..die?”

Hesitation.

“Yes, quite a few students were murdered,” Sirius muttered quickly. Lily frowned and turned over, her back facing Sirius and she wrapped the sheets up to her chin, clutching them so hard her knuckles were turning white. She just stared at the wall, her face impassive. She felt Sirius’s hand on her shoulder.

“Don’t blame yourself, Lily,” whispered Sirius. “You didn’t do anything.”

“Exactly Sirius!” Lily spat angrily. “I didn’t do anything! I sat there like a coward and HID! I hid Sirius! I’m such a coward. How could I have back down and hid when people needed me most?”

Sirius sighed and looked away. He couldn’t believe how much like Harry she really was. They both felt they had to carry the weight of the world on their shoulders. Sirius had hoped that Lily wouldn’t take this prophecy nonsense to heart, but she was a Potter, and she did. Now she felt that she had to protect the entire world from Voldemort. Sirius shook his head. ‘That is a burden no seventeen year old girl should have to carry,’ he thought to himself.

“Lily, you had to run, you had to hide,” said Sirius. Lily mumbled something incoherent under her breath. But, Sirius knew it was something along blaming herself about being a coward. “Lily, you had to hide. You remember how those two Death Eaters were throwing Unforgivable Curses at innocent children, without even caring? Imagine what they would do to you.”

Lily sat up and looked at Sirius, her green eyes blazing angrily.

“What makes my life any different from the other students that were murdered? They didn’t have a chance to hide! What makes me anymore special? They had every right to hide as much as I did! Why did they have to die? Why not me?” Lily shouted angrily.

“What makes you special? First of all Lily, I love you and I’d never let anything bad happen to you. The same goes for Remus, Ron, Hermione, and even Ed. That Dominique woman also seemed keen on keeping you safe and alive as well! We wanted to keep you away from Voldemort. Surely you didn’t want to face him unarmed.” Sirius said, trying to comfort Lily. She had matured over the last couple of years and learned how to keep her temper in check, but when she was on the edge, her temper would rise pretty easily, and right now she looked like she was on the edge.

“But, Sirius, I DID face him!” Lily said desperately. “I should have died! But, I didn’t! Why is it that everytime I face Voldemort or his bloody Death Eaters, someone dies? And it’s me he is after, not anyone else. Why are all these people dying and I’m not? How many more people have to be murdered before he gets me? How many Sirius?” Lily was now screaming, her eyes looked desperate and she looked as though she were about to cry.

“Lily, you can’t blame yourself for the deaths of these people, it wasn’t you who killed them. It was Voldemort and his Death Eaters.” Sirius told her softly.

“Howcome he hasn’t killed me?” Lily was now whispering as well. “Why?”

“Lily, you haven’t died because fate won’t let you die.” Sirius explained. Lily looked at him fiercely, an eyebrow raised.

“Fate?”

“Yes, Lily, fate. You were sent on this earth for a reason. And I believe that reason is to give people hope that good can always prevail over evil. Fate won’t let you die because you are not done with your mission here on earth.” Sirius explained.

"Are you saying that I'm only alive because of a stupid prophecy?" Lily snapped angrily. "Is that why you are all keeping me alive? BECAUSE I'M THE ONE THAT CAN SUPPOSEDLY KILL VOLDEMORT? AND YOU ALL WANT ME ALIVE SO I CAN DO THAT? IS THAT WHY YOU'RE ALL PROTECTING ME AND LETTING EVERYONE ELSE DIE? I ONLY MATTER BECAUSE OF SOME BLOODY PROPHECY? NO ONE ELSE MATTERS BECAUSE THEY DON'T HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY VOLDEMORT? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME SIRIUS?"

"No, Lily, that's not what I'm saying," said Sirius, a little more sternly. "We're protecting you because we love you. You know that."

"What about all those other students?" Lily whispered. "Some of them were only thirteen. What was their mission?"

"They obviously already finished their mission." Sirius was now patting her hair and pulled her into an embrace. "You haven't Lily. You're going to do great things, Lily, I know it."

"I should have died," whispered Lily. "I faced Voldemort unarmed and didn't die."

"He didn't try to kill you?" Sirius asked. "Not that I want you dead, but I found it rather strange—"

"No, he did try and kill me," whispered Lily. "But, he couldn't."

"Why?"

"Peter Pettigrew saved me. He gave his life for me."

"Pettigrew?!?!?" Sirius asked astonished. "Why-?"

"Well, after he saved me, flashes came into my head. An old man was talking to a boy, but I think it was my dad. They were talking about how Harry had saved Pettigrew's life and that when another wizard saves another wizard's life it makes a bond of some type.

After the flashes were done, a woman's voice said in my head that the bond was broken because the debt had been repaid." Lily explained. Sirius looked deep in thought, slightly confused. "What does it mean, Si?

"In your father's third year, Remus and I tried to kill Pettigrew, but Harry wouldn't let us. And when one wizard saves another, there is a certain bond that will always remain, until the wizard that was saved repays. And until the bond is broken will the wizard that was saved be free."

"So, by saving me, Pettigrew's debt was repaid." Lily said smartly. Sirius nodded. "But...why?"

"Because, I think Pettigrew knew that your life and happiness meant more than anything to your father..." Sirius said thoughtfully. With that, he pulled Lily into another tight hug.

Lily didn't know what to think, so she just leaned into Sirius's embrace.

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The next day, Lily walked into the Great Hall with Robby by her side. Surrounding the walls were black banners and the weather was fitting the mood perfectly. Lily looked at the ceiling to see it was stormy and rainy out. Up at the staff table stood a long table, holding fifteen pictures. Those fourteen pictures included all the students that were murdered that day in Hogsmeade.

The list of the fourteen students upset Lily to no end, for including in those pictures was Orion Kellberg. He was one of the Gryffindor Chasers and only a fifth year. He was also a good friend of Lily's since both had been on the Quidditch team together for the last three years. Also, the list of murdered students included Garrett Benit and Deserae Nart. Lily remembered how they had just left the table moments before Hogsmeade was attacked. It made her shiver as she realized how fast life can be taken away from you. And, Garrett was a good friend of Hart's.

“C’mon, Lil,” whispered Robby. “Let’s sit down.” Lily followed Robby towards the Gryffindor table. There were two seats left opened, one beside Asher and one beside Eddie. Robby automatically took the one beside Asher. Lily placed herself in the seat beside her best friend, who immediately grabbed her hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

Hermione, who had tears in her eyes, got to her feet and called for the students’s attention.

“Yesterday, a terrible tragedy struck us. Yesterday, as the students were having a good time at Hogsmeade, it was attacked. Death Eaters came into Hogsmeade and took the shops, restaurants, and everything else hostage. For what reasons, we do not know. We believe that the Death Eaters had no intention in starting a battle, but they did. In the Three Broomsticks, one of the Death Eaters had lost all control and began killing students inside the pub. Professor Delinor was able to fight off the two Death Eaters inside the pub and helped the children that were still living escape. She then began freeing the rest of the shops and restaurants and saved many lives. But, as students began running into the streets in panic, trying to get back to the school, many were murdered. A total of fourteen students were murdered. They include Garrett Benit, seventh year Ravenclaw. Nancie Bones, fourth year Hufflepuff. Jasper Cistin, third year Hufflepuff. Issac Davison, third year Ravenclaw. Ivan Davison, third year Gryffindor. Orion Kellberg, fifth year Gryffindor. Xavier Lenstubble, fifth year Ravenclaw. Savannah Nandet, sixth year Gryffindor. Deserae Nart, sixth year Ravenclaw. Marice Neltler, fourth year Gryffindor. Olyimpia Morris, seventh year Hufflepuff. Maria Silletti, sixth year Hufflepuff. Brandon Smith, third year Hufflepuff. Candice Walterz, sixth year Gryffindor.”

Lily took a shaking breath. She couldn’t help but notice how no Slytherins were murdered and it made her more furious than ever.

“I ask you all to drink to these fourteen students, all through ages between thirteen and seventeen, all so young. Please, honor these fourteen students.” The Hall, with the exception of the Slytherins, drank to the fourteen students.

After the memorial service, Lily, Eddie, Asher, and Robby were all walking together towards the Gryffindor Common Room. Asher had a comforting arm around Robby as she cried silently. Eddie just held Lily's hand and kept squeezing it reassuringly.

"Lily?"

The four turned around and saw Hart Rosenbell standing behind them. Lily gave him a bright smile.

"Hart," she said, letting go of Eddie's hand and walking over to him and hugging him tightly. Hart squirmed and pushed her away, sort of roughly. Lily grew suspicious but didn't think much of it. She started rambling. "Are you alright? I'm so sorry about Garrett. I mean, I didn't see you after that whole...Hogsmeade...incident."

"Yeah, I'm fine," Hart said, looking everywhere except her face. "Eustrice and I ran from the pub when Professor Delinor opened it. Listen, Lily, can I talk to you in private?"

"Um...yeah sure," Lily said shrugging. She turned to her friends. "I'll meet you guys in the Common Room."

Asher and Robby nodded and smiled at her, while Eddie was glaring dangerously at Hart, his fists clenched. Both Asher and Robby grabbed one of his arms and dragged him towards the Common Room. Eddie left, reluctant to leave Lily's side, especially with the events that had just occurred.

"So, what's up Hart?" Lily asked, trying to sound cheerful.

"Lily, I don't...think...we should see each other anymore." Hart said firmly. Lily raised an eyebrow.

"We were never officially dating, Hart," she said slowly.

"Yeah, I know...but I...I think this has made it...too awkward for us to continue as friends." Hart said quickly. Lily stared blankly at him.

"Wait, I can understand if you'd rather not date and stay as

friends, but you don't even want to be friends anymore?" Lily asked slowly, wishing that statement was not what Hart was referring to.

"Erm...yeah basically," he said, now looking away. Now, Lily was heartbroken.

"Why?" Lily whispered. "Why don't you want my friendship? Did I do something wrong?"

"Listen, Li-Potter," Hart said slowly. Lily flinched when he called her by her surname. "I like you as a person, you're a good person. But, let's be honest here, you do attract a lot of...erm...trouble."

Then, as though it smacked her in the face, she understood why Hart was doing this. He wanted nothing to do with Voldemort, so therefore, he wanted nothing to do with Lily Potter.

"Oh, I see..." Lily whispered angrily through gritted teeth. "So, you don't want to be seen with me ever again, right? You don't want to be a target of Voldemort, is that right?" Hart shuddered when she said You-Know-Who's name.

"Lily-I mean Potter, look, I'm sorry, but-" Lily shook her head.

"No, I understand Rosenbell, I wouldn't want to be friends with me either," she said coldly, her temper rising dangerously. "In fact, would it have been better if Voldemort or one of his Death Eaters just finished me off right in Hogsmeade, right? Therefore I wouldn't be a danger on to anybody, correct?" Lily was now shouting.

"Lily, thats not-"

Thanks Rosenbell! You just made me feel so wanted!" Lily shouted before turning on her heel and running as fast as she could towards the Gryffindor Common Room. And Hart didn't come after her.

Lily stormed through the Potrait Hole, her face lined with fury and dejection. Eddie and Asher were playing Exploding Snap as Robby sat in armchair reading a book. Lily stormed passed them and

towards the girls's dormitories.

"Lily Billy?" Asher called out confusedly. Lily turned to him looking furious.

"What?" she snapped. The three were a taken back.

"You okay, Lil?" Robby asked timidly.

"Just fine!" she snapped again before turning on heel again. Eddie got to his feet and ran as fast he could towards Lily. He grabbed her arm and turned her around before she reached the stairs.

"Lils, what's wrong?" he asked softly.

"NOTHING IS WRONG, ED!" she screamed. "

"Something is wrong, otherwise you wouldn't be yelling and snapping at us like this!" he said firmly, narrowing his eyes.

"Why do you care?" Lily asked coldly.

"Are you bloody crazy, Lils? Of course I care about you!" Eddie said desperately and sincerely.

"Are you sure you should care? Are you sure you guys want to be my friend?" Lily asked bitterly. Eddie looked astonished at this question. Since when did he give an impression that he didn't care or didn't want to be her friend. Because, if he did, he wanted to hex himself. Standing in front of him was the person he cared about most in the world and he would never want to give her that impression.

"OF COURSE I want to be your friend!" he nearly shouted, his eyes wide with shock and disbelief. "What would ever give you the idea that I wouldn't?"

"Lil, we love you," gasped Robby. "Why would we stop being your friends?"

"You might become one of Voldemort's targets. And we wouldn't

want that now, would we?" Lily asked coolly, before shaking off Eddie's grip on her and she turned on heel again, storming up the stairs, and slamming the door behind her.

"What the bloody hell was THAT about?" Asher asked in disbelief. Eddie shrugged, but Robby was shaking her head, looking distressed. Both boys noticed.

"Robby

Bobby?"

"Rosenbell," she said simply. "He must have said something to her. No idea what, but I can bet it was along the lines of not wanting to date her because it would make him some kind of target of You-Know-Who." Eddie and Asher both stared at her wide-eyed, in utter disbelief.

"That...bloody...COWARD!" Eddie yelled, clenching his fists at the fact that Hart had hurt HIS Lily.

"Well, now we know he was never sorted into Gryffindor," Asher said bitterly.

"I'm going to talk to Lil," said Robby as she closed her book.

"I'm going to have a little talk with Rosenbell," snarled Eddie through gritted teeth, his fists clenched.

"You do that," said Asher, as equally as mad as Eddie at Hart for hurting Lily. Over the days he had developed more brotherly feelings for Lily and hovered over her like a little sister and was terribly angry at Hart right now.

"Wait one second," said Robby as she walked up to Eddie. She put her hand in robe pocket and took out his wand. "I'm not sending you to talk to Rosenbell with your wand. You hexed Asher for supposedly hurting Lily. Lord knows what you'll do to Rosenbell, who isn't a friend and it's known for sure that he hurt her."

"Fine!" Eddie said in annoyance before turning around and storming through the Potrait Hole. Once he was gone, Asher shot Robby an amused grin.

"Just because you took his wand, doesn't mean he isn't going to use his fists, Rob," he said amusedly.

"Well, I can't do everything!" she said rolling her eyes. "Now, c'mon, help me cheer up Lil. Lord knows you can make her laugh with those corny jokes of your's."

"What can I say?" Asher said shrugging. "She finds me amusing." Robby rolled her eyes before grabbing Asher by his arm and dragging him towards the girls's dorms. "Geeze, Robyn, didn't know you wanted me THAT badly," Asher said loudly. Robby smacked him over the head before dragging him inside to help comfort Lily.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Eddie stormed down the corridors towards the Ravenclaw Common Room. Thanks to Lily's Marauder's Map, he knew where it was. He stopped in front of the Potrait of the Land of Fairies.

"Yes young man?" one of the fairies giggled. "How can we help you?"

"I want to speak with Hart Rosenbell," he said firmly.

"Sure," giggled another fairy, and she disappeared into the potrait, but came back moments later. "He's coming."

"Thank you," Eddie said politely. The fairies giggled, but at that moment, the potrait opened and Hart Rosenbell stepped through it. He saw it was Eddie who wanted to talk to him and he gave a weak grin.

"Hey Weasley," he said nodding. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Actually, yes, Rosenbell there is something wrong!" Eddie

snapped bitterly. Hart looked rather startled at Eddie's tone.

"Is there a problem, Weasley?" he asked cold. Eddie growled.

"Yes, YOU are the problem, Rosenbell!" he nearly shouted. With that, the Weasley temper took control and he shoved Hart roughly. "What in the hell did you do to Lily?" Hart glared at Eddie angrily.

"I did nothing!" he answered defensively.

"Than care to tell me why she came into the Gryffindor Common Room looking thoroughly bloody ticked off and rejected after talking with YOU, Rosenbell?" Eddie asked coolly.

"All I said was I didn't want to see her anymore," Hart said defensively again.

"Well, there had to be more than that because Lily never gets that upset over a guy and a break-up. Especially since you two weren't even official. You had to have said something else, and I want to know what you said!" Eddie snarled quietly. Hart rolled his eyes.

"It's none of your business, Weasley!"

"Obviously you don't know me well do you, Rosenbell?" Eddie said coolly. Hart just raised a nervous eyebrow. "Well, I'll have you know that I'm extremely protective of my friend and the fact that you hurt her is making my blood boil, so you had better give me your damn explanation before I start pounding you into another dimension and don't you think I won't. If it concerns Lily, I will Rosenbell, don't mess with me when it concerns Lily."

It was obvious that Hart clearly did not want to fight Eddie, especially when he looked so angry and fired up, and his famous Weasley temper was already surfacing.

"I explained that I didn't want her friendship anymore," explained Hart.

"And may I ask why you wouldn't the friendship of the most

amazing girl in the world?" asked Eddie. Hart rolled his eyes. "You made it clear enough that you liked her more than a friend."

"Oh c'mon, Weasley, you and I both know that Potter is a magnet for trouble. I should have realized that before I got involved with her, but I didn't notice it until that Hogsmeade trip." Hart said impatiently. "Being associated with that girl is like signing your death warrant. Don't get me wrong, she's a great girl, I like, well, liked her a lot, but she is a death wish."

Eddie stared at Hart with such disgust words wouldn't be able to describe it.

"So, you refuse to befriend Lily just because you're afraid of being a target of Voldemort?" Eddie asked in disbelief. Hart shuddered as he heard the name. "Is that what you're telling me?"

"Trust me, Weasley, I'm not the only one who feels that way. Us Ravenclaws have had a discussion about it and we feel that we better not associate with Lily anymore, if we want to stay alive." Hart said, looking serious. "The only one who seemed hesitant to do so was Jem Marvelson, but even she agreed to end all ties with Lily."

"Jem did that? You're all doing that?" Eddie choked. "YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DESTROY LILY'S SPIRIT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE SCARED OF BEING A SO-CALLED TARGET OF VOLDEMORT? FOR MERLIN'S SAKE SHE'S A HUMAN BEING! THIS IS GOING TO BE THE TIME WHEN SHE NEEDS SUPPORT THE MOST! HER FATHER JUST DIED AND SHE NEEDS HER FRIENDS! AND MUST TO MY DISGUST, THAT INCLUDES YOU AND JEM!"

"Take my advice, Weasley, cut all ties with Potter," said Hart sympathetically. "You of all people are in the most danger, being her best friend and all." Eddie coughed because he was so shocked at Hart's suggestion that he started choking on his own saliva.

"NO!" he shouted in disbelief. "I would never leave Lily like that just because of Voldemort! Are you bloody crazy? I love Lily, more than life itself! I would do anything for her! I would die for her! And now that all of you people are leaving her behind because of what her

name is, just because she is a Potter and Voldemort is after her, than this is going to be when she needs me most. And I'm not going to back out when the person I care about most in the whole damn universe needs me most!"

"It's your life," Hart said shrugging. Eddie was on the verge of punching this kid square in the face.

"Yes, it is my life, and I want Lily to be in it, simple as that!" Eddie said without hesitation. "I just want you to know, you're all going to kill her spirit, and you're going to kill her over something she can't control. You act like Lily wants this. She doesn't and you all are just going to make her more miserable than she already is by doing this. She doesn't want this, and you're just going to destroy her spirit, the little life she still has in her. You don't know how incredibly selfish you're being!"

"Weasley, it's my life," Hart said simply as he turned around and walked through Potrait Hole. Eddie stared hard after him.

"You're all making the biggest mistake of your lives!" Eddie said sharply. Hart turned to him curiously. "You're all letting an amazing girl walk out of your lives. She's going to be something one day, and you're all going to wish you never made the mistake of letting her walk out. You will, trust me Rosenbell you will."

"How would you know, Weasley?" snapped Hart.

"Because I know Lily better than anyone, and I see what she has to go through everyday, and I must say, what you're doing isn't helping any, but she'll pull through, she's strong at heart and that's how I know she's going to be something one day. Just you watch!" With that, Eddie turned and stormed down the corridor towards the Gryffindor Tower.

Eddie knew that Lily was in for some difficult times and he knew that no matter what, he was going to be there for her.

~~*~*~*~*~*

The next morning, Eddie sat down in the Common Room with Asher, waiting for Lily and Robby. Asher couldn't help but notice how distressed Eddie looked.

"You okay Ed?"

"Fine," he said with a sigh, leaning his against the back of the couch.

"What happened to you last night? I waited up to see what you did to Rosenbell, but you took so ruddy long that I fell asleep." Asher said, looking at Eddie anxiously. Eddie's eyes went from blank to downright furious. "What happened?"

"Well, I found out an interesting little situation the Ravenclaws had decided to place on Lily's hands," Eddie said bitterly.

"What are you talking about?"

Eddie explained everything about what Hart had told him and suggested, about abandoning Lily because they didn't want to be targets of Voldemort.

When Asher heard this, his mouth opened, than closed absentmindedly, disbelief and disgust clearly written in his stormy gray eyes.

"He..said THAT?" Asher yelled. Eddie nodded grimly. "That...coward! And not just him...ALL the Ravenclaws? Cowards! Even Jem said that? Jem is one of Lily's best friends!"

"I know," Eddie said with a sigh. "It's downright...wrong. Lily doesn't deserve that. She can't help that Voldemort is after her."

"You know, I bet the Hufflepuffs are also going along with this. If the Ravenclaws are chicken enough to avoid Lily, imagine what the Hufflepuffs will do." Asher said, in a frustrated tone.

“Aren’t Hufflepuffs supposed to be loyal?” Eddie asked bemused.
Asher shrugged.

“Sometimes fear can even damage some of our greatest qualities, even loyalty,” Asher said wisely. Eddie raised an eyebrow.

“Harry used to say that,” he said in a whisper. Asher looked confused.

“Really? Lily told me that,” he said shrugging. “Oh well, Harry must have told her and she passed the information to me.” Eddie gave a weak chuckle as Lily and Robby walked down the stairs. Eddie immediately jumped to his feet and walked straight to Lily. No one noticed the knowing glances Robby and Asher gave each other.

“You okay Lils?” Eddie asked, his eyes glistening in concern. Lily shrugged.

“A little grim, but I’ll be fine,” she said honestly. “Let’s go down to breakfast. I’m starved.”

“Well said Lils,” said Eddie grinning down at his friend. He held out his arm for her. “Care to walk with me Lils?” Lily rolled her eyes but that didn’t stop the smile from forming on her lips. She linked her arm with Eddie’s. Eddie beamed and led her towards the Great Hall.

“I need a boyfriend...” Robby sighed. Asher gave her an innocent look.

“You mean you don’t have one for this week?” he asked innocently. Robby slapped him over the head before laughing and the two ran to catch up with Lily and Eddie.

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Lily walked into the Great Hall arm-in-arm with Eddie. As she walked in, she couldn’t help but noticed that all of the Ravensclaws and Hufflepuffs, and even a few of the younger Gryffindors were giving her strange looks. The Slytherins on the other hand looked extremely pleased.

“Erm...why is everyone staring?” Lily muttered slowly. Eddie took a deep breath. He didn’t want to tell Lily, it would hurt her and he didn’t want that.

“I...er...I have no idea...” he muttered. Lily raised a suspicious eyebrow at the Hufflepuffs as she Eddie walked past their table.

“What is so interesting?” she snapped at them. Being stared at had always made her feel uncomfortable. She took her usual seat at the Gryffindor table, as Eddie took the seat next to her. Robby and Asher joined them moments later. Robby seemed to be giving Asher annoyed looks, as Asher just continued to give her innocent smiles. Lily rolled her eyes.

“Can I have everyone’s attention please?” Hermione’s voice called out through the Great Hall. Everyone gave her their attention. “Despite the recent events of what has happened, we will still be holding our annual Halloween Ball, as we do every year. Fourth years and up, and dress robes required. Thank you.”

Lily’s eyes lit up.

“Hey Rob, I have an idea!” Lily whispered happily. “How about I ask Hermione for us to play for the ball again? Like in fifth year?”

“You think she’ll let us?”

“Sure, why not?” Eddie interrupted. “You guys are REALLY good. Fabulous I daresay.” Lily and Robby both grinned at him with gratitude.

“HEY MANDY!” Lily called out. Mandy, who was eating with Danny and Jairus, looked up and she saw Lily calling her name. She excused herself before coming over to see what Lily wanted.

“What’s up Lily?” she asked smiling.

“What do you say about getting another gig?” Lily asked, grinning pleasantly. It made Eddie’s stomach jump up and down.

“Where?”

“The Halloween Ball,” said Lily, “I mean, we did it in fifth year and it turned out great. Why not this year? Leave our mark, after all, this is our final year at Hogwarts. What’d you say?”

“I say yes!” Mandy said, giggling shyly. “I’m all for it. Robby?”

“Count me in!”

“Now, all we need to do is talk to Jem,” said Lily smiling. “I’ll go talk to her. I’ll be right back.”

“Okay!” Mandy and Robby said in unison. Eddie nearly spit out his orange juice, knowing exactly what Jem was going to say.

“Lils! Wait!” Eddie called out, but it was no use. She had already reached the Ravenclaw table. He turned to Robby and Mandy urgently and quickly explained everything about what Jem, Hart, and the rest of the Ravenclaws said the previous night. Both Robby and Mandy looked disgusted, and tried to call Lily back. But, it was too late, they heard a scream from the Ravenclaw table.

“COWARDS!”

They all looked up to see a disgruntled, bright red Lily storm out of the Great Hall and slam the large doors behind her.

“Oh no,” came a groan from the Gryffindor table.

~~*~*~*~*

Lily stormed through the corridors, hurt and pain undoubtedly written all over her emerald green eyes as she continued to race through the stone walls of her school, staring at her shoes, thinking

about Jem's words, still ringing in her head.

*~*Flashback*~*

"Hey, Jem!" Lily called out as she ran over to the Ravenclaw table. She saw Hart sitting across from Jem, and he immediately turned so he didn't have to look at Lily. Lily rolled her eyes at him, but decided to ignore it. Jem looked up and saw Lily running towards her. She paled.

"Oh, Potter," she said in a strangled sort of voice, nodding her head as though she and Lily were mere acquaintances. Lily raised an eyebrow, but overlooked Jem's tone.

"Jem, listen, I was talking to Mand-"

"Why are you calling me Jem?" Jem whispered. Lily's eyes widened and she quickly opened, then closed her mouth. She looked at Jem with a confused look fixed on her face.

"That's what we always call you..." Lily said trailing off. "Unless you want to be called by your full name?"

"Potter, why are you even talking to me?" Jem whispered again. Lily's voice got caught in her throat as she stared at her friend blankly.

"Because...because your my friend?" Lily also said in a scared whisper. Jem gave a long sigh.

"Listen, Potter, we were friends, but I think I agree with Hart and the rest of the Ravenclaws in saying that it's dangerous to be associated with you." Jem said in a dignified voice. "So, I quit the band and our friendship no longer exists." Lily let this all sink in and temper took control rather quickly.

"It doesn't matter," Lily snapped. "We would have thrown you out anyway! And I wouldn't want to be friends with someone I wouldn't ever be able to count on in difficult times. Guess you really know how to stick by friends huh?"

“Don’t snap at her!” a Ravenclaw shouted in defense. Lily narrowed her eyes at the Ravenclaws.

“COWARDS!” she screamed before turning on heel and slamming her feet down against the floor as she stormed out of the Great Hall, slamming the doors behind her.

*~*End of Flashback*~*

Lily stopped to take a deep breath as she clenched her fists and stared determinedly at the wall. She wasn’t going to cry. She refused to cry. Lily didn’t let the tears fall, but that didn’t stop her from backing against the wall. She slowly slid down with her back against it. Lily pulled her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around her knees, resting her chin atop of them before taking deep breaths and closing her eyes. Lily buried her face against her knees. She just sat there, trembling, in need of a friend. Fortunately;

“Lils?” came a soft gentle whisper. Lily looked up and saw Eddie standing above her. Written in his warm chestnut eyes was concern and affection. Lily continued to tremble and buried her face in her knees again. “Oh, Lils!”

With that, Eddie sat down next to her, putting his arms around her and pulling her closer to him, holding her in a warm, comforting embrace. Lily leaned into Eddie’s attempt of comfort and buried her face in his chest. No tears fell though. Eddie just continued to cradle Lily and pat her soft golden hair gently.

“Eddie?” Lily called in a deathly whisper.

“Yeah Lils?”

“You...you still want to be my friend...right?” she asked, almost fearfully. Eddie closed his eyes and just held on to her tighter.

“Lils, nothing could break my friendship with you,” he said reassuringly. “Those Ravenclaws, Hufflepuffs, and anyone else who is tossing you out of their lives are cowards.”

"I don't want this anymore, Ed," Lily whispered into his chest. "I want to be free. Why can't I have a normal life? Why can't I be somebody, anybody else?"

"But, Lils, I want you to be you," whispered Eddie. "If you were anybody else, I wouldn't love you the way I do now."

"Eddie, I just can't take this anymore," Lily continued to whisper into his chest. She was so distressed that she didn't exactly understand Eddie's last comment. "Even my friends are turning their backs on me now. It's like they think I want this. I don't! First my mum abandons me, now everyone else is leaving me behind, in the dark. Is there something wrong with me?"

"There's nothing wrong with you Lils," Eddie said, holding her as tight as he could. "And as for your mum, she was a bloody moron who is missing out on a lot. And the students, well, their cowards. But, Lils, I want you to know something."

"What?" she asked, finally taking her face out of his chest and looking into those chestnut eyes of his.

"No matter what, Voldemort or no Voldemort, though anything, through thick or thin, through good times and bad times, I'll be standing by your side no matter what Lils. I'll always be there for you. If you ever need a shoulder to cry on, someone to hug, someone to talk to, someone to help you take on Voldemort, I want you to know that you can always come to me. Just call my name, Lils, and I'll be there for you, without thinking twice, I'll be there Lils. You can always count on me." Eddie said this with such sincerity that Lily almost gasped.

"Thank you, Eddie," Lily whispered, looking into his intense brown eyes. "That means a lot to me."

"And you mean everything to me Little Lily," Eddie whispered as he pressed his forehead against her's, looking into her own emerald depths.

Lily smiled at him and gave him a warm kiss on the cheek. Than,

she slowly rested her head against his shoulder, cuddling up next him, wrapping her arms around Eddie's waist. Eddie, if it was possible, tightened his hold on her and rested his head against the wall, grinning lazily, feeling like the luckiest guy in the world. And the two just sat there in the middle of the corridor, resting in each other's arms.

"I'm disappointed in you, Draco," sneered a cold, high voice. Draco Malfoy flinched at the cold tone in his master's voice. "There was no reason to start attacking students in the Three Broomsticks. Thanks to you, those who were searching for the Room of Gryffindor had to abandon their mission to help you because you couldn't control yourself!"

"I'm sorry Master," Draco told him nervously. "It's just that Weasley boy! He insulted you! Than he tried to prevent me from taking Potter! Than that veela woman. She had to make even more of a problem by protecting that little brat!"

"Shut-up Draco!" Voldemort said in venom. Draco winced. "You ruined my plans! Thanks to you, we still don't have what we need to destroy Lily Potter and thanks to you, we don't know what this new prophecy contains! This will require punishment!"

"Master...please..."

"CRUCIO!"

"NO!"

Draco fell to his knees, screaming in ultimate pain.

"Now, Draco," Voldemort sneered coldly. "Your mission is to find the Room of Gryffindor and tell me of the newly written prophecy. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master..."

"I don't care how you do it, just find it!"

"Yes Master..."

"And Draco?"

"Yes Master?"

"No more mistakes! Crucio!"

Draco once again fell to the ground, screaming in agony.

~~*~*~*~*~*

"If one more person gives me a look as though I have eighteen bloody heads I'm going to explode!" Lily snarled angrily as a group of third year Hufflepuffs walked passed her without taking their eyes off her.

"Maybe they think you're cute?" Asher suggested, trying to lighten up the mood. Lily gave a chuckle than glared at her friend.

"They were girls, Ash, you git," Robby said wearily.

"I never said they were straight..." Lily, Eddie, and Robby all bursted out laughing, causing Madame Omfer to glare at them for making so much noise in the library. Lily stuffed her knuckles in her mouth to prevent herself from laughing anymore, though her face was bright red and she was coughing a little too falsely.

"Maybe we should get out of here before Madame Omfer bites our heads off," Eddie said, looking at the librarian with innocent eyes, and taking his books and shoving them in his bag. Lily nodded in agreement as she collected her own things and put them into her own bag. Asher and Robby followed their example and they all scurried out of the library, shooting Madame Omfer innocent looks and smiles.

Once the were out of earshot of the library, they all just bursted out laughing for no particular reason. For some reason they found the situation and the dirty look that Madame Omfer gave them when they left her library extremely hilarious. Unfortunately, their good time was ruined.

"May I ask what's a laughing matter? Or have you all finally gotten a good look at Weasley's face?" came a taunting, dawling voice behind. Lily rolled her eyes but faced Malfoy with a cold glare.

"Sod off Malfoy!" she snapped. Malfoy smirked smugly.

"No, Potter, I don't think I will," sneered Malfoy with Nott standing beside him, also giving the four an evil type grin.

"Well, in case you've forgotten had to count Malfoy," Asher snarled taking out his wand.

"Which wouldn't be a surprise since you're so stupid," interrupted Lily. Asher ignored her and continued.

"We've got you outnumbered four to two, so I suggest you bugger off before we lose our tempers," Asher continued to snarl. Lily and Eddie also pulled out their wands, liking the sound of Asher's idea. Robby shot them a warning look, but the three ignored her.

"Well, I doubt that that Mudblood is any competition and that Potter is such a useless, stupid git that she couldn't tell the difference between a Switching Spell and an Unforgivable Curse, so I must say I disagree with you Lazard. I believe we're on an equal footing." Malfoy said coolly, giving Robby an disapprove look, as though looking down at her. Robby, who was always sensitive about her blood, looked down at her shoes in shame. Lily and Asher stormed forward, their wands and fists raised but Eddie grabbed the back of their robes.

"You just watch yourself, Malfoy," Eddie snarled. "Robyn maybe Muggle- born, she sure in hell is a lot of a better witch than a pureblooded (he called Malfoy something that made Lily chuckle and Robby gasp) like you! And as for Lily! I'd like to see you do half of the things she's done!"

"I don't want to hear your snide remarks, Weasley," Malfoy snapped. Eddie glared. "I just wanted you to know that you're wanted now."

"What in the bloody hazes are you talking about gitface?"

"Master knows of you, he knows of what you did in Hogsmeade not so long ago," sneered Nott.

"Did? I did nothing except try to protect my best friend-"

"Exactly Weasley. Protecting Potter has not made you on good terms with our Master," Malfoy said casually, almost in a singsong voice. Lily bit her bottom lip. "If I'm not mistaken, that seems to be why the reason why she's so 'unpopular' lately." Lily finally turned to look at Malfoy, her eyes blazing again with that unique green fire they always held when they were angry.

"Shut-up," she said in a deathly whisper. "Just shut-up." Malfoy grinned, knowing he hit a nerve.

"Am I right, Potter?" he asked coolly. "Am I right saying that everyone has been treating you as though you're a plague? Being associated with you will just get them killed am I correct? Isn't that how your pathetic excuse of a father died, Potter?"

"YOU-" Lily was so blinded with fury she couldn't even finish her sentence. Lily couldn't control her actions so she was so full of anger. She saw red. She went blank. When Lily regained her self-control she saw herself on top of Malfoy, wand forgotten, continually punching him in the face. Blood was pouring out of his nose extremely heavily and his left eye was already beginning to swell at an alarming rate.

"POTTER!" a female voice shrieked through the corridor. Lily, who still blinded with anger, didn't hear it. But, she did feel someone wrap an extremely firm, but yet gentle arm around her waist and pulled off Malfoy and hoisted her up to her feet. She tried fighting off the figure, but it was too strong.

"WHAT DO YOU ZINK YOU ARE DOING POTTER?" the voice continued to shout. Lily stopped fighting off the person holding her back from Malfoy. Lily looked down at the arm and saw that it was freckled. She rolled her eyes and turned her head to see Professors Delacour and Delinor walking towards them. Delacour had steam coming out of her ears while Dominique was just staring at Lily, her mouth hanging open.

"Mr. Nott, escort Mr. Malfoy to ze hospital wing immediately," snapped Delacour. Nott nodded and helped Malfoy to his feet. Lily didn't fail to notice that tears were mixed up with the blood streaming

out of his nose.

"Yeah you go and cry Malfoy!" Lily snapped, unable to control her temper. Eddie bent down to her ear.

"Lils, quiet!" he hissed. Lily ignored him.

"CRY MALFOY!" she roared. "And the next time you insult my father like that I'll hit you harder! DON'T TEST ME MALFOY! I'LL CURSE YOU UNTIL-"

"Lilee!" Dominique said quietly as she stood in front of her, and kneeled down so that she was eyelevel with Lily, as Lily was very short. She softly put a comforting hand on her cheek. "Calm down."

"What 'as been going on?" Delacour demanded.

"Malfoy started harassing Lily," Robby stated truthfully. "He insulted her deceased father. What Lily did was purely in defense." Delacour turned her gaze on to Lily and she smirked smugly, as though enjoying the scene of catching Lily in trouble. Lily just glared at the veela Professor standing before her.

"Be zat as it may, Potter should learn to control her temper!" Delacour said coolly. "Sixty points from Gryffindor Potter! And detention! Malfoy, hospital wing, now!"

"SIXTY POINTS? ARE YOU BL-?" Lily shouted. Eddie nudged her roughly to make sure she didn't say something she might regret.

"Fluer," Dominique said quietly, "aren't you going to take points off Mr. Malfoy and give 'im a detention as well?"

"Why? What 'as 'e done wrong?"

"As Miss Andrews earlier explained, Miss Potter was being provoked, and about 'er fuzzer no less," explained Dominique.

"Yes but Mr. Malfoy wasn't beating on Miss Potter now was 'e?" Delacour said coldly, looking at Dominique with disdain.

"Yes but 'e was insulting Lilee's fuzzer, 'o may I add is deceased. Lilee was just defending 'is name. Wouldn't you do ze same, Fluer?"

"Potter deserves detention!" Delacour snapped.

"I'm not saying she doesn't, but let's be fair. I say we take both twenty points each and a detention each." Dominique said and believe it or not she was glaring at Delacour. Lily held her breath in anticipation. Delacour looked, to put it bluntly, ticked off.

"Fine, twenty points from Gryffindor and Slyzerin and a detention for boz Potter and Malfoy," Delacour said through gritted teeth, glaring dangerously at Dominique. Eddie stared for a long while, until, realization hit him in the very gut of his stomach. He nearly gasped out loud.

"Hospital wing, Malfoy," Dominique snapped. "Nott, accompany him." She than turned to Lily and her friends and her gaze immediately softened and she spoke in a much gentler tone. "Andrews, Lazard, Weasley, Potter, Gryffindor Tower immediately."

"Yes Professor," they said in unison and they scrambled out of the corridor before they got into any more trouble. Unfortunately, no one saw Eddie's wand fall out of his pocket as he ran away with his friends.

They all reached the Common Room and all flopped down on to the sofas, all chuckling.

"You're lucky Delinor is so fond of you Lil," chuckled Robyn.

"Yeah, why does she like you so much Lily Billy?" Asher asked with a confused look. Lily shrugged.

"No idea, don't care either really. She gives me good grades and seems to like me, which gets me out of a lot of trouble. Saved me forty points and a few detentions from Delacour. I just couldn't believe Delinor contradicted her like that. Delacour looked as though she were going to explode at Delinor." Lily said, grinning at the memory of

Delacour's face.

"Lils, don't forget how she practically gave her life for you,"
Eddie muttered seriously at of nowhere.

"Yeah...that's true..." Asher said trailing off.

"Don't know why she did that," Lily mumbled, trying to sound casual, as if Delinor giving her life for her didn't really bother her.

"She cares about you..." said Robby "...yet...she barely knows you."

"Let's work on Transfiguration homework," Lily muttered, not wanting to go into the subject, or at least trying to change it. "I'm having trouble transfiguring a desk into a sofa..."

"I'll help Lils!" Eddie said cheerfully, as though glad he were able to help Lily with something. Asher and Robby shared knowing grins, and just rolled their eyes at Eddie's pathetic behavior.

"Alright then, get your wand," ordered Lily pre-occupied as she took out her books and spread them out on to the table. Eddie reached into his pockets, but it was empty and he swore loudly.

"Ed, if your mum heard you talk like that she'd hex you until your butt was sore," Ashe said shaking his head.

"I lost my wand!" Eddie nearly shouted.

"What?"

"I lost my wand!" Eddie repeated, looking annoyed. "I had it when I went to curse Malfoy!"

"You probably dropped it," Lily said, rolling her eyes. "I'm telling you Ed, you'd lose your head if it wasn't screwed on to your neck."

"That's not true!" Eddie snapped.

"That's why you come into almost every class almost everyday

saying how you lost your homework." Lily said dryly.

"It's not because I lost it! It's because I forgot to do it!" Eddie said throwing his hands up in the air in frustration.

"Oh, can't wait for Hermione to hear that one. Forget the wand, she'll slap you with a cane!" Lily said, eyes twinkling.

"Well what mum doesn't know won't kill her," Eddie muttered.

"Oh stop harping and go find your wand," Lily snapped, turning back to her Transfiguration assignment.

"I'm not harping on anything!"

"Yes, you are!"

"No, I'm not!"

"What do you call this then?"

"I call this defending myself against my irritating best friend."

"WOULD YOU TWO STOP BICKERING?" Asher shouted in annoyance. Robby had stuffed her fist in her mouth and it looked as though she were trying extremely hard not to laugh out loud. Asher turned to Robby and muttered under his breath so Lily and Eddie couldn't hear. "They're just as bad as an old married couple."

"Fine!" Eddie snapped. "I'm going to go find my wand."

"Best idea you've had all day," Lily said absent-mindedly. Eddie shot her a glare before walking through the Potrait Hole in search of his wand. Asher and Robby turned and looked at Lily, wearing mischievous grins.

"What?" Lily asked, annoyed that her two friends were staring at her.

"Nothing." they said in unison, trying but failing miserably to

keep themselves from laughing.

Meanwhile Eddie was retracing his steps, searching the corridor floors for his wand. Finally, he reached the spot outside the library where they had their little encounter with Malfoy, Nott, Delacour, and Delinor lying there on the floor was his wand. Eddie sighed in relief before pocketing it and heading back towards the Gryffindor Common Room.

As he passed Delacour's office, he heard talking from behind the closed door.

"'ow dare you do somezing like zat! You've 'ave some nerve."

"I was doing what I felt was right!"

Out of curiosity, Eddie neared towards the door and listened in on the conversation. He knew eavesdropping could only lead to nasty consequences but it wasn't like he could tell whether Delacour or Delinor were speaking. Both veelas sounded exactly alike and both had the same french accent.

"Right? RIGHT? Let's talk about doing ze right zing shall we? Or 'ave you forgotten 'ow to do zat? Favoring students like zat!" one of them said coolly.

"I do not favor my students!" one said in defense.

"Oh of course not!" the other said sarcastically. "If you don't favor your students, care to eplain ZAT little stunt you pulled earlier?"

"I was doing what I felt was right!"

"SHUT-UP! You 'ave no right to treat 'er ze way zat you do! Zinking you can show 'er feelings like zat! You zink you 'ave some claim over 'er but guess what...YOU DON'T! You made your choice! You made it almost seventeen years ago!"

"Don't you tell me what to do! You 'ave no claim over 'er either!" snapped the other in defense again.

"I never said I did!"

"Zan why do you treat 'er ze way you do?"

"Just doing what I feel is right," the other answered coolly. There was an odd silence.

"I don't need to hear zis from you!" snapped another veela again. "ESPECIALLY from my cousin!"

"And I don't need to hear zis from you either!" snapped the other.

Eddie backed away from the door and hid in a dark corner. Both Delinor and Delacour stormed out of the office and stomped down the corridors. Delinor looked rather flushed and irritated, as though she was embarrassed. Delacour looked irritated too, but she looked extremely angry. The two stomped away as Eddie hid in the corner, replaying the conversation in his head. Replaying the words, realizing what they meant. Could...no....it couldn't be. They were obviously talking about Lily, and one of them said something about a choice, seventeen years ago. That...no! One of them couldn't be....though they seemed to be talking about it. Eddie didn't want to jump into conclusions. He didn't want to think that one of them could actually be, could possibly be somehow related to Lily....

That night, Lily couldn't help but notice that Eddie seemed a bit pre-occupied when he had returned from finding his wand. He just stumbled into the Common Room, looking dazed and pale and when she had asked him what was wrong, he merely looked at her, went paler if it was even possible, and muttered that he was tired and needed to get some sleep, that they could work on the Transfiguration the next day.

Lily knew that something was troubling Eddie. She didn't bother asking him what was wrong at that moment, knowing he'd tell her when he was ready. Her thoughts still on Eddie, Lily soon drifted off into a comfortable sleep, until she starting dreaming.

**She was once again in what looked like the Forbidden Forest. Not knowing what else to do, she stood there, not wanting to walk, out of fear and anxiety. Something inside of her was telling to take the steps, to not hesitate, but she stood rooted to the spot. Even though she hadn't moved, there was a flashing light again. It was once again, white and glowing, in that angelic fashion. The fear and anxiety she was feeling slowly slipped away as the light dimmed, she felt at peace, safe. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the peaceful sensation that had overwhelmed her. When she opened her eyes, that same man, the handsome one with neatly combed brown hair and green eyes, wearing those same golden robes with red lining. He had the light surrounding him again and she couldn't help but gasp at that similar breathtaking sight. The man looked at her as he slowly advanced on her. She wasn't afraid, she stood on her spot. The man looked down at her and a small smile appeared on his handsome face. He continued to give her that soft smile before he spoke; "Don't be afraid of your fate, little one. You must take the steps to fulfill your destiny. Don't be afraid to step forward, as you were afraid just now. You can overcome this, with your power and the key. You have not found the key yet. Nor has he. He has not even come close to finding it. You must find it before he does, little one. If he got of hold it before you do, it shall be the end of both worlds. Find the key!" This time, she spoke to the man. "How do I find it?" she asked. The man smiled down at her. "You can't find it, you must be given it, through love. You can find it, little one. I know you can. I have faith in you. I must go."

The bright light shone again and was so bright that it hurt to look at. She shielded her eyes and throw her eyelids she could see the white learn turn into green. Her eyes snapped open and the green light dimmed and she found herself looking into those fimilar, bloodred, snakelike eyes. She let out a scream and she heard her name being called in the distance... "Lily?.....Lils?....." The voice got closer and closer and the eyes became dimmer and dimmer.**

"Lils?" the voice was right beside her. "Lils, wake up!" Lily's eyes snapped open and she nearly screamed. Her body was racking for breaths and she could feel the sweat coming down on her forehead.

"Lils?" the voice repeated. Lily reached for her glases and put them on and Eddie's concerned face swam into focus. "Are you alright Lils?"

"Eddie!" she choked as she threw her arms around his neck, pulling him into a hug.

"Lils?" he asked much more urgently, now holding her at arms length. "Lils? You alright? You were dreaming."

"I know," Lily whispered. "It was...so...weird."

"Tell me about it," Eddie whispered. Lily took a deep breath and told him the dream, she also told him about the similar dream she had on the first day back.

"What do these dreams mean? Who is that guy? What 'key' is he talking about?" Eddie muttered. "What's going on Lils?"

"Beats me," she muttered, shrugging. She suddenly turned and looked at Eddie very suspiciously, with an eyebrow raised. "And what were you doing in the girls dormitory in the middle of the night?"

Eddie's face flushed, and was very thankful for it being dark.

"I needed to talk to you," he whispered. "It's important. I couldn't tell you before because I didn't want Asher or Robby to hear it. Can we talk?"

"Of course!" Lily said without hesitation.

"Not here, let's go into the Common Room," Eddie said getting to his feet, as he was kneeling beside her bed. Lily threw off her blankets and reached for her navy blue bathrobe and threw it on over her sweatpants and t-shirt. Eddie took her hand and led her down to the Common Room.

"Sit down," he ordered Lily, his voice shaking slightly. Lily noticed his demeanor and didn't argue with him ordering her around. Instead, she sat down, looking at her friend with concern.

"Is everything okay, Ed?" she asked worriedly. Eddie looked down at her and he couldn't help but give a smile. Her hair was tied up in a loose, messy ponytail, with golden strands falling in her face, those lovely, bright green eyes shining up at him with concern, framed by her glasses, she was wearing her rumpled pajamas and in the firelight Eddie could see signs of wizard acne medication on her face (Prevent Pimples Potion). He thought she never looked more beautiful.

"Eddie?"

"Oh, sorry Lils, spaced out," he replied truthfully. He sat down on the sofa beside her.

"So, what did you need to talk to me about?" Lily asked. "Is it why you were so pre-occupied when you came back from getting your wand?"

"Yes."

"What happened?"

"Lils, I...I heard Delinor and Delacour talking in Delacour's office." Eddie started slowly. "I think they were talking about you." Lily stared for a second.

"Go on..."

Eddie told Lily the whole conversation between the two Professor veelas, almost word-for-word. Lily stared and listened intently the whole time.

"So, what are you saying Ed?"

"I'm saying that maybe one of them might know who your mum might be," said Eddie, his voice trailing off.

"Or, you're thinking that one of them IS my mum," Lily said knowingly. Darn, she knew him too well. Eddie opened, then closed his mouth again. Then, slowly, he nodded. Lily turned to look into the fire and sighed.

"Lils-"

"Eddie, listen to me," Lily turned to him and she looked at him. Her tone was serious, slightly harsh and shaking with emotion. Eddie looked into her eyes and saw no sparkle, they looked dull and full of solemnity, sincerity. He had never seen her so serious before. He nodded to show he was listening and encouraged her to continue.

"Eddie, I know you're trying to help, but I want you to forget the conversation between Delinor and Delacour, and I want you to forget the conversation we just had. Okay?" Lily asked, that same emotion and harshness in her voice.

"Lils, why-?"

"Why? Ed, just pretend none of this ever happened, okay?"

"But, Lily-"

"NO! Ed, don't you get it? Don't you see? I don't want to know who my mum is and personally I don't care who she is either. I want nothing to do with her, and the best way for me to achieve that is to never know her identity. I don't care if she is dead or alive, and I don't care if she is a veela or a troll. I just don't care." Lily explained, her voice was still harsh, full of anger. Eddie stared at her wide-eyed.

"How could you say something like that Lils?" Eddie asked in disbelief. "This is the woman who your father fell in love with. This is the woman who carried you in her womb for nine months. You are apart of this woman and you don't care in the slightest?"

"Eddie, you can't understand," Lily whispered, the anger gone, her voice was now full of passion. "Sure, my dad loved her, at first, but he didn't anymore. Sure, I'm her daughter, her heir, her flesh and blood, but she certainly had a funny way of treating her flesh and blood didn't she? First, she ditches my dad and for no reason, and while he was proposing! Then, I'm born and the moment she finds out who my father is, dumps me on a doorstep. I don't know about you, Ed, but I find it rather hard to have any kind of respect for this woman!"

"I..."

"Eddie, let's just drop it, okay? I understand what you're trying to do and I appreciate it. But, I don't want to know this. I don't care who my mum is."

"You're not in the least bit curious?"

"No."

"Alright, I'll drop it," Eddie said in a defeated sigh. Lily smiled up at him and kissed him on the cheek.

"Thanks though."

"No problem, anything for you." Eddie was now scarlet. There was a long comfortable silence as the two just stared into the fire.

"Well, g'night, Eddie." Lily got to her feet and started towards the girls' dormitories. 'It's now or never,' thought Eddie.

"Wait! Lils?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you have a date for the Halloween Ball yet?"

"Eddie, the whole school besides you, and a few Gryffindors are avoiding me as though I have some contagious disease. Do you think I have a date?" Lily asked dryly, though she was smiling good-naturedly.

"Well, would you like to go with me?" Eddie asked. He couldn't believe he wasn't stuttering and was rather proud of himself. Though, even though he wasn't stuttering, he looked like a tomato with a bad sunburn.
Lily sighed.

"Listen, Ed, I don't want you to go with me out of pity, ask the girl you really want to take," Lily whispered in a distant voice. Eddie immediately jumped to his feet and grabbed Lily's hands and held them in his own.

"I *am* asking the girl I really want to take," he whispered, looking at Lily square in the eye. Lily almost gasped at the emotion that was building in his eyes. "You're the only girl I would even think about taking Lils."

"Alright than." Lily whispered. "I'll go with you." Eddie beamed, his eyes lit up in pure joy and leaned down and kissed her softly on the cheek. Even Lily noticed how the kiss lingered.

"Alright, g'night Little Lily," Eddie said, still beaming. "Sweet dreams."

"You too."

Reluctant to let go of Lily's hands, Lily pulled them from his grasp, gave him a soft, true smile and walked towards her dormitories. Eddie watched her until she was out of sight and the door was shut behind her. He still had that big goofy smile on his face.

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"Potter!"

"Yes Professor Delacour?" Lily asked tediously.

"Can you tell me what type of Transfiguration is used to be able to Apparate?" Delacour asked snootily. Lily took a deep breath.

"No Professor, I believe I can't." Lily answered in a monotone voice.

"Why not? Not paying attention I daresay?"

"No, Professor, I've been paying attention," Lily said through gritted teeth, her temper quickly rising to the surface. "It's just that I don't understand Transfiguration as well as other and have a rather difficult time with it."

"Why is zat Potter? Is your brain not capable of learning such an easy subject?" Delacour asked coolly, causing all the Slytherins, especially Malfoy and Raven who had the so-called decency to laugh the loudest. Lily's eyes flared and her green eyes blazed like a roaring fire. Delacour could fail her, but to insult her intelligence and in front of Slytherins was too much for Lily.

"Well, Professor, maybe I'd have a better understanding of the subject if we actually had a decent Transfiguration teacher around here." Lily said, her temper getting the better of her. The Slytherins immediately stopped laughing and everyone looked at Lily wide-eyed. No one dared to insult a teacher, especially one like Delacour.

"What did you say Potter?" Delacour hissed. Lily was about to repeat what she had said and add very sarcastically that Delacour had a hearing problem, but she felt someone kick the back of her shin. Lily winced in pain and she heard Eddie's voice near her ear.

"You're going to get in so much trouble, stop and apologize before she hexes you or something!" Eddie whispered. Unfortunately, Delacour noticed Eddie's action.

"Is zere somezing zat you'd like to share wiz the rest of ze class, Mr. Weasley?" Delacour asked coolly.

"Er...no Professor," Eddie said, looking startled.

"Zan why are you whispering into Miss Potter's ear? Dare I say exchanging words of infatuation?" The Slytherins sniggered as Eddie's ears went extremely red, so red that one would be concerned.

"I was just...erm...telling her...er...not to forget the...er...Potions assignment we have to work on tonight," Eddie muttered, still red. An evil grin formed on Delacour's lips.

"I don't believe zis is Potions class, Weasley, zis is Transfiguration class. Or 'as 'anging around Potter affected your brain as well?" Eddie's blood boiled. He couldn't take it anymore. No one insulted Lily and didn't let them get away with it, or least let them hear what he had to say about it.

"SHUT-UP!" Eddie roared, bursting to his feet, his chair skidding backwards and hitting into Mandy's desk. Lily looked up at her friend, quite astonished, but she bit her tongue so she didn't say anything.

The class went deadly silent. Everyone stared at Eddie. Some in concern, especially how Delacour would react. Some with admiration, for standing up for Lily and to Delacour, some in fear, knowing perfectly well that Eddie was going to get more than just a detention, others like he was crazy. Delacour slowly advanced on to Eddie. He was already a few inches taller than his professor, but no one seemed to notice as Delacour was so close to Eddie their noses were almost touching. Her blue eyes were now gray, filled with anger.

"What did you say, Weasley?" she asked in a deadly whisper, making Lily shiver slightly.

"I told you to shut-up about Lily," snarled Eddie, looking his professor square in the eyes, his own chestnut eyes filled with the a different kind of anger than Delacour's. "You call her stupid! She's not stupid! She's the most intelligent witch I've ever met. Heck of a lot more intelligent than YOU thats for sure! So she has a little trouble in Transfiguration, so what? I'd like to see you do half of the things she's done! HALF! I'm sure you've never encountered Voldemort-" gasps from the class "-and lived! How dare you insult this girl who has more courage than all of us put together, being what she's been through! HOW DARE YOU! What do you have against Lily Potter? What is it

that you hate so much about her? Well, whatever it is, you had better put it behind you because this girl is going to be someone someday, and you *Professor* are just a weela who never got anywhere and is a measley Transfiguration teacher who has to insult their students, who are better than them, to make themselves feel big and powerful. Let me let you in on a little secret Professor, I'm not going to let you do that to Lily. I won't let you! Now leave her alone and teach the class for a change!"

With that, Eddie took his seat, leaving everyone to stare at him in complete and utter astonishment.

Eddie bit his lip and turned to look at Lily, who was also staring at him wide-eyed.

"What?" Eddie asked blankly. "Is there something on my face?"

Lily, Robby, and Mandy were all sitting up late into the night. It didn't really matter considering it was Friday. Lily used her Invisibility Cloak and Marauder's Map to sneak into the kitchens where Dobby and Fanny (Dobby's daughter) got her candies, cakes, and other sweets, which she snuck back to the dorm. The girls were sort of having a slumber party.

"Pass me the chocolate frogs," Lily called out from her bed. Robby picked up the box only to realize it was empty.

"Sorry Lil, Mandy ate them all...again..." Robby said, giving Mandy a playful glare. Mandy quickly stuffed the last frog in her mouth and began to chew vigorously, a twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

"Pig!" Lily said with a smile as she chucked the pillow at her friend. She giggled and tossed it back. Lily caught it and placed it in her lap and clutched it tightly. Lily always had a habit of hugging stuffed animals and pillows tightly.

"Well, that certainly was an interesting Transfiguration class," Robby said, grinning as she nibbled on a cream cake.

"Yeah, that Delacour is a cow," Lily said casually as she popped a Bertie Bott Every Flavor Bean into her mouth. "Mmmm, vanilla!" Mandy giggled as Robby rolled her eyes.

"I wasn't talking about Delacour, I was talking about Eddie."

"Eddie?" Lily asked blankly. Mandy couldn't help but giggle again.

"Honestly, Lily, you're thicker than a brick!" Mandy said smiling. Lily shrugged.

"So sue me," she muttered, then turned back to Robby. "What about Eddie?" Robby and Mandy looked at each other and giggled.

again before looking back at Lily.

"He's head over heels for you," Robby said.

"Completely head over heels," agreed Mandy.

"WHAT?" Lily shouted, nearly choking on another Bertie Bott Every Flavor Bean. "You think Eddie still likes me?"

"Likes? Lil, I think that what Ed is feeling is far more than just like," Robby said, her mouth in a lop-sided grin.

"I must say, I think Robby is right," Mandy said quietly. Lily looked at her wide-eyed. Mandy was the reasonable one. The most realistic, reasonable person Lily had ever known and she never said any of her ideas out loud unless she knew that they were true.

"You think...that...Eddie...my best friend...loves me?" Lily said incredulously.

"More than life itself."

"That's insane!"

"How is it so insane Lily? Everyone can see that you two care for each other very much." Mandy said softly, looking at Lily square in the eye.

"It...it just is!" How could he possibly so-called 'love me' after all that I put him through last year?" Lily said, sitting up and looking at her two friends a little worriedly.

"What do you mean?" Robby asked curiously. Lily sighed and took a deep breath.

"At the end of last year, not long after my dad died, Eddie and I were walking by the lake and he told me that he loved me." Lily explained quietly, staring at her hands, which were clenched together in her lap.

"WHAT?" Mandy gasped as she spat out butterbeer. "He...he told you? What did you say? Wait, at the end of last year? Weren't you dating Asher at the time?"

"Yes, she was dating Asher," Robby said quietly. Lily and Mandy both looked at her strangely. "Lil, Ed told me he was going to tell you. I told him, rather warned him, not to, as you were with Asher. But you know how stubborn he is. He ruddy refused my advice and...he told you."

"And I broke his heart in the process," Lily muttered.

"Broke his heart?" Mandy asked confusedly. Then her eyes widened in realization. "You mean he confessed that he loved you and you turned him down?"

"I was going out with Asher at the time!" Lily said defensively.

"So?"

"SO?" Lily spluttered. "What do you think I am? A scarlet woman? Listen, I liked Asher! Simple as that. I wasn't going to leave the person I liked and go out with my best friend out of pity. That would just hurt him more in the end! No, it was best the way I did it. I was honest with him. I had never lied to him before and I wasn't about to start then. Look, he took it well enough. We're still friends."

"Okay, enough about that then. What about now?" Mandy asked anxiously.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, yes we know you didn't like Eddie when he told you, but what do you feel for him now? Do you like him?"

"Of course I like him!" Lily choked. "He's my best friend!"

"No, I think what Mandy means is, do you like him more than just a friend?" Robby asked slowly, grinning slightly. Lily opened and then closed her mouth.

"I..."

Lily was confused. There was no other way to put it. Hey, Lily, welcome to the life of a teenage girl. Confusing is the only way to describe it.

"I...I'm not sure." Lily answered. Robby and Mandy gave each other private, knowing grins. Lily didn't fail to notice and lost her patience. That's when she started rambling.

"What? Yes, I care," said Lily. "I care about him more than anything and I'd die for him. And I'll always be there for him. If anyone ever messed with him, they'd have to answer to me and not only my wand, but my fist as well! If he ever needs me, you'd wouldn't have to think twice, I'd be by his side. The same for him. He's always been there for me, no matter what. Whenever I needed a shoulder to lean on, he was there for me. I love how he cares about me so much. Sure, he's definitely not drop dead gorgeous but I think he is rather cute. I mean, he's got that fiery red hair that matches his temper. And those adorable freckles. I don't know why he hates them so much, I think they make him look adorable. And those warm chestnut eyes you can only melt in. And, yes I love the way he looks at me, the way he flirts with me, and the way his arms feel around me, I love the way he smiles at me. I just love everything about him!"

Robby and Mandy just smiled knowingly at each other as they let Lily ramble on and on. Their eyes widened with glee when Lily said the last sentence. Lily stopped rambling and let what she said sink in. Her emerald eyes slowly widened.

Then, it hit Lily like a sack of potatoes.

"Oh gosh," she gasped. "I like Eddie. I like my best friend."

Chapter 14- The Fatal Halloween Ball:

Lily held her breath as she looked at her wardrobe. She could hear Robby sigh with disappointment behind her as she also examined it.

"You are a disgrace to all teenage witches, Lil."

"You've told me already," Lily muttered, rolling her eyes in annoyance. "It's not my fault I don't own dress robes that fit!"

"What about those navy blue ones I gave you last year? Those looked stunning." Robby suggested hopefully. Lily shook her head.

"I tried them on already. They're a little too snug around the hips," Lily muttered again. She flopped down on her bed, her hands clenching her hair in frustration. "What am I going to do Rob? I own nothing!"

"Disgrace-"

"TO ALL TEENAGE WITCHES!" Lily shouted angrily. "I know! Now would the Queen of Fashion mind helping me instead of criticizing me for being a so-called disgrace for a change? The ball is tonight and I own nothing I can wear!"

"Sorry," Robby said briskly. "Since when do you care about what you wear to a ball? You never cared before. Or is it because you're going with Eddie?"

Lily blushed but changed the subject fairly quickly.

"We're going to be late for Potions," she muttered, collecting her books. Robby grinned knowingly but choose to not embarrass Lily, for now.

"What does it matter? You could cut class and Delinor would care less. Heck, you could explode a potion in her face and she'll still give you an O."

"Whatever," Lily muttered as she scurried through the Potrait Hole and down the corridors, Robby on her tail. They were a couple of

minutes late, but like Robby had already expressed, Delinor did not mind at all. The class was completed and Lily got high marks again. During the period, Delacour came in and started talking in French to Delinor, after shooting Lily an angry glare.

The period finally ended and as Lily was clearing off her desk, which happened to be right in front of Delinor's desk, she and Robby started talking about the Halloween Ball again.

"So, are you excited for tonight Lil?" Robby asked. "Asher told me Eddie is nearly wetting himself with excitement."

"Yes, I'm rather excited," Lily said, a smile tugging at the corner of her lips. But, then she frowned suddenly. "But, it would be better if I actually owned something to wear."

"We'll put something together. Don't worry, Lil," Robby said reassuringly.

"Put something together? So now I'm going looking like a scrapbook?" Lily asked bitterly.

"No need to get all cynical and sarcastic about it," Robby muttered, collecting her own things.

"I'm sorry," said Lily. "It's just...well...I really like him. I suppose...I don't know. I guess I just wanted this dance to be...special?" Robby looked up at her and grinned.

"Aw, my baby Lily flower is all grown up. She's falling in wuv!"

"Oh shut-up!"

The girls left chuckling. But, what they didn't know was that a pair of ears had been listening to their conversation with keen interest.

Lily was reading a Muggle book called "Jane Eyre." Since when did she ever start reading romance novels, Lily did not know. All she knew was that Mandy was talking a walk with Jarius and Robby was

snogging her date for the Halloween Ball that night in a broom closet somewhere most likely. Lily let out a sigh.

Tap, tap!

Lily jumped and saw a school owl, (for it beared the Hogwarts crest) tapping on her window, a large parcel tied to its ankle, wrapped in silver wrappings. Lily raised a confused eyebrow and slowly sat up and walked over to the window. She looked at the owl before opening her window, letting the owl and a cold breeze inside. The owl landed on her bed and patiently waited to be untied from its burden. Lily untied the owl, gave it a treat, and carefully placed the parcel in her lap as the owl flew out the window.

Lily looked for a card and found one on top of the package. It was written in a fancy script.

Lily,

These were mine when I was your age. I hope you enjoy them.

All my love.

It wasn't signed. Lily raised a curious eyebrow before slowly unwrapping the package. Inside was a long, thick, white box. Lily lifted the lid and inside seemed to be some kind of clothing carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

"What the-?"

Lily carefully peeled away the tissue paper and gasped at what she saw.

Inside was a pair of the most beautiful dress robes Lily had ever seen. She carefully took the ends with her fingers and lifted them out of the box and held them against herself. They were stunning. There were of the finest satin, a silver grayish color. Lily knew they would look lovely with her green eyes. She quickly dashed into the bathroom, tore off her school robes, and slipped into the dress robes. They fit perfectly against her figure, not skin tight but they didn't hang loosely

either. She came out of the bathroom and looked in the mirror. They looked great. Lily smiled with satisfaction. At that point, Robby entered the dorm, cheeks and lips flushed. She gasped when she saw Lily.

"Lil? Where'd get THOSE? They're gorgeous! And how come I've never seen them? I surely would have stole, or at least burrowed them from you! And you look great in them!" Robby said all this very fast, causing her to go out of breath. Lily laughed.

"Relax Robby, I just got them." Lily explained the whole story about the mysterious package.

"Let me see the letter," Robby demanded. Lily handed her the letter and Robby studied it. "It's definitely not a boy's handwriting, definitely female. Who do you think sent them?"

"Could be anybody."

"Hmm..."

"A guy could have put a spell on the handwriting to make it look female," Lily suggested smartly.

"Maybe..." Robby said thoughtfully. "But you look awesome in those robes. I recommend them for the Halloween Ball tonight. You'll knock Eddie right off his feet."

"You know what, Rob? For once, I just might take your advice..."

"Girls take too bloody long to get ready," Eddie said with a sigh as he flopped down on the couch in the Gryffindor Common Room, besides Asher. He was wearing dress robes of a rich, dark, navy blue.

"Yeah, but they'll always look beautiful in the end, so its worth," Asher said reasonably. Eddie shook his head.

"Lily always looks beautiful in my eyes," he said with a sigh. Asher shook his head and chuckled.

"Now if only you can get the nerve and say that to her face," said Asher. Eddie blushed slightly.

"She'd probably laugh right in my face. I mean, it does sound rather corny and Lily isn't into all that sappiness anyway."

"Ed, you're so thick!" Asher said throwing up his hands irritably. Eddie raised a confused eyebrow. "You are hopeless when it comes to girls! Lily may be a spitfire, spunky, and tough when it comes to the opposite gender, but she's still a girl!"

"So?"

"So? So, no matter what type of girl you date, whether she be like Lily, or Robby, or Mandy, they are all the same at heart." Asher explained. "Every girl likes that sappy romantic stuff, or if not, likes to be complimented."

"Since when are you a genius on women?" Eddie asked dryly. Asher rolled his eyes.

"I've dated enough of them! Which is more than I can say for you!"

"I could date if I wanted to! I just want to date one girl!" Eddie snapped defensively.

"Just try it, Ed. Tell Lily you think she's beautiful. I bet you'll get a good reaction. Trust me."

"Alright, I'll try it," Eddie said, taking a deep breath. Asher grinned widely.

"Good! Because here's your chance..."

Eddie nearly yelped and turned around quickly to see Lily quickly dashing down the stairs, a small smile on her face. Eddie nearly choked on his saliva when he saw her. Her robes looked amazing, they were a silverish, gray color, made of pure satin. Her hair was down and loose, reaching all the way to her waist, but had a small, glittery, silver clipping on the side, clipping some loose strands away

from her face. And, even though she wore very little, or no make-up normally, she was wearing more than usual. Her eyes glittered and were even more striking than usual and Robby did wonders with cover-up, covering some of Lily's blemishes. Also, she wasn't wearing her glasses, making her emerald green eyes even more striking, it that was possible.

"Hey Eddie, Ash," she said grinning. Asher grinned back, though Eddie continued to gape. "Robby and Mandy decided to take their sweet time so I came down without them. What's up?"

"Lils..." Eddie choked. "You look...beautiful..." Lily smiled sheepishly and a nice red tinge appeared on her already rosy cheeks.

"Thanks," she muttered, obviously flustered, but immensely flattered. Asher grinned to himself.

"Where're your glasses Lily-Billy?" Asher asked curiously.

"Robby put a spell on my eyes to make me see clearly for a little while without my glasses, but its temporary. It'll wear off in a few hours." Lily explained. "You meeting Yvonne?"

"Yeah, I think we should go," said Asher, checking his watch. "The ball starts in a few minutes and I'm already late meeting Yvonne."

"Alright, let's go then," Lily said brightly. She turned to Eddie. "Shall we?"

"Definitely," he said smiling, holding out his hand for her. Lily beamed and took his hand and he lead her through the Potrait Hole and out of the Common Room, Asher right behind them.

They entered the Great Hall to see it decorated for Halloween. Floating pumpkins filled the room along with bats (which were charmed not to attack anyone) and to add to the effect, it was a stormy night so the ceiling was thundering and lightening with rain coming down.

Eddie and Lily sat down at the Gryffindor Table and after Hermione

made her announcements, the feast began. The students ate hurriedly, wanting the dance to begin. Once the food was cleared, the tables had disappeared and a band known as the Witches of Oz (A/N - couldn't resist...) came on to the stage, and the music started, people started grabbing their dates and headed off to the dance floor.

Eddie turned to Lily and smiled.

"Want to dance, Lils?"

"Erm...you know I'm not very good..."

"So? You danced with Asher last year and I'm sure you did fine. Plus, I don't care if you're good or not. I'm not good either. C'mon, just dance with me please?" Eddie gave her the puppy dog face and Lily chuckled.

"Alright, let's go." Eddie beamed, grabbed her hand, and led her on to the dance floor. The two of them danced the night away (even though Eddie did admit that Lily wasn't lying when she said she wasn't very good.)

After awhile, Lily and Eddie decided to take a break and get some butterbeers. Eddie offered to get the drinks as Lily sat down at a table with Asher, Yvonne, Robby, and Neil. Yvonne looked at Lily and shifted uncomfortably in her chair.

"Erm, Ash? Can we sit somewhere else?" Yvonne asked, looking at Lily at the corner of her eye, Asher took a swig of butterbeer and looked at Yvonne confusedly.

"What's wrong with sitting here?"

"Well, it's just...there's just...it's that...are some...that...trouble...not...safe..." Yvonne stuttered nervously. Lily knew what she was trying to say. Yvonne wanted nothing to do with Lily, and sitting with her at the same table made them look like they were friends.

"Yes, Robby baby, let's dance. You're not that thirsty anyway are

you?" Neil asked, tugging at his collar, also eyeing Lily. Robby glared at him.

"As a matter of fact, Neil, I AM rather thirsty and-"

"Don't worry Yvonne, Neil, I was just leaving..." Lily muttered before getting up abruptly and storming away from the table, her fists clenched at her side. Asher immediately started hissing at Yvonne as Robby looked as though she were going to explode at Neil.

"Good evening Lilee," came a cheerful voice from ahead. Lily looked up to see Delinor smiling down at her, looking absolutely gorgeous in robes of pure white silk. She looked more like a bride than a professor in Lily's opinion.

"Hello Professor," said Lily, forcing a smile. Delinor beamed at her.

"Don't you look lovely zis evening. I must say, Mr. Weezley must be very proud to 'ave such a lovely girl accompany him tonight. Where did get zose dress robes Lilee?" Delinor asked smiling. She was grinning almost knowingly, as though she had a secret and knew something Lily didn't. Lily choose to ignore that grin.

"Actually, someone gave them to me." Lily explained, looking down at her new robes.

"O?" (A/N - "Who?")

"I don't know to be honest," said Lily. "Someone sent them to me this afternoon."

"Really?"

"Yes, but I love them and I'm grateful to whoever sent them to me." Lily said, smiling up at her teacher. It was the first true smile she had ever given Delinor and Delinor was now beaming brightly down at her.

"You look beautiful in zem, Lilee," said Delinor. "You fuzzer (father) would be very proud of you. Very proud. I know your muzzer is."

"My mother?" Lily asked sharply. "What do you know about my mother?" Delinor's mouth dropped slightly and went extremely pale, trying to maintain a false small smile.

"Have a good evening Lilee," was all she said before she turned away and walked back to the staff table where Delacour was looking at Lily with disdain, though there was an emotion in her eyes that Lily could not place. She thought about it until she felt a hand on her shoulder. Lily whipped around and saw Eddie.

"Hey Lils," he said smiling.

"Hey."

"Asher told me what happened, y'know with Yvonne and Neil," Eddie said softly. "I just want you to know, they're morons okay? Complete and utter morons. You shouldn't care what they think of you. There's nothing wrong with you." He pulled Lily to him and hugged her sort of awkwardly.

"It's fine, Ed, I'm fine," she said, giving him a smirk. Eddie returned it with a famous Weasley lop-sided grin. "Let's dance."

Eddie grinned, grabbed Lily's hand and led her out on to the dance floor. As soon as they reached a spot, a song ended and a new one started, a slow song. Lily looked up at Eddie and smiled as she wrapped her arms around his shoulders. Eddie grinned and wrapped his own arms completely around Lily's waist. They both looked into each other's eyes, chestnut met emerald green.

*I can't fight this feeling any longer
And yet I'm afraid to let it flow
What started out as friendship has grown stronger
I only wish I had the strength to let it show*

Lily's eyes just kept searching Eddie's. She knew she liked him, much more than a friend. But, she had faced Voldemort more times than she could count and yet she was afraid to tell her best friend what she felt for him. She liked him. Lily knew that him not returning her feelings would more than the Cruciatus Curse ever could.

Eddie grinned lazily and his grip on Lily tightened as he pulled her closer to him. He looked down at her pretty face and wanted badly to kiss her, but he knew he couldn't. She wasn't his girlfriend. He knew he loved her but she didn't love him back, not like that anyway. But, he had to let her know again. He had to. He couldn't hold back forever, because one day she might walk out of his life forever, never knowing that he still and always will love her.

*I tell myself I can't hold out forever
I said there is no reason for my fear
'Cause I feel so secure when we're together
You give my life direction
You make everything so clear*

'Why am I so scared to tell him?' Lily thought to herself, her eyes never leaving Eddie's. 'I mean, he's still my best friend. He told me he LOVED me last year and nothing changed, so why would it be any different?'

'Because you'd be the one being rejected this time,' Lily thought bitterly. 'C'mon Potter, get some nerve and tell him! He loves you as a friend. There's no reason to be scared. He's your best friend! He'd never leave you, he'll always be there for you, whether you like him or not. He said so! He's everything to you. Just tell him!'

*And even as I wander
I'm keeping you in sight
You're a candle in the window
On a cold dark winter's night
And I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might*

Eddie smiled and pulled Lily even closer to him, allowing her to rest her head on his shoulder.

'Tell her. You did it once, you can do it twice. She's your whole world, you're everything, the very air you breathe.' Eddie took a deep breath, but just still held Lily close to him, savoring the moment.

And I can't fight this feeling anymore

*I've forgotten what I started fighting for
It's time to bring this ship into the shore
And throw away the oars, forever
'Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore
I've forgotten what I started fighting for
And if I have to crawl upon the floor
Come crashing through your door
Baby, I can't fight this feeling anymore*

Eddie looked down at Lily's head and grinned. Her eyes were closed and she was grinning lazily as she rested against him. Eddie lightly kissed her hairline. He knew that his whole life that he loved Lily like this, he just never realized it until his fifth year, when he wasn't Lily's whole world. He realized it when Harry came back in her life and she no longer came to him when she needed something. He was no longer the center of her world. Eddie remembered not liking that. He wanted to be the one to take care of Lily. No one else. And he remembered, when Harry was dying, he had given Eddie the job of taking care of her. Promise or not, Eddie would do that with his life. Sometimes Eddie would find himself keeping an extra careful eye on her, just to make sure she was safe, especially these days.

*My life has been such a whirlwind since I saw you
I've been running around in circles in my mind
And it always seems that I'm following you, girl
'Cause you take me to the places
That alone I'd never find*

"Lily?"

"Eddie?"

They both spoke at the same time. Lily took her head away from his shoulder and the two of them chuckled.

"You first," the said in unison, then chuckled again.

"Ladies first," Eddie said with a grin.

And even as I wander

I'm keeping you in sight

"Gentleman are we?" Lily teased.

"I try," said Eddie shrugging, his grin never leaving his face. "So, what's up?"

"You first, Ed," said Lily. Eddie rolled his eyes, a smirk still planted on his face.

"Does it matter?"

"Yes!"

"You are impossible, Lils," Eddie said, shaking his head.

"I try," said Lily, mimicking Eddie. Eddie chuckled in amusement.

"Fine, I'll go first."

"I thought you'd see it my way," Lily teased. Eddie stuck out his tongue playfully at her.

*You're a candle in the window
On a cold, dark winter's night
And I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might*

"So, what's on your mind?" Lily asked. For some reason, her heart started pounding loudly against her chest and stomach started to do somersaults.

"Well, listen Lils..."

*And I can't fight this feeling anymore
I've forgotten what I started fighting for
It's time to bring this ship into the shore
And throw away the oars, forever
'Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore
I've forgotten what I started fighting for*

*And if I have to crawl upon the floor
Come crashing through your door
Baby, I can't fight this feeling anymore*

"Yes?"

"Ah, crap," Eddie muttered to himself, knowing he couldn't turn back. His voice was shaking and Lily could feel his hands trembling on her waist. She stayed silent, her breathing increasing and her stomach turning into knots. Almost like she knew what was coming.

"Listen, Lils, I think you're a really great girl," said Eddie. Lily smiled to herself, her heart beating harder with every breathe stomach turn.

*And I can't fight this feeling anymore
I've forgotten what I started fighting for*

"And I like you a lot, more then a friend I mean," Eddie said nervously. Lily's stomach tied the knot tight and her breathing increased and her heart was pounding so hard she was sure Eddie could hear it.

*It's time to bring this ship into the shore
And throw away the oars, forever*

"And I was wondering, maybe, if you would go out with me?" Eddie asked hopefully, hearing the pounding of his own heart in his ears and could feel the sweat on his brow.

Lily beamed.

*'Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore
I've forgotten what I started fighting for*

"Y'know it's funny, Eddie," Lily said smiling. Eddie stared at her.

"What?"

"Because I like you too," said Lily, smiling. Eddie beamed. "And of course I'll go out with you. Definitely."

"R-really?" Eddie stuttered. Lily smiled and nodded.

"Really."

"Geeze Lils, you have no idea how happy I am right now," he said with a relieved chuckle. Lily chuckled too.

"Me too."

"Lils?"

*And if I have to crawl upon the floor
Come crashing through your door*

"Can I kiss you?"

"Yes."

Baby, I can't fight this feeling anymore

And the couple shared their first kiss on the dance floor. A blissful, sweet, innocent kiss. No tongue, no open mouth, just a short, pure, innocent, blissful kiss.

And a pair of shining eyes watched them, a small smile on her face and tears welling up in her eyes.

Later in the night, Lily, Eddie, Asher, and Robby managed to get a table by themselves. Robby had gotten Neil to ask Yvonne to dance so that the four could hang out with each other and not have the two Ravenclaws clawing at Lily all night.

"So, are you two official?" Robby asked, gesturing on how Eddie had his arm around Lily's shoulders.

"Yep!" Eddie said cheerfully, grinning down at Lily. Lily grinned back up at him. "She's all mine!"

"Hey, watch it!" Lily said warningly.

Everyone laughed and Lily leaned her head on Eddie's shoulder.

"Weasley! Potter!" snapped a voice from behind. The two turned around to see Delacour behind them. Lily glared. "No inappropriate displays of affection in public. Five points from Gryffindor!"

"WHAT?" Lily nearly shouted. "It's a dance! Why don't you go yell at Malfoy and Dawsetta who are snogging over there! Rather shamelessly too!"

"Do not question my authority Potter!" Delacour snapped. "Another three points from Gryffindor!" Lily glared at Delacour's back as she glided away. Lily opened her mouth to say something when she heard a high pitched scream.

Lily whipped around only to hear the sounds of more screams and yells. She saw the doors to the Great Hall burst open and hooded figures came pouring into the Great Hall, hexing students that got in their way. Lily gasped and grabbed her wand, ready to charge at the Death Eaters that just put Hogwarts under attack. But, someone had grabbed her arm and held her back..

"Eddie, let go of me!" Lily screamed angrily.

"No!"

"By this time, Hermione, Remus, Delacour, Delinor, Flitwick, and a bunch of other teachers had gotten out their wands and were trying to protect the students and hexing as many Death Eaters as they could.

"LET GO!" Lily screamed. "THIS IS MY FIGHT EDDIE! THEY'RE HERE FOR ME!"

"Shut-up Lils!" Eddie snapped. He therefore tightened his grip on her arm and began to drag her away before they were caught. Lily noticed how Asher had grabbed Yvonne and the two of them, plus Robby, were following them and a bunch of other students out of the secret passage Hermione had created in case they ever needed to make an emergency exit, like this one.

They all continued to exit through the secret passage, Asher behind about fifty or so students, but was in front of Eddie and had a firm grip on Yvonne's arms. Eddie still behind him, a tight grip on Lily's arm as she trailed behind him, Robby was on Lily's tail until the door automatically closed, right behind Lily and in front of Robby, locking her out of the secret passage with about a hundred or so students. Robby screamed as the door closed, as did Lily.

"ROBBY!" Lily screamed as she wrenched her arm out of Eddie's grasp and began pounding on the now sealed door. "ROBBY! SOMEONE OPEN THIS DOOR! ROBBY!"

"Lils!" Eddie grabbed her and pulled her to him. "Lils, calm down..."

"Robby!" Lily choked. "She's...she's locked out there! With the Death Eaters!"

"So are about a hundred or so other students," someone said dryly. Eddie glared at them before turning back to Lily.

"Don't worry Lils, my mum and Remus will take care of her," Eddie said reassuringly.

"You don't understand, Ed, she's Muggle-born and one of my best friends!" Lily said, her voice shaking. "She's on the top of Voldemort's- (gasp from other students) -hit list! He won't hesitate to kill her!"

"Lily, I understand-"

"NO EDDIE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! SHE IS GOING TO DIE IF WE DON'T HELP HER-"

"Lily! Calm down!"

"EDDIE, STOP BEING STUBBORN! LET ME GO HELP HER!"

"Lily, the door is sealed! The only way to open it is to give the password and only one person knows it!" Eddie explained.

"Who?"

"No idea. But, Lily, please calm down," whispered Eddie, as he pulled her to him and cradled her softly. He noticed she was shaking like mad and tried to comfort her by whispering sweet nothings into her ear, trying to calm her.

"You know Potter, if you just gave yourself up, we wouldn't have to go through all this," sneered an annoyed voice. Lily pulled herself away from Eddie and glared at the boy, a Hufflepuff Lily recognized, who stood there staring at her angrily.

"What did you say?" Lily asked in a shaky whisper.

"If you stopped being so selfish and just gave yourself up to You-Know-Who then the rest of us wouldn't have to suffer," the Hufflepuff said coolly. Lily glared.

"Look who's bloody talking about being selfish!" Lily shouted. Eddie was glaring at this Hufflepuff in a dangerous way and his fists were clenched.

"Who the bloody hell are you?" Eddie asked angrily.

"Jacobus Smith!" he said proudly. Eddie raised an eyebrow.

"Any relation to Zacharius Smith?"

"Yes, he's my father," Jacobus said, his chest puffed out and a proud grin on his face.

"Yeah, my dad always said your father was a complete and utter git," Eddie said coolly. "I guess it must run in the family. You what they say, 'The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.'" Lily and Asher looked at each other before letting out light chuckles, along with a few other students.

Jacobus gritted his teeth and clenched his fists angrily.

"How dare you insult my family!" he hissed furiously.

"How dare you suggest Lily give herself up so that you can be a coward and a selfish git! Even if Lily did give herself up, you think that Voldemort would leave the world alone? Why do you think he wants Lily dead in the first place? She's the only one who can stop him from taking over the world and killing us all!" Eddie shouted right in Jacobus's face. Lily smiled to herself, but put a hand on Eddie's shoulder to stop him from pouncing on Jacobus.

"Listen everyone," came a shy, timid voice. Lily recognized it as Mandy Micrelle's voice. Lily noticed she had tears in her eyes and her eyes were all bloodshot, as though she had been crying. Jarius had a comforting arm around her shoulder. "I'm Head Girl and Smith, if you don't shut your mouth, I'll report you! Eddie, if you don't calm down, the same goes for you! Everyone, I know this is going to sound insane, but let's try and get some sleep. Professor Weasley will come get us when it's safe."

After most of the students calmed down, and some had even fallen asleep, Lily walked over to Mandy, who was now sobbing in Jarius's chest.

"Mandy, it's okay," said Lily in a soft voice. "Robby will be alright. Eddie's right, Hermione and Remus will protect her. I had no right to freak out."

"It's not just Robby," whispered Mandy. "Danny is out there as well!"

"What?" Lily gasped. Danny Micrelle was Mandy's twin brother.

"This is so messed up," Jarius mumbled.

"Yeah..." Lily gulped. "Yeah, it is."

Hours passed by. Lily became so tired that she soon rested her head against Eddie's thigh. Her eyes getting heavier and heavier with each second and soon, Lily drifted off to sleep, her head using Eddie's thigh as a pillow.

"Lils? Lils, wake up," came a whisper in Lily's ear.

"Wha?" Lily groaned.

"C'mon the door is opening. It's safe," Eddie whispered softly into her ear, gently lifting her head off his lap. Lily's eyes snapped open at these words and she scrambled to her feet and shoved through the crowd to get out of the tunnel first, to make sure Robby and Danny were okay.

"Hey!" Jacobus protested at Lily's shoving, but Lily didn't care. The sealed door opened and on the other side stood an extremely skinny, scrawny looking old man with long, greasy gray hair and a hooked nose; Severus Snape.

"You?" Lily gasped.

"Me," he said coolly. "Figures Potter would be the one to first leave the tunnel, make her look like a hero."

"Shut-up!" Lily snapped. Snape glared at her dangerously.

"What did you say to me, Potter?"

"Nothing," she muttered quickly, trying to control her temper as Harry had always told her to respect her elders. She looked back up at him, then brushed past him quickly in search for Robby. The only people in there were some of those from the Order; Remus, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Justin Finch-Fletchey (Ginny's husband), Sirius, Tonks, Minevra McGonagall, Terry Boot who was the head of Misuse of Magic Office, Ernie McMillian, and his wife Hannah, and Neville Longbottom, the Minister of Magic, and some Aurors Lily did not know.

"Moony? Padfoot?" Lily called out nervously. Everyone looked up at her and the rest of the students following her out of the tunnel. "What's going on?"

"Lily!" Sirius croaked. He then dashed towards her and flung his arms around her in a tight, desperate hug. "Lily...we thought...Hermione didn't know if you made it into the tunnel. We didn't know if the Death

Eaters got you or not. I mean, we found Robyn-"

"Robby?" Lily said abruptly and pulled away from Sirius's embrace.
"What happened to Robby?"

With those words, Eddie and Asher came up from behind and stood beside Lily, looking as anxious and worried as she was. Sirius immediately paled and turned to the rest of those in the Order.

"Hermione, Remus, Ron, Ginny, you had better come here," Sirius called out. The four immediately walked over in concern. Sirius just looked at them and took a deep breath, sighed, and said one word; "Robyn."

"Oh!" Ginny gasped.

"They don't know?" Hermione asked, near tears. Sirius shook his head.

"They were locked up, weren't they? How could they possibly know?" Sirius asked reasonably. Lily naturally grew worried.

"What happened?" Lily demanded.

"Lily, Ed, Asher, you three had better follow me," Ron said with a shaky voice. He looked up and saw Mandy and Jarius looking at them in hope and interest. "Yes, Mandy, Jarius, you two had better come as well."

They followed Ron to the hospital wing, their stomachs turning with worry and complete and utter fear, not knowing what had happened to their friends. They were dreading the worst. They finally reached the hospital wing.

"Madame Parks?" Ron called out. A teary eyed Madame Parks was pulling the sheets over someone's head and turned to face Ron. Lily held her breath, for she knew that Madame Parks was pulling the sheets over someone's head because he or she had just died.

"Oh Mr. Weasley!" she said in a shaking voice. She saw Lily, Eddie,

Asher, Mandy, and Jarius. "Children..."

"Where's Danny?" Mandy asked urgently through her tears.

"And Robby?" Lily asked urgently.

"Oh, Ronald, you didn't tell them?" Madame Parks asked. "Maybe you should tell them...before they see..."

"You're right," sighed Ron. "Lily, Ed, Asher, come with me. Mandy, Madame Parks will help you find Danny."

"He's alive?" Mandy nearly screamed with joy.

"Injured yes, but alive," said Madame Parks. "He will live. Just give him a few weeks, dear." Mandy started crying with joy as the nurse led her and Jarius, who had a comforting arm around Mandy, towards Danny's bed. Lily turned towards Ron.

"Where is Robby?" she asked desperately.

"Lily...she..." Ron bit his lip. "Robby..." He hesitated and turned away, his eyes closed in a painful way. Realization dawned on Eddie.

"Dad," Eddie whispered, "Robby died, didn't she?" Lily looked at Eddie wide-eyed and then quickly turned to Ron, praying that Eddie's assumption or theory had been wrong. She didn't dare think about Robby being dead, she didn't want to think about it. Then, slowly, very slowly, Ron nodded.

"NO!" Lily screamed at the top of her lungs. She then stomped her foot on the ground and stormed out as fast as she could out of the hospital wing. Eddie made an attempt to go after her, but Ron stopped him.

"Let her be, Ed," he said softly.

"What? I'm not letting her be at a time of need!" Eddie snapped. "What is she needs me? What if she does something drastic?"

"What she needs right now, son, is some time to think by herself. Robyn's death is going to be extremely hard on Lily. Yes, she does need you. But, at the moment she needs some time to think by herself. Trust me, Ed, this is for the best. Go to her in about an hour. She'll be in the Astronomy Tower." Ron explained knowingly.

"How do you know this?" Eddie asked, half suspiciously, half impressed.

"Because that was what Harry used to do..."

Chapter 15 - An Endless Night

Ron was right.

Lily did run as fast as she could through the corridors, up the stairs, and towards the Astronomy Tower. Lily always loved looking at the stars. They were just so beautiful and peaceful. She always believed that those who loved her, who had died were watching her through those stars, and it unnerved her of the thought that Robby had joined those group of souls up there.

Lily finally reached the window and slowly stood on the ledge. She looked down and let the breeze fly through her. She closed her eyes, enjoying the breezy sensation that was blowing against her face, through her hair, and her robes whipping around about her.

"I HATE YOU VOLDEMORT!" Lily screamed, her voice piercing the darkness. She heard a few birds flutter from the trees, startled by her sudden yelling, disturbing the peace of the night. A tear leaked out of one of her eyes. "I hate you..." she said in a gentle whisper, more to herself than to the world.

Instead of standing on the ledge, she slowly sat down and pulled her knees to her chest, wrapping her arms around them and resting her chin a top of her knees, cradling herself.

"I hate you..." she repeated, more tears leaking from her eyes.

Lily looked out into the night sky. The sky was cloudless and stars were shining brightly, almost like a dark blue blanket covered in silver glitter. It was breathtaking. There was a loud, rough breeze that whipped through her body. Lily shivered slightly and wrapped her arms tighter around her knees. A large lump formed in her throat as she thought about Robby. Robby was only seventeen and had so much going for her. And it was all taken away. What would her parents think or say? What Miguel and Mychal, Robby's little eight-year old twin brothers, think or say? Their only daughter, their only sister was dead. And she was not coming back. Lily knew the pain they were going to go through. She knew. She had lost family too.

Lily sighed and looked out on to the lake. She was scared. Voldemort was after her and those she loved and was going to do anything to kill her and her loved ones. And what scared and hurt her the most was not because the little friends and family she had left were in grave danger, not because the school wanted nothing to do with her because of that reason, but because her father wasn't there to watch over her. And her mother, well, her mother was never there. Lily didn't even know who her mother was. Nor did she care. She could never forgive the woman after all the pain and strife Lily had to go through and her mother wasn't there to give her guidance, hope, or love; the three things Lily needed most at the moment. Harry had given those things to her, Lily just had trouble accepting them from him, and when she was ready to accept them, it was too late. Harry had been murdered, by Voldemort.

Lily looked at the sky again and another single tear fell from her eyes. Tonight was the second time in her life that she had cried. She hugged herself tightly and began singing. Lily sung to the sky, or more so to her father, hoping, knowing he could hear her.

"Where has the starlight gone?"

Dark is the day

How can I find my way home?

Home is an empty dream

Lost to the night

Father, I feel so alone

You promised you'd be there

Whenever I needed you

Whenever I call your name

You're not anywhere

I'm trying to hold on

*Just waiting to hear your voice
One word, just a word will do
To end this nightmare
When will the dawning break?
Oh endless night
Sleepless, I dream of the day
When you were by my side
Guiding my path
Father, I can't find the way
You promised you'd be there
Whenever I needed you
Whenever I call your name
You're not anywhere
I'm trying to hold on
Just waiting to hear your voice
One word, just a word will do
To end this nightmare
I know that the night must end
And that the sun will rise
And that the sun will rise
I know that the clouds must clear*

And that the sun will shine

And that the sun will shine

I know

Yes, I know

The sun will rise

Yes, I know

The clouds must clear

I know that the night must end

I know that the sun will rise

And I'll hear your voice deep inside

I know that the night must end

And the clouds must clear

The sun

The sun will rise

The sun

The sun will rise..."

Lily took a deep breath after singing and slowly looked at the sky.

"I need you, daddy," she whispered to the stars. She sighed again and just let some tears fall. She really did need Harry. She needed him so much that it hurt. No matter how many times people told her it wasn't her fault, sometimes she did blame herself. Lily hurriedly wiped her tears and looked at the sky again.

"I HATE YOU VOLDEMORT!" she bellowed again through choked sobs. "I WILL KILL YOU!"

Lily buried her face into her knees and her body was racked with sobs, her shoulders shook as she cried into her knees.

"Why did you have to die, daddy?" Lily whispered. "Why did Robby have to die? Why does this happen? Why does everyone I love die? Why did my mother abandon me? I need you both! DADDY! ROBBY! PLEASE COME BACK TO ME, TO ALL OF US! I need you both...I love you both. So much."

Lily slowly continued to sob for a few more minutes before she slowly looked back at the sky. Lily hastily wiped her eyes with her sleeve and noticed everything was starting to look blurry. The spell that let her see without her glasses was wearing off and Lily knew it was time to head back to Gryffindor Tower. She sniffed, jumped off the ledge, landed on to the tower floor, and walked out of the Astronomy Tower. Unfortunately, or maybe it was fortunate, someone had followed her up to the Astronomy Tower and had hidden deep in the shadows. This person saw and heard Lily the whole time and had tears streaming down their face as they listened.

"I'm so sorry baby," they whispered. "I'm so sorry..."

Lily slowly trudged through the corridors to the Gryffindor Tower, her breathing a little shallow due to her sobs, and her emerald green eyes were more of a grayish jade color. Finally, not being able to take it anymore, she leaned against the wall and slid down, resting against it, her hands resting on her knees and gripping them angrily.

"Lily?" a voice called out urgently. Lily looked up and saw Eddie and Asher running towards her, looking genuinely worried and concerned.

"Lils, are you okay?" Eddie asked worriedly.

"Just fine, Ed!" she snapped angrily. "Absolutely spiffing! Couldn't be better! I mean, hey, one of my best friends just died! Why wouldn't I be okay?"

"Lily, calm down..."

"CALM DOWN?" Lily yelled as she jumped to her feet. "ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS JUST DIED, WAS MURDERED PROBABLY BY THE VERY SAME MAN WHO MURDERED MY FATHER AND YOU TELL ME TO CALM DOWN? ARE YOU BLOODY CRAZY?"

"Hey!" Eddie said firmly. "Don't you dare take your anger out on us, Lily Potter, don't you dare! We're just trying to help!"

"DON'T YOU START LECTURING MY EDDIE WEASLEY!" Lily roared. "WHO IN THE BLOODY HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TO LECTURE ME? YOU'RE NO-"

"LILY STOP THIS!" Asher shouted as Eddie grabbed her shoulders and shook her slightly. Startled by both boy's sudden moves and shouts, Lily stopped yelling.

"Lily, please, calm down. We know. We're hurting just as much as you are. Robby was our friend too..."

Lily finally looked at Eddie and Asher for the first time since she saw them tonight, and I mean really looked at them. Asher's eyes were bloodshot, like he had been crying, and his sparkling gray eyes were now clouded over with depression and sadness. Lily turned and looked at Eddie. He was deathly pale, so pale you couldn't even see his freckles and when Lily looked into his eyes, her heart crashed. His eyes were filled with so much pain, sadness, it hurt Lily to look into them.

"Sorry," she said, looking ashamed. She was being selfish, not worrying about her friends's feelings, only her own. "I'm sorry I didn't think of you guys."

"It's okay, Lil Bill," Asher said sincerely. "We know it's tough, especially for you." Lily nodded and looked at Eddie.

"We love you, Lils, we're not going to let something like your flying temper get in the way of that. You should know that by now." Eddie said, giving her a lop-sided grin, but it wasn't a true grin. The eyes were still pained.

That's when Lily tensed. At Eddie's words; 'We love you, Lils.' Her eyes widened and she let out a small gasp.

"Lils?"

"Eddie, Ash, stay away from me," whispered Lily, shrugging off Eddie's hands which were still on her shoulders and slowly backing away, as though they had a contagious disease.

"What?"

"Just...stay away..." she muttered.

"Lils, what-'

"Robby is dead," she said softly. "I couldn't...if you two...died...I...I don't know what I'd do..." Lily turned away and put her face into her hands and started sobbing again. She continued to sob until a pair of arms pulled her against them. She could smell Eddie's specific scent.

"We're not going anywhere, Lils," he whispered in her ear, hugging her tightly to him.

"Not for the rest of your life," said Asher.

"Thank you," Lily managed to choke out. She then looked up at the pair of them, giving them a weak smile. "Hey, Ash, get over here." He grinned, walked over, and the three shared a large, tight, embrace, all three of them crying in each other's arms.

"What on earz is going on 'ere?" came a voice from down the corridor. The three teenagers looked up to see Delacour coming towards them. "What are you zree doing out after 'ours?"

"I needed to think..." muttered Lily, hastily wiping her eyes with her sleeve. "I'm sorry Professor."

"Yes, I 'eard about Mizz Andrews," Delacour said sadly. "I'm sorry for your loss, Potter, Weezley, Lazard."

"Don't be sorry. You didn't kill her," Lily said shrugging, looking at the floor. There was a silence and Lily had an urge to look up at the Transfiguration teacher. Delacour was looking straight at Lily, a look in her eyes she had never seen before. It was so intense that Lily couldn't even place what the emotion actually was. Then, her eyes became cold and hard and that intense emotion was replaced with the cold glare that Delacour always saved especially for Lily.

"Well, get back to Gryffindor Tower," she snapped. "Before I decide to take away House points!"

Eddie and Asher each grabbed Lily's hand and dragged her away hurriedly and they didn't stop until they reached the Gryffindor Common Room.

"Wow, she didn't take any points away, Lily Billy," said Asher, trying to lighten the mood. Lily shrugged.

"Maybe she has a soul in her after all." Lily muttered. With that she flopped on to the couch, curled into a ball, and closed her eyes.

"I just want this night to end," she whispered and within seconds, she had fallen into a peaceful sleep. Eddie walked over and sat down beside Lily and patted her head softly.

"She's right," Asher muttered. "Tonight really was an endless night."

Chapter 16 - In Memory of Robyn Andrews

Lily looked into the mirror as she brushed her fingers through her long hair, studying her features. She gave a soft smile, until her features started to change. Her long hair grew shorter, and darker til it was black. Her eyes became brown instead of emerald green. Her skin grew tanner and tanner, until she her skin was dark, much like Robby's. Then it hit her. Robby was looking back at her through the mirror. Lily's eyes widened and she jumped back with a loud scream. Robby looked back at her, placed her hands on the mirror and started saying something. Lily couldn't make it out. She read her friend's lips and they mouthed, "Lily." Lily jumped towards the mirror.

"Robby? Robby" Lily cried out. Robby gave a soft smile, then there was a flashing of green light and Robby slowly drifted away, screaming for Lily. "ROBBY! ROBBY, NO! COME BACK! COME BACK!"

Robby slowly drifted away. Lily could hear her name being screamed.

"LILY! LILY...."

"ROBBY!" Lily shot up from her sleeping position, drenched in cold sweat, breathing like she had just ran a 200 meter sprint.

"Lily?" Lily looked up to see Eddie, Asher and Mandy standing over her, looking concerned. "Are you okay?"

Lily looked around the room to see that she was still in the Common Room, laying on the couch. She took a look at her three friends and started crying, burying her face in her knees, shaking uncontrollably.

"Lils?" she heard Eddie's voice say in concern. "Hey, its okay. Calm down. It was only a dream."

"It was a nightmare! Robby...green light...away..." Lily laid down back on the couch and covered her face with the pillow.

“Aw Lily...” Lily heard Mandy’s voice cry. She could feel the weight of free people lying on top of her, hugging her tightly. Tears formed in Lily’s eyes as she heard the Portrait Hole open.

“Lily, Ed, Asher?” a voice called. All three looked up to see Remus and Ron standing in the doorway of the Portrait Hole. “You three need to come with us.”

“I don’t want to go anywhere!” Lily shouted angrily at the pair.

“Lily, please, you need this.” Remus said softly. “Trust us, its for the best.”

Lily shook her head stubbornly and turned away.

“C’mon Lils,” said Eddie as he gently rubbed her back. “Let’s just go with them.”

“Stop being immature.”

Lily took a deep breath and chuckled at how stupid and immature she was being. She shook her head with a soft smile on her face and then turned to Ed and Asher, then to Ron and Remus.

“Okay. Let’s go,” she muttered. Eddie helped Lily to her feet and gently held her hand as he guided her towards Ron and Remus. Asher slowly walking behind the pair. Ron and Remus walked back through the Portrait Hole and out through the corridors, towards Hermione’s office. Eddie never let go of Lily’s hand the whole time. And Asher stayed firmly by Eddie’s side the whole walk there, staring straight ahead in a dead daze.

When they finally reached the gargoyle, and Ron gave the password, they stood on the turning stairwell. From above, Lily could hear the sounds of loud sobs from a woman and a man whispering words of sweet nothings, most likely trying to comfort the woman; Robby’s parents. Lily felt her heartbeat and breath start to quicken, her muscles tensed, and a lump began to grow in her throat. Eddie must have felt her tension because the grip on her hand tightened in a comforting way. She felt stronger.

They finally entered the office to see a short, balding, black man holding a yet very attractive woman who was sobbing into the man's chest. The man was whispering things into her ear, looking on the verge of tears himself. Standing behind them, placing her hands on their shoulders in comforting them, was Ginny, Eddie's aunt. She had tears in her eyes as well. Hermione was sitting at her desk, crying, but trying to stay strong, for the Andrews. Sirius was standing behind her, gently caressing her bushy hair in a fatherly way. Lily had to do all in her power to keep from crying at the very scene.

"Hermione? Mike? Patty? Sirius? Ginny? They're here." Ron said quietly. Everyone looked up. Mrs. Andrews jumped out of her seat and raced towards the three, embracing them in a tight hug.

"Oh children!" she cried. "Thank you! Thank you so much!" The three were astonished as this affection but hugged the heartbroken woman back in comfort. Lily glanced over her shoulder to see Mr. Andrews staring off into space, an angry glare on his features.

"What are you thanking us for Mrs. Andrews?" Eddie asked slowly, gently patting her back.

"Robyn came to this school Muggle-born, not knowing a thing about magic. You three were her backbone, her life support. I couldn't ask for better people to have been friends with my daughter. I just want to thank you for all the happiness you three brought in her short life. She loved you three dearly, as do I now." Mrs. Andrews said with tears in her eyes. And once again, she tightly embraced the three teenagers. The four cried together.

"Friends?" Mr. Andrews grunted. Lily heard Mrs. Andrews gasp to herself and quickly turn to her husband.

"Mike, don't start..."

"FRIENDS?!?" he shouted, shooting up from his seat, knocking the chair over. "FRIENDS? SOME FRIENDS WHO LET MY DAUGHTER DIE?!?"

"Mike stop!"

“Mr. Andrews, that is out of line!” Remus said sternly.

“YOU KNOW WHAT IS OUT OF LINE MR. LUPIN?” Mr. Andrews roared. “THE DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER! WE DIDN’T BRING HER INTO THE MAGIC WORLD TO HAVE HER MURDERED! I KNEW SHE SHOULDN’T HAVE COME HERE AND GOTTEN INVOLVED WITH THE LIKES OF THESE PEOPLE! ESPECIALLY THAT ONE!” Mr. Andrews pointed at Lily. Lily’s breath caught in her throat.

“You watch yourself!” Sirius snarled taking a step towards the furious man. “This is NOT Lily’s fault.”

“She is the one that...thing...Valdemat was after, correct?” Mr. Andrews said coolly. Sirius took a step towards him, wand raised.

“How dare you!”

“STOP!” Lily shouted, tears forming in her eyes. Everyone stopped dead in their tracks and turned to look at her. “Mr. Andrews is right! It was my fault! If Robby hadn’t been friends with me, she’d probably still be here right now. If Voldemort hadn’t been after me, if I had just been dead already, she’d be here! He’s right! It is my fault! I’m sorry Mr. and Mrs. Andrews. It should have been me. I’m the one who should be dead right now.”

With that, Lily turned to run out of the office. But, a soft gentle hand stopped her. Lily looked up into the tearful eyes of Mrs. Andrews. Her eyes were full of compassion and Lily couldn’t help but turn away in guilt.

“Stay child,” whispered Mrs. Andrews. “I have something to say. And I want you to hear it. Please, stay.”

Lily didn’t look at the woman, but she nodded. Mrs. Andrews took her hand from Lily’s shoulder and Lily turned. Mrs. Andrews walked over to her husband, looked into his eyes for a few moments, as though she were about to kiss him, then;

WHACK!

Mrs. Andrews slapped her husband square across the face. Mr. Andrews grabbed his face and looked at his wife in shock.

"Patty, what-?"

"How dare you! How dare you accuse Lily of Robyn's death!" Mrs. Andrews snarled. "You know as well as I do that Robyn knew perfectly well the consequences of having a friendship with young Miss Potter. That didn't stop her. Our daughter was brave. She stood for what she believed, because of this young lady. If it weren't for Lily, our daughter wouldn't have been able to have made it through this school socially. Robyn loved Lily and you know perfectly well that Lily loved Robyn. You know that Lily would have saved Robyn if she could have. You know that Lily would have sacrificed herself for our daughter. How dare you accuse her! If I didn't love you, I would leave you for this."

Mr. Andrews stared at his wife long and hard. Soon, his eyes softened and tears welled up in them. He soon broke down and began to sob. Mrs. Andrews wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into a tight embrace.

"Patty...my baby girl...my pride and joy. My baby...she's gone...my baby! I can't take this Pat, I can't! My baby girl! She was our only daughter? Whose going to be my baby girl?" He sobbed into his wife's shoulder. Mrs. Andrews comforted her husband.

"I know, hun, I know," she said with a choked sob.

"What are we supposed to tell Mychal and Miguel?" Mr. Andrews sobbed.

"The truth."

"That their big sister, their role model, was murdered?" Mr. Andrews asked in shock, looking to his wife's eyes.

"That she died for what she believed in. She died because she wouldn't give up the friendship of someone she truly cared about." Mrs. Andrews whispered softly. They'll be proud of her. Just like we are."

The couple just stared into each other's eyes, searching for love and comfort for the loss of their only daughter. Finally, Mr. Andrews' eyes turned on to Lily. Lily held her breath as Robby's father made his way toward her. Lily couldn't help but notice Sirius' protective movement to move closer to her as well, in case Mr. Andrews had another blow out.

"Lily? I'm sorry. Please forgive me?" He asked quietly. It was a simple apology, but Lily could see the sincerity in his eyes.

"Of course," she whispered. With that, Mr. Andrews pulled her into a tight embrace and sobbed into her shoulder.

"Robyn was right. You really are a special girl," sobbed Mr. Andrews. "Please Lily, believe me, it was not your fault. Thank you for loving our daughter the way you did."

"How could you now love someone like Robby?" Lily asked, her voice shaking. And with that, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews sobbed harder.

Robyn Andrews' funeral took place not three days later. All of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff attended the funeral. Dozens of relatives. It was a beautiful ceremony. And Lily was the one who made the eulogy.

After the funeral, Lily, Eddie, Asher, Mandy, Danny, and Jairus were all sitting at a table, looking quite saddened and miserable. Jairus had his arm around Mandy as Eddie had his around Lily. Finally Lily took her place of butterbeer and raised her glass.

"In the memory of Robyn Andrews, may she always live in our hearts forever," she whispered to the remaining five Gryffindors. They all raised their glasses.

And all of 7th year Gryffindor drank in memory of Robyn Andrews.

Chapter 17 - Rupert Ackledone:

"Deck the halls with mounts of holly, fa la la la la la la la!"

"Asher! Shut-up!"

"Tis the season to be jolly, fa la la la la la la la!"

"I mean it, Ash, shut-up!" You can't sing for dung!"

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way! Oh what fun it is to ride in a-"

"ASHER, SHUT-UP BEFORE I HEX YOU!"

"Wow, someone's feeling a little humbug," Asher said dryly as Lily threw a pillow at him.

"No. You just can't sing and its aggravating," Lily said, rolling her eyes.

"What crawled up your butt and died?" Asher asked. The next thing he knew, Lily was chucking pillows at him, but grinning with amusement at the same time. Asher chuckled.

"I'm bored," Asher announced after a few moments of silence.

"Doing some homework for a change wouldn't kill you," muttered Eddie as he counted the inches on his Muggle Studies essay. (Hermione made him take the course, due to the fact that half of Eddie's family were Muggles.)

"Whoa, did Eddie Weasley tell me to do homework?" Asher asked in mock horror. Lily laughed.

"See, you have some of your mum in you after all," said Lily with a grin. Eddie chucked a textbook at her, though purposely aimed to miss.

"Stuff it, both of you!"

"You know you love us," Asher said, sitting next to Lily, both fluttering their eyelashes at him innocently.

"Hardly."

"That stung."

"Good, and I hope it hurt," Eddie said, looking for his textbook.

"Well, I don't know about you two, but I still need to do some Christmas shopping," said Lily as she took her books and placed them in her school bag. "I'm off to Hogsmeade. Anybody like to join me?"

"Can't. This is do tomorrow," Eddie said miserably.

"I'll come," said Asher shrugging. "I still need to get a gift for Yvonne and good ol' Ebenezer Weasley here."

"Hardy har har," muttered Eddie.

"Alright, I'll get my Invisibility Cloak and the Marauder's Map, then we'll go," said Lily as she took her bag and dashed up to the girls dormitories. Asher nodded and flopped into a seat next to Eddie.

"Having trouble?"

"Why did you offer to go with her?" Asher looked at him startled.

"What?" Eddie turned to look at him.

"Why did you offer to go with her?" Eddie repeated.

"Because she's my friend..." Asher said as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"Are you sure that's all she is to you?"

"You - you think I still like her? That I'd make a move on her?" Asher asked, frowning. "Ed, what do you take me for?"

“Listen, Asher, you two did have a fling, and I’m not crazy about you and her spending time...alone...”

“We’re friends!” Asher nearly shouted. “Yes, we had our fling. But it’s over now! I have a girlfriend and I am completely happy with her. And Lily is going out with you! You think I don’t respect that? I’m better than that! What, you don’t trust me?”

“Eddie took in Asher’s words and bowed his head in shame.

“I’m sorry, Ash,” he whispered. “I trust you. I really do. It’s just...” Eddie hesitated.

“Just what?”

“I worry about her, is all,” said Eddie, looking down at his feet with a small shrug. “With what everything is going on, all the attacks and everything, I just want to make sure she’s safe.”

“Hey mate, don’t worry about it,” said Asher, clapping Eddie on the back. “I’ll keep an eye on her. You know she’s one of my greatest friends. You think I’d let anything bad happen to her?”

“No, I suppose not.”

“Trust me, Ed, I won’t let anything bad happen to her when she is with me. I can promise you that.” Asher said in all honesty and sincerity. “And you know I’d never make a move or anything like that. You knew me better. I love her like a little sister.”

“Yes, I know,” Eddie said with a sigh. “I’m sorry, Ash. I just really care about her and I suppose I am a tad bit protective of her.”

“Hey, we’re all OVERprotective of the women who mean most to us,” said Asher, winking causing Eddie blush furiously. “Don’t worry about it, Ed.”

“Ready Ash?” came Lily’s voice as she hopped down the staircase two at a time, her Invisibility Cloak in one hand and the Marauder’s Map in the other.

“Yeah, let’s go.” The two grabbed their cloaks and scarves and headed out to Hogsmeade, Eddie staring at them nervously until they were completely out of sight.

“Clear?”

“All clear!”

“Okay,” muttered Lily as she took out her wand. “Dissendium!”

Asher stuffed the Marauder’s Map in his pocket as he and Lily slid down into the tunnel which led to Honeydukes.

“Brrr...it’s cold,” Lily shivered as she rubbed her arms for warmth. Asher cracked a grin.

“I’d put my arm around you, but Eddie might use an Unforgivable Curse on me,” Asher said, wearing a lop-sided grin. Lily let out a laugh and they continued through the tunnel in comfortable silence until they reached Honeydukes. They climbed through the trapdoor and headed off into the store.

“So, who do you need to shop for?” Asher asked.

“Well, you, but I already know what I’m getting you,” answered Lily in a casual voice. “Then Eddie...” Her voice trailed off.

“Ahhhh yes, your boyfriend,” Asher said teasingly. Lily’s already rosy cheeks got redder.

“Exactly,” said Lily. “I have no idea what to get him!”

“I could help,” said Asher smiling.

“Really?”

“Sure! What are friends for? I know the perfect place we can go!” Asher grabbed Lily by the elbow and dragged her out of Honeydukes and into Hogsmeade. It wasn’t as crowded as it usually was, because people were still frightened by the attack awhile back. Asher dragged

Lily through the streets and towards an old wizard antique shop called "Ackledone's Antique Shop."

"An antique shop?" Lily asked, raising an eyebrow. "What on earth can I buy him at an antique shop? A wizard one at that? I want Eddie to like it Ash, not to use it to drive him away!"

"Alright Miss Smart Aleck, what does Eddie collect?"

"What?"

"What does he collect and is stored in his private shed?"

"Broomsticks," Lily answered instantaneously and her eyes immediately widened. "Asher, you're brilliant!"

"So tell me something I don't know," he answered with a smug smile on his face. Lily gave him a friendly kiss on the cheek before dashing towards the store. He chuckled to himself and followed her. As they were walking towards it, they saw Professor Delacour walking out, tears in her eyes, followed by a skinny old man, leaning on a cane and oversized glasses on his face.

Lily stopped dead in her tracks as she gasped. Asher did the same, except grabbed Lily's Invisibility Cloak and threw it over the pair of them. Lily gave Asher the look, telling him with her eyes that she wanted to listen in on what was going on. Asher rolled his eyes at her curiosity but obliged. The pair quietly tip-toed towards Professor Delacour and the old man.

"Don't be sad lil lady, ya did the right thing," said the old man, patting her back sympathetically. He had a very heavy Irish accent.

"Are you sure?" Delacour asked through her sobs. "It's ze only zing I 'ave left of 'him... But I need ze money so badly..."

"What good is it to ya? Its just gem on a piece o' string," the old man said casually.

"Zen why did you offer so much to pay for it if it is worz so little?" Delacour asked curiously.

"Ya needed the help pretty lil lady," the old man said, though looked slightly nervous.

"But, ze memories, zat is ze only zing I 'ave left of 'im," explained Delacour. "'is will 'asn't even been read yet. I don't even know if it really belongs to me..."

"Does it matter now, eh?"

"I suppose not. Zank you Misere Ackledone, zank you."

"Anytime miss. Happy Christmas to ya."

"'Appy Christmas to you as well," said Delacour with no enthusiasm as she slowly turned and walked away, her eyes glued to her feet. Lily had never seen Delacour walk without a smigg of confidence or snobbery. This no confident walk seemed unreal to her.

"Lil?" Asher whispered as the old man slowly walked back into his shop, an insane smile on his face. "Wanna go in?"

"Do we have to?"

"If you want to find a rare, old broomstick, we do!"

Lily bit her lip. She was curious to see what Delacour had sold to Ackledone, but on the other hand, something didn't feel right to her.

"Ash..."

"Oh c'mon Lil Bill, I thought you were fearless!"

Lily turned to him sharply.

"I never said I was fearless!" she snapped. "Thats the type of stereotype I get for fighting Voldemort and losing loved ones like Robby? Is that it?" Asher was a taken back by this. Lily never jumped down his throat like that before. Asher figured it was because Lily was still very sore on the subject of her late friend, Robby. Sure, Asher and Eddie missed their friend dearly, but Lily was just, sore, about it.

"Lily, I'm sorry..."

“Let’s just forget it, okay?”

“Let’s just go in and see if they have anything you might like?”

Lily sighed and nodded.

“Something doesn’t feel right, but I do want to get Eddie a good gift. So, lets go.”

Asher placed his hand on her shoulder and they took off the Invisibility Cloak and headed towards the store. As they opened the door, they heard a tiny bell jingle in the background. Snowflakes blew in from behind them as the door slowly shut. Lily slowly looked around the store.

“Over there,” said Asher, pointing towards the back of the store. Lily looked and saw a bunch of old broomsticks being held in large glass cases, hanging on the wall of the back of the store. Lily still felt uncomfortable, and Asher could sense it. Deep down, he had a bad feeling as well, but chose to ignore it for now. His only concern was keeping Lily and himself out of harm’s way. Apparently, ignoring this bad gut feeling, he wasn’t doing a good job. He was about to suggest leaving, but Lily had already made her way towards the broomsticks. She used her hand to gesture to come over and help her.

“Okay, so inform me, what broomstick does Eddie not have?” she asked.

“Not sure,” Asher said honestly. “What do they have?”

“The Speedstick 1000?”

“Has it.”

“The Nimbus 110?”

“Has it.”

“ The Lightening Rod 800?”

“Has it.”

“The Nimbus?”

“First Nimbus ever made?”

“Yeah.”

“Has it.”

“The Firebird?”

“Has - What? The Firebird? What’s that?”

“Take a look,” said Lily, as she pointed to a muddy, rusty, old looking broomstick, sitting in a glass case in the corner of the store, labeled “The Firebird.” Underneath the title of each broom was a small plaque with a small caption of information about the broom. The caption was old, yellowish color. It looked as though it had been there for ages. Asher leaned forward and read the caption, his eyes slowly widening as he read it.

“Merlin Lily, do you know what you just found?” Asher nearly choked. Lily shook her head without thinking. “No wonder we’ve never heard of the Firebird. Lily Billy, the Firebird was the first broomstick ever created!”

“WHAT?” Lily screamed, her jaw dropping. “The first broom ever created?”

“Yes!” He started to read the caption out loud to her. ““Made in the year 1455 by Dane Waltez, who came up with the sport of broom racing in 1454 and made the first broomstick, ‘The Firebird,’ one year later. Taking the broomstick of an old Muggle, he used his magic to make the broom fly high and fast, allowing the sport of broom racing to be possible. The sport of Quidditch did not come about until 1663 by Emit Bernez, who also became the first ever Quidditch Beater, who used the broom, ‘The Firebird,’ for the basic cargo of the sport. Dane Waltez is credited for Quidditch today.’ Lily, this broom is history!”

“Yeah, yeah it is!” Lily said cheerfully. “This is perfect for Eddie!”

“Sure is!”

“How much?” Lily asked. “Its probably very expensive.”

“On the contrary, little lady,” came a man’s voice with a very heavy Irish accent, “tis not expensive at all.” Lily and Asher whipped around only to see a skinny, bald, old man, with huge coke bottle glasses, huge, almost insane looking blue eyes, skin wrinkled to the most extent, and was leaning on a cane. Lily stumbled backward at the sight of him.

“N-not expensive?”

“Not at all, lad,” said the old man as he limped closer towards the case that held the broom, and used his wand to levitate it off the wall and into the air. “Been tryin’ to sell this thing for years. Its been in me shop since I opened it and nobody has ever bought it, lads. No idea why, part of history this is.”

The two teenagers nodded in agreement.

“Wait, since you opened the shop?” Asher asked confusedly.

“You’re Rupert Ackledone?” Lily asked.

“Yah, that be me, in the flesh,” he said with a grin. Lily noticed he was missing several teeth. “Been runnin’ me shop for years.”

“We noticed,” Asher muttered under his breath for Ackledone not to hear.

“You want the broom?”

“Yes!” Lily answered immediately. Ackledone gave them another toothy grin.

“You’re lucky day laddies,” he said. “All brooms are on sale during the holidays. Why, I imagine this broom only costs five Galleons!”

“That’s all?”

“Yep!”

"I'll take it!" Lily said, pulling the money out of her pocket. Ackledone smiled again and levitated the case on to the front counter and limped towards it.

"C'mon, I'll wrap it up for ya!" Ackledone said as he limped towards the counter. Asher slowly followed him, Lily on his tail. Both teenagers stood by the counter as Ackledone tenderly took the broom out of the case and wrapped it in thick green paper. Lily looked at the strange old objects on the front counter and noticed a gray stone sitting on it. It caught Lily's eye. It was quiet pretty, hanging on a gold chain. Lily slowly picked it up. It was smooth as anything. She smiled at it, ready to ask how much it cost when it slowly began to glow a soft golden glow in her hand. Her eyes widened as she felt power vibrate within her bones. She could feel it flowing through her when all of the sudden, it was snatched from her. Ackledone was looking at her angrily.

"This is not for sale!" he snapped.

"Sorry," Lily muttered. There was a long pause as the old man continued to glare at her angrily, yet curiously.

"How did ya do that little lady?"

"Do what?" Lily asked fearfully.

"Make it glow. How did ya do that?"

"Can't everyone do that?"

"NO! Not unless-" There was a long pause as his eyes widened and he stared at Lily with such contempt. "You're Lily Potter, aren't ya?"

Asher knew something was wrong. He slowly stood close beside Lily and put his arm around her shoulders, protectively. He wasn't fond of the look Ackledone was giving her. Needless to say, it scared him.

"Yes, I am Lily Potter."

Ackledone raised his wand and pointed it at Lily's throat.

“GET - OUT - OF - MY - STORE - YOU -”

“Excuse me?” Lily snarled angrily. “Who are you to talk to me like that? And don’t point your wand at me!”

“Watch it!” Asher said threateningly as he grabbed the package containing the broomstick. Lily wasn’t sure if he was talking to her or Ackledone. “We’re leaving!” He grabbed Lily’s hand and pulled her hurriedly out of the store.

“AND DON’T YOU EVER COME BACK!”

“Didn’t plan on it!” Lily snapped back. Asher threw the Invisibility Cloak over them.

“Lil, you’re going to get us killed!”

“Who was he to talk to me like that? He threatened me with his wand!”

“Lil, think about. Why has the school been ignoring you?”

“Because they’re scared of being targets of Voldemort...”

“Yes, and why do you think Ackledone wanted you out of his store? Same reason, Lil. He doesn’t want his store to become a target!” Asher explained.

“Oh this is so stupid!”

“I know Lily, I know, but that’s what fear does to people.”

“Well, its stupid. I didn’t ask for this!”

“I know you didn’t, Lil, I know.” Asher said, hugging her tightly. “C’mon, forget it. That guy was creepy anyway.”

“I got a weird feeling in that store,” said Lily.

“Yeah, what kind of weird feeling?”

“I’m not sure. That store, it made me feel like I was in Knockturn Alley or something. It was creepy.”

“Yeah, that is weird...”

Chapter 18 - A Mother Loving Christmas:

“Lily?”

Silence.

“Lily?”

Lily looked around. She couldn't see the person of the voice who was calling her name. It was a man's voice. She recognized it.

“I'm coming!” she called out.

“Lily!” the voice said urgently. “Its too late! Its too late!”

“What is?” Lily asked in a panic. “What's too late?”

The earth began to tremble.

“What's happening?” Lily screamed in fear. “What's going on?”

A gigantic hole began to appear in the earth, right beneath Lily's legs. She gasped and jumped to the side, as not to fall into the earth, and tumbled to the ground. The earth continued to tremble. Lily reached into her pocket and pulled out her wand, ready to defend herself. Finally, the earth come to a halt. Lily sat there, on the ground for a moment, before taking a deep breath and hoisting herself to her feet. She slowly walked to where the gigantic hole had formed and looked down into it's black depths. The sight of the darkness made her tremble.

A large pair of yellow eyes stared up at her from the hole. Lily screamed and stumbled backward, her wand still clutched in her hand. The eyes began to rise when the head of large serpent appeared, its skinny tongue sissing at Lily. She gasped and nearly choked on her saliva. The serpent opened its mouth and inside, stood the man from her dreams. The handsome one with the neatly combed brown hair, green eyes, and robes of gold and red lining. He was crying and looked desperate.

“Its too late Little One!” he screamed. “Its too late!”

With that, the serpent pulled his head back and swallowed the man whole, gobbled him right up. Then his eyes set on Lily, who gasped, but stood her ground. She kept her wand clenched in her fist, ready to fight.

But, there was no fight. The serpent dived at her and threw his mouth over. Lily covered her head and screamed.

“I’M SORRY!”

“I’M SORRY!”

Lily shot up from her pillows. Her heart was pounding, sweat was coming from her forehead, and she was trembling.

She grabbed her glasses and put them on, glancing at the window. It was already morning. Had she slept late? Lily looked around the dormitory and saw that Mandy had already gotten up and was long gone. She glanced at Robby’s bed and saw that the hangings were still closed. Lily rubbed her eyes and got up.

It was Christmas morning. Lily noticed that no presents sat at the edge of her bed. This fact confusing her, she grabbed her robe and wand, (she never went anywhere without her wand anymore), and headed downstairs to the Common Room. There she saw Eddie, Asher, Mandy, Danny, and Jarius all sitting beneath the Christmas tree, presents beneath it.

“She lives!” Asher called out, a big grin on his face. Lily rolled her eyes and walked downstairs.

“What’s going on?”

“Hey Sleeping Beauty,” said Eddie, kissing her on the cheek. “We brought all our presents, plus your’s, down here so we could all open them together.”

“Ha, I was wondering where mine went!” Lily said grinning. Asher rolled his eyes and the six 7th year Gryffindors all dived into their gifts. From Sirius, Lily received a pair of long, emerald earrings. Even in darkness, the emeralds were said to shine no matter what. From

Asher, a Muggle journal with a picture of Eddie, Asher, Robby, and Lily in the front, waving to her. Lily knew to write anything she wanted in it to get things off her chest. From Mandy, Danny, and Jarius, she received a new book on her favorite Quidditch team and Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans. From Ron and Hermione, she got a fancy new red cloak with a matching red bucket hat and scarf and a bag of Weasley Wizard Wheezes tricks. From Remus, a book on defense skills in the dark arts and a large bar of Honeydukes chocolate. Then, from Eddie, she got a new purse or pocketbook with little moving Snitches, brooms, and Quaffles moving about. It was adorable. And inside the bag was an assortment of all of Lily's favorite sweets, including Muggle jellybeans; Lily's favorite. Also, inside the bag was a globe, when you turned it upside down, it snowed. Dancing inside was a little figure of a blonde angel. On the bottom of the base of the globe there was an inscription which was expertly carved and said, "You're my angel." Lily knew it was corny, but it was sweet and thoughtful all the same. And it made her melt. She looked up at her boyfriend and gave her a warm, happy smile.

Eddie looked over at the long package from Lily and gave her a playful, suspicious look. Lily grinned at him.

"What'd you get me, Lils?" he asked curiously.

"Well, the normal way to find out would be to open it, moron," Lily said winking. Eddie ruffled her already messy morning hair and tore open at the package. He lifted the lid of the long, thin box. His eyes widened at the sight of it.

"A broom?"

"Not just any broom," said Lily. "Read the caption." Eddie did and his eyes widened even more so. Lily could have sworn they were about to pop out of his head.

"A FIREBIRD?" he shouted. "Lily! This must have cost a fortune!"

"No worries," said Lily. She saw the skeptical look on Eddie's face. "Please, just accept it Eddie. Please?" Lily knew it didn't cost that much so she really wanted Eddie to have it. If he didn't that would just be a waste.

"Lils, thank you so much!" With that Eddie jumped on top of her, causing her to fall backwards, so that he was lying on top of her. He pressed his lips to her's, hungrily the two started kissing quite passionately.

"EW MY EYES!" Asher screamed. The rest of the Gryffindors laughed but that didn't stop Eddie and Lily from kissing. Asher's eyes widened.

"Damn, some definite tongue action in there," he said again loudly, so that maybe Eddie and Lily would get the hint and detach. They didn't get the hint. When a soft moan came from the back of Eddie's throat, Asher stood up, and grabbed Eddie's hair, pulling his face off Lily's.

"Get a room!" he said in an annoyed voice. Eddie threw him a deadly glare but Lily sat u, smiling to herself.

"He's right, Ed. Its inappropriate."

"Inappropriate my a-"

"Well, that's everyone," Mandy said happily about the presents before Eddie could finish his sentence. Lily smiled to herself again as Eddie threw her a glare as well, thats when he noticed a tiny package under the tree with his girlfriend's name on it.

"Wait, Lils, there's one more for you," said Eddie as he took out a small flat box from under the tree.

"Who's it from?"

"It doesn't say."

"Oh...well..."

"I don't think you should open it!" Eddie said urgently. Asher laughed.

"Oh calm down Romeo. Don't you think Lily's gifts were already inspected? Hell, I expect everyone's gifts were inspected before brought to the dormitories. In times like this..."

Eddie still looked skeptical.

“Yeah, c’mon, Ed,” said Danny. “Do you think any teacher would let anything dangerous happen to any of us?”

“I suppose not.”

“Good!” Lily said, snatching the gift and tearing open the wrapping paper. Inside there was a note and a flat golden box. Lily put the note to the side and opened the box. Inside was a pearl necklace, shaped in a form of a woman. The pearl changed color, lilac, baby blue, and pink, in different lights. It was framed in white gold and was held on fine white gold chain. It was the most beautiful necklace Lily had ever seen.

“DAMN LIL!” Asher said with an eyebrow raised. “What bloke have you been giving blue ba-”

“Who’s it from?” Eddie asked in a deathly whisper, interrupting Asher’s rude and inappropriate comment. His fists were clenched and his face was becoming a scary shade of red, fearing it was another guy at Hogwarts. This guy had definitely out gifted him.

“I dunno,” said Lily, grabbing the note it came with. She recognized the writing as the same writing that had sent the silver dress robes.

Dearest Lily,

This has been in my family, passed down woman to woman, for over a thousand years. Everyone has been of full pureness, but you are not. You are only half pure. However, being the next generation it is my duty to hand this down to you and I only hope you’ll do the same and give this to your daughter when she is ready.

A Happy Christmas!

“Its not signed,” Lily said slowly. “Its definitely not a guy though.” Eddie gave a very obvious breath of relief.

“Oh Lily!” Mandy gasped. “Do you know what this is?”

Lily shook her head.

“Do either of you know what this is?”

All of the Gryffindor 7th years shook their heads.

“It’s the crest of veela!”

A long silent pause.

“WHAT?”

“The crest of veela!” Mandy repeated. “Every veela family in the world has a necklace just like Lily’s! Its passed down from generation to generation from mother to daughter.”

Lily stared at Mandy long and hard.

“Pure veela?”

“Yes, most veelas marry male veelas and keep the pure beauty in the blood and family.” Mandy explained. “A lot of veelas nowadays are marrying wizards and are creating half pure veelas.”

“Why? What’s wrong with veela men?” Danny asked. Mandy smiled.

“They are said to be more arrogant than veela women,” giggled Mandy. “No one, not even veela women, can tolerate them.”

“Wow.”

“Yes. I wonder why Lily received it. Her mother isn’t veela,” Jarius said stupidly. Lily glared at him. Eddie and Asher shot each other knowing, worried glances. Lily tightened her grip around the pearl woman.

“Well, we don’t exactly know that, do we, Jarius? CONSIDERING I DON’T EVEN KNOW WHO MY MOTHER IS!” Lily shouted before storming through the Potrait Hole, the necklace clutched in her hand. Eddie and Asher, once again, exchanged looks and ran after her. Danny and Jarius looked at each other, confusedly, then turned to Mandy.

“You don’t think she’s half veela, do you?”

“It would explain a lot, wouldn’t it?”

Lily stormed through the corridors, in her dress robe and all, the necklace still clutched in her hand. Eddie and Asher kept calling after her, but she was so full of rage, she ignored them. She directed herself straight to Dominique Delinor’s office and banged on the door as loud as she could.

“OPEN UP DELINOR!” she shouted.

“How rude!” snapped one of the paintings. Lily glared.

“Oh shut-up!” she growled and banged on the door again. Dominique opened the door and looked at Lily wide-eyed.

“Lily Potter! I’m surprised at you! What is going-” But Dominique could not finish her sentence. Lily stormed past her and into the office. Dominique looked a little shocked but closed the door behind her.

“You look angry,” she said quietly. “Is something wrong?”

“Yes, something is wrong!” Lily snapped. She held up the necklace. “What’s this?”

Dominique stared at the necklace of the crest of veela long and hard. At first she had a questioning look on her face then her eyes slowly widened in realization. Her naturally rosy cheeks had gone deathly pale and she stared at Lily in complete and utter fear.

“Where did you get zat?” she asked in a whisper. Lily rolled her eyes.

“You know perfectly well where I got it!” Lily yelled. “And stop it! Stop it now!”

“Stop what?”

“I know what you’re doing! I know this is the crest of veela! I don’t want anything from you, you traitor! You had your chance! YOU ABANDONED ME AND MY FATHER AND YOU THINK ME BEING YOUR FAVORITE STUDENT AND GIVING ME A SET OF DRESS

ROBES AND THIS STUPID FAMILY HEIRLOOM IS GOING TO MAKE IT ALL BETTER?" Lily roared. She threw the necklace at Dominique, who caught it and held it tightly to her chest.

"I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU! YOU'RE NOT MY MUM! YOU'RE NOT! YOU NEVER HAVE BEEN! NOT SINCE YOU LEFT ME, ABANDONED ME, ON MY FATHER'S DOORSTEP!" Lily continued to yell furiously. She didn't fail to notice that tears had formed in Dominique's eyes and it gave her an odd feeling of satisfaction.

"You're right," whispered Dominique, "I'm not you muzzer."

"THEN STAY OUT OF MY LIFE!" Lily screamed. "YOU'VE DONE A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF THAT THE LAST SEVENTEEN YEARS!"

With that, Lily pushed Dominique away and pushed the door open. Eddie and Asher, who were listening through it, jumped back and watched as Lily stormed away. Eddie ran after Lily, calling her name. Asher looked at Dominique, who was still clutching the necklace to her chest and gave out a quiet sob, tears streaming down her face.

"I'm sorry Professor," said Asher. Dominique put her hands down in front of her.

"It's fine, Mr. Lazard," said Dominique. "Lilee 'as every right to be angry. Zere will be no punishment against 'er."

"Thank you Professor," Asher said, before noticing something at the base of Dominique's neck. His eyes widened for a moment and he turned on his heel and ran after Eddie.

"Eddie! EDDIE!" Asher called out. "Wait up!"

"I'm trying to catch up with Lily!" Eddie said impatiently. "Merlin, when did she get so fast?"

"Forget Lily for a minute," Asher said, also impatient. "She's fine. Just mad. Listen, Delinor didn't give Lily that necklace!"

“She had to! You saw the reaction! She was devastated that Lily didn’t accept it. It broke her heart. Poor woman. Poor Lily!”

“EDDIE!” Asher snapped annoyed. “I’m telling you. Delinor did NOT give Lily that necklace!”

“And how can you be so sure of that?”

“Because, she was still wearing her veela crest around her neck when I left the office...”

Eddie and Asher refrained from telling Lily this information, the fact that it was in fact, not Dominique Delinor, who had sent Lily that necklace.

“I was so sure she was Lily’s mother!” Eddie said furiously. Asher shrugged.

“Maybe she is, maybe she just had on a duplicate, or gave Lily a duplicate. Its possible, so people didn’t realize the truth that Lily is her daughter. It would explain why she favors her so much. And I’m sure your mum would have no problem firing her on the spot if Delinor was Lily’s mum.”

“What makes you think my mum would fire Delinor if she was Lily’s mother?” Eddie asked curiously.

“She’s seen what Lily has been through. She knows that Lily needs a mother and sees the fact that she was abandoned as weakness, on her mother’s part. Hermione has no respect for Lily’s mum. Nor does anyone else.”

“Including Lily,” chuckled Eddie.

“Apparently.”

“I bet she’s already at the Christmas feast.”

“More than likely. Lets go meet our favorite girl.”

The two boys went down to the Great Hall and saw Lily sitting at the table chatting with Mandy and Jarius. Eddie plopped into the seat beside his girlfriend and grasped her hand from beneath the table. Lily gave him a soft smile and Eddie returned it.

Lily was surprised the Delinor had turned up for the feast. She had never seen the woman so depressed. Fleur walked with her into the Great Hall, looking annoyed, as always. And when she set her eyes on Lily, her eyes narrowed into a nasty glare.

“Probably upset because I made her stupid cousin cry,” Lily said bitterly as she helped herself to some buttered corn. Eddie rolled his eyes in amusement. Other than that, the feast went by without a problem.

After the feast Lily and Eddie found a quiet place to be alone and do what any two teenagers with raging hormones do; snog. Asher was walking up to the Owlery to send a letter to Yvonne when he heard angry yells coming from Delinor’s office.

“You ‘ave some nerve, you really do!” a first voice snarled angrily.

“I didn’t zink she would figure it out!” a second cried desperately. Asher knew it was Delinor and Delacour talking. It infuriated him that he couldn’t tell the difference between their voices.

“She’s not stupid! She’s smart, like ‘er fuzzer!”

“She really zrew it at you? She really didn’t want it?”

“Can you blame ‘er?”

“No, I suppose not. I really wanted ‘er to ‘ave it,” the second voice said sadly.

“Well, she doesn’t want it. And she seems to want nuzzing to do wiz you.”

“I guess she ‘as some of me in her after all,” the second voice said bitterly. “I’m a ‘orrible woman! She ‘as part of the ‘orror in ‘er.”

"I don't zink she would ever give birz zen abandon ze baby," the first voice said coolly.

"Oh be quiet!" the first voice finally snapped. "Just stop talking!" There was a slight pause. "You're just jealous because you wanted 'Arry and didn't get 'im! I did!"

"Ow dare you!"

"You wish Lilee was your daughter! Zats why you treat 'er ze way you do! Because you never had a child!"

"I refuse to call you my cousin! I should have found Lilee a long time ago and helped 'Arry raised 'er!"

"Like 'Arry would 'ave allowed zat!"

"Don't speak to me you wretched...slut!"

Asher could fear footsteps coming towards the door. He turned around and ran away, not getting a glimpse of which woman had stormed out of the room.

When he returned back to the Common Room, he saw Lily and Mandy drinking hot chocolate by the fireplace. Eddie was coming down the dormitory steps with a blanket, wrapping it around himself and Lily, cuddling together. Danny and Jarius were coming down with more steaming hot cups of coco.

"Hey," Asher called out. "Lil? Ed? The three of us need to talk."

"Are you breaking-up with us, Asher?" Lily asked, a twinkle in her eye. Asher chuckled and then became serious again. Both of them saw that serious look and followed him back out through the Potrait Hole and into the corridor.

"What's up?"

"I overheard Delinor and Delacour," said Asher. Lily's eyes glazed over in an icy, cold, glare.

“Oh?”

Asher explained every detail he had heard in Delinor's office. The more he talked, the colder Lily's eyes got and the tighter Eddie's grip formed around Lily's hand.

“What is it with us and overhearing Delinor and Delacour argue all the time?” Eddie asked, trying to lighten the mood. Lily just looked away, glaring at the floor. Eddie and Asher sent each other nervous looks.

“I hate her,” Lily finally whispered.

“Who? Delinor or Delacour?”

“Well...I hate Delacour because she treats me like crap. But I despise Delinor.” Lily said angrily.

“You don't know anything,” Eddie said reasonably.

“She's my mother, Ed,” said Lily impatiently. “She has to be. It would explain everything. That is the woman who abandoned me on a doorstep when I was barely a month old!”

“You don't know that!” Eddie said impatiently. “Only Harry, who is...well...dead and your mother know who your mother is! You can't be so certain!” Lily was bright red in the face with anger.

“Why are you so defensive of her?” she shouted. Asher was looking nervously between the fighting couple.

“I'm not! I just don't want you jumping into conclusions!” Eddie snapped. “Don't forget Lily, she was the woman who saved your life on that Hogsmeade trip!”

“Who gives?” Lily shouted back. “That proves my point that she is my mum even more! Why else would she be willing to give her life for me?”

Eddie stayed silent for a moment.

“This makes no sense to me, Lils,” he whispered.

“How confused do you think I feel?”

“I’m sorry.”

“Forget it. I’m going to bed,” said Lily. “Happy Christmas.” She kissed Asher on the cheek and gave Eddie a soft kiss before turning on heel and heading back through the Portrait Hole.

“Ed?”

“Yep?”

“Do you think she honestly doesn’t care whether she knows who her mother is or not?”

“I think she cares about finding out who her mother is more than anything else in the world,” Eddie said honestly.

“Me too.”

The two boys looked at each other and gave each other knowing, evil grins.

“What do you say we give her what she really wants?”

“Find out if Delinor is truly her mum?”

“Exactly!”

Chapter 19 - The Wrath of Dominique Delinor:

Eddie and Asher had no chance to ever corner Delinor after, before, or in between classes. She was never early for classes, always showed up right on time and the second the bell rang, she would run into her private office. Delinor seemed to be avoiding Lily and anyone who associated with her, which were not many people, ever since the whole Hogsmeade fiasco. Lily did not participate in Potions anymore. She silently sat at her table and worked on the potion that Delinor would assign the class that day. Never once did she even look at Delinor in class.

Asher seemed to have lost hope in ever getting to talk with Delinor. Eddie, however, knew Lily wanted and needed to know the desperate and long awaited truth of who her mother is. He refused to give up. But, he was never lucky in any of his attempts to get Delinor to talk to him. Even once, Eddie had tried to corner her in the Great Hall as she was talking to Hermione. But, she saw him, paled, and quickly excused herself. Hermione had started nagging Eddie about who knows what before he could chase after her. It seemed almost hopeless.

By February, Eddie had grown quite impatient with Delinor always avoiding the 7th year Gryffindors. Losing his temper one day after Potions, he decided to take matters into his own hands. When class ended, like always, Delinor ran into her private office, not assigning the students any homework. Eddie packed up his belongings. He turned to Lily and Asher, who were waiting for him.

"Go ahead without me," said Eddie. "I need to ask Delinor about something." Asher nodded, but Lily raised a suspicious eyebrow.

"Its just about the class! I don't understand any of it. You know how horrible I am at Potions!" Eddie said defensively. Lily nodded in agreement. It was true, Eddie was quite horrible in the class, but she still looked suspicious.

"Trust me, Lils," said Eddie, kissing her. "Its nothing important. You and Ash go to lunch without me. I'll be there in a few minutes."

"If you say so," said Lily. She and Asher walked out of the classroom and out of the dungeons. Eddie took a deep breath, walked towards the door of Delinor's private office and knocked roughly. He heard the shuffling of feet coming towards the door.

"Fleur, I'm not in ze mood to - Oh! Hello Mr. Weezley," said Delinor with a nervous smile. "What can I do for you?"

"I was wondering if I could talk to you for a moment," said Eddie firmly, getting straight to the point. Delinor looked rather taken back.

"Oh, Mr. Weezley," she said, looking uncomfortable, shifting back and forth on her feet. "I am busy at ze moment-"

"It's rather important," Eddie interrupted.

"Oh," hesitation, "well, yes, of course you can. If it's important. I'm always willing to listen to my students. Please, come in Mr. Weezley."

Eddie gave a polite nod and walked into the room. He immediately turned around to face Delinor, who was closing the door behind her.

"Now, what is ze problem?" she asked. "If it's about your grades, I must say, zey 'ave been improving a great deal. Your muzzer will be proud."

"It's not about my grades."

"Oh? Are you 'aving a difficult problem wiz any of ze current lessons?" she asked.

"No."

"Oh..." There was a long awkward pause. "Zen what is ze problem?"

"I want to talk to you about Lily."

"Lilee?" The sweet demeanor she had been showing Eddie had quickly disappeared. Fear and regret poured into Delinor's bright blue eyes at the mention of the name of the girl she had been avoiding since Christmas.

“Yes, Lily. Lily Potter.”

“I see,” said Delinor, her rosy cheeks becoming pale. “What about Mizz Potter?” Then, suddenly, she looked horrified, worried. “Is she alright? Nozing is wrong wiz ‘er, is zere?”

Eddie ignored her questions. “Why have you been avoiding her?”

“Avoiding? I ‘ave not been avoiding Mizz Potter.” Delinor was now looking shamefully at the floor.

“Yes you have,” said Eddie sternly.

“I assure you I ‘ave not,” said Delinor, trying to sound firm, but her shaking voice did no good to convince Eddie.

“Oh really?” Eddie said sardonically.

“Yes, really,” said Delinor. “And you will speak to me wiz some respect Mr. Weezley! I am still your teacher!” Trying to sound firm and angry, it did not work, for Delinor was still looking at the floor shamelessly.

“You have been avoiding her!”

“Why would I avoid ‘er?” asked Delinor. “I see no reason to avoid any of my students...”

Eddie ignored her and was suddenly shouting.

“Since Christmas!” Eddie shouted impatiently. “Christmas! And don’t pretend like you haven’t. I know what happened on Christmas. Lily told me. Plus, I was with her when she opened the gift. Don’t try and fool me, Professor. I know what’s going on.”

When Delinor looked from the floor, back to Eddie’s eyes. Her eyes were no longer nervous, they were no longer desperate, they were no longer pleading. They were angry! Eddie’s eyes widened at the sight of rage standing before him.

“So, you zink you know what’s going on, do you Mr. Weezley?”

"Yes, I know exactly what is going on," said Eddie, starting to lose his confidence. Maybe there was more to the story than he, Lily, and Asher realized. Maybe there was a whole lot more. Had he just made a fool of himself?

"Do you?" snarled Delinor. "I never knew you were so ignorant. And arrogant."

"Uh...excuse me?" Eddie asked nervously, though slightly angry. No one had ever called him ignorant, except maybe his parents. But no one, no one, had ever called him arrogant. This hit a nerve. "I am not ignorant! Or arrogant!"

"Then do not talk about zings you do not understand or know about, Weezley," Delinor snapped. Eddie glared. He refused to let a woman, that was not his mother, lecture him like he was a little child. His temper flared.

"I do know what is going on you coward!" he shouted. "Lily knows who you are! And she hates you for it! You old hag!"

Delinor's nostrils began to flare. Eddie had never seen this woman, or any woman for that matter, this angry.

"Coward? Old 'ag?" she asked in a deathly whisper. "Fifty points from Gryffindor! And detention every Saturday morning for the rest of the month!"

"What?"

"Don't argue with me, Weezley!"

"Lily knows!" Eddie shouted desperately. "We all know! Just admit it!" Delinor was furious now. She slowly advanced on Eddie.

"Lily knows what? Tell me Weezley. What does Lily know?" she snarled angrily.

"You know!"

“Enlighten me, Weezley!” she snapped sarcastically. “What famous mystery ‘as ze daughter of ze Boy ‘O Lived figured out now?”

“That...”

“ZAT WHAT WEEZLEY? WHAT SO-CALLED INFORMATION DOES MIZZ POTTER KNOW?”

“That...you’re her mother...”

Delinor’s eyes slowly widened furiously, she breathed in and plunged her wand into her robes and pointed it at Eddie’s throat. Eddie gasped in fear.

“Ow dare you!”

“What-?”

“OW DARE YOU!”

“Are you Lily’s mum?”

“GET OUT! GET OUT! YOU FILZY-” Delinor started taking books and throwing them at the redheaded boy across from her. “OUT! OUT! NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN! OUT! I WOULD NEVER-! OUT WEEZLEY!”

Eddie clutched on to his books and other belongings and darted out of the room, half terrified that Delinor would either throw something at him or curse him to oblivion. He could still hear Delinor screaming and cursing out him halfway up the dungeon staircase. He didn’t stop running until he exited the dungeons completely. And, at the top of the staircase, he got a disgruntled surprise.

“Lily?”

Lily was standing at the top of the stairs, her bag over her shoulder, her arms crossed against her chest, leaning on one foot, tapping her other foot, and looking very annoyed and angry. Annoyed or angry, Eddie couldn’t place that look on her face. All he knew was, it wasn’t good.

“Ed,” she said simply, still looking quite upset.

“What are you doing here?” he asked, hoping she hadn’t overheard the conversation he had with Delinor. Lily just shrugged and continued standing the way she was, the expression on her face, unchanged.

“Well, let’s go get some lunch,” Eddie said casually as he took Lily’s hand in his. To his surprise, Lily pulled it away, her narrowed in an angry glare.

“I thought you said you were going to ask Delinor about the lessons,” she said slowly, almost innocently. Eddie did not like the tone in her voice at all.

“I did.”

“Oh, did you?” Lily asked, her tone turning from innocent to angry.

“Yeah, I did.”

“Do you think Delinor throws books at every student who asks her a question about the lesson?” Lily asked sardonically. “Or maybe she just reserves them for her boss’ son.”

“Lils, “ started Eddie, starting to get nervous. Lily looked downright furious. “I just said something inappropriate in her presence. Thats all.”

“Don’t lie to me Ed!” Lily finally shouted abruptly. “Never, in the seventeen years we’ve known each other have you ever lied to me! Don’t you dare start now! Tell me the truth!”

“I am telling you the truth!”

“You’re are?”

“I would never lie to you, Lily,” Eddie said, not meeting her eyes, but taking her hand in his. He looked back up at her and saw that green blazing fire of anger dancing in her eyes. She was downright furious.

Lily snatched her hand back from Eddie's grasp and slapped him hard across the face. Eddie looked at her wide-eyed.

"Lily-"

"How dare you Edward Weasley!" she screeched. "I overheard the whole thing! I forgot my Transfiguration book in class and overheard everything! YOU LIED TO ME! TWICE! You lied about asking Delinor for help and then you lied when I confronted you about it! Then you promised you'd never lie to me! How dare you!"

"Lily, I'm sorry-" Lily put her hand up to stop him from talking.

"Save it," she muttered. "I don't want to hear it."

"Lily..."

There was a long, hesitant pause. Eddie looked at his feet in shame, and Lily staring into space, as though she were thinking long and hard about something. She looked devastated.

"Lily?"

"Yeah?"

"What are you thinking about?" Eddie asked timidly, burying his fists into the pockets of his robes, shuffling his feet. He never felt more nervous about anything in his entire life. Lily took a deep breath and sighed. Eddie didn't think it was possible, but she looked even more devastated than she had moments before. And all because of him. He had put that pain and anger in her eyes and he hated himself for it.

"Ed, I'm sorry," Lily whispered.

"FOR WHAT?" he shouted, shocked. "If anyone should be apologizing, it should-"

"I can't see you anymore," Lily said quickly, interrupting him. Eddie was lost for words. His stomach had dropped and he found it hard to breathe. Perhaps he hadn't heard right.

“W-what?”

“I can’t see you anymore,” Lily repeated.

“Lily...why...?”

“You lied to me.”

“Lily, it...I didn’t mean to...Lily, it will never happen again! Please, don’t do this!”

“Eddie, how can I trust you? It wasn’t just one lie, it was two. And then after you lied right to my face, you told me you would never lie to me. How can I ever possibly trust you?” Lily said calmly.

“I...let me make this up to you!”

“Eddie, I do love you a great deal. I still want your friendship,” she said, ignoring his comments, closing her eyes, not wanting to hear this.

“I don’t want friendship!” Eddie said desperately. “My feelings for you are too strong to be friendship! Lily, I need you!”

“I need you too, Ed,” whispered Lily, “but we can only be friends.”

“No! I won’t have this!”

“You don’t want to be my friend?” Lily asked calmly.

“No, I want you to be my girlfriend! And someday my wife! And then after that, the mother of my children! I love you Lily Potter!” Eddie said, desperately grabbing her hands and clutching them in his own. “I love you more than anything. You mean everything, the world to me, Lily! I love you!”

“Eddie,” she whispered, a lump appearing in her throat. “I love you too. But how can you lie to someone you claim to love?”

“Lily please!”

“Friendship Eddie?” she asked, holding out her hand for him to shake. Eddie stared her, then her hand, open-mouthed. He looked back into her and shook his head.

“I can’t Lily, I need more than that!”

“All or nothing?” Lily whispered, tears welling up in her eyes.

“Yes! All or nothing!” Eddie said firmly, hoping she would choose all. But to his dismay, she slowly turned on heel, clutching her books to her chest, and walked away. She didn’t let Eddie see the tears that were streaming down her cheeks.

Eddie stared after her, tears welling in his own eyes. He didn’t actually think she’d choose “nothing.”

Eddie stumbled into his dormitory, tears still streaming down his face, the image of his Lily walking away from him engraved into his mind. He couldn’t get it out. He walked into the room and saw Asher, Danny, and Jarius all sitting there. They saw him walk in and Danny and Jarius immediately got up and walked out of the room, sending Eddie sympathetic looks. Eddie looked towards Asher, who looked disgruntled.

“Lily told me what happened,” was all he said. Eddie nodded. “Lied to her eh?”

“I...I didn’t think she’d get so upset,” Eddie choked. Asher shook his head.

“I can’t say I have any sympathy for you, mate,” said Asher, looking down. “You of all people know how Lily feels about trust issues. She’s been betrayed so much in the past its only natural she’s like the way she is about trust.”

“I know,” whispered Eddie. “I messed up.”

“She wanted to be friends with you, bloke,” said Asher, guiding Eddie towards his bed and sitting him down. Eddie was too depressed to move. “Why did you deny her friendship?”

"How can you be friends with someone who you are in love with?" Eddie asked, looking desperately up at his friend..

"Its better than nothing," said Asher, shrugging. "I mean, if I loved a girl the way you loved Lily, I would want her in my life than not."

"But, what if she starts dating some bloke and falls in love with him? I'd just be her friend! I'd have to sit back and watch that! That would kill me inside!" Eddie said, tears streaming down his face again.

"I don't know Ed," mumbled Asher. "All I know is that if you love Lily the way you say you do, even if she did fall in love with some other bloke, you'd be there for her. Be happy for her."

"Whatever," muttered Eddie angrily, kicking a book across the room. "What would you know about it anyway? The only reason you date girls is for a good snog! You've never truly cared about any of the girls you've dated!"

"Excuse me," Asher snapped angrily, his eyes narrowed in a dangerous glare. "But when I dated Lily, I happened to care about her very much. She was the girl that made me see that dating girls for a good snog is not the way to go. I changed after that. In case you hadn't notice, I've been with Yvonne ever since and happen to care about her a great deal!"

"But you don't love her the way I love Lily!"

"Probably not," Asher admitted. "But I don't lie to Yvonne."

"Are you trying to be smart?" Eddie said, taking a dangerous step towards his friend.

"No, I'm being honest." Eddie didn't know how to respond to this. His face turned red and he clenched his fists. He would never hit Asher, but boy did he want to. Why? Because he knew Asher right.

"What makes you think you're so wise?"

"I never said I was," said Asher. "I don't think I am either. But I'm not the guy that lied to his girlfriend and then denied a friendship with her, especially if I knew I couldn't live without her."

"Oh stuff it Ash!" Eddie snapped. He turned on heel, his fists clenched, and a nasty look on his face. He headed towards the door in a rage, mostly with himself.

"Be friends with her mate," he heard Asher say from behind. "You'll regret if you don't. But, you'll never regret having her in your life."

Eddie stopped for a moment and closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. He then opened them and stormed out of the door and into the Common Room. When he got to the bottom of the stairs he saw her; Lily, laying on the sofa with a book in her lap, her back against the fluffy pillows, and her knees supporting the book that was resting in her lap. On the table next to her was a huge bowl of popcorn soaked in butter. Eddie smiled at the sight of her, his heart pounding hard against his rib cage and butterflies doing cartwheels in his stomach. He knew deep down Asher was right. Eddie couldn't live without Lily Potter in his life, whether it be as a friend or girlfriend, Eddie needed her in his life. Without her, he could never live a full and happy life, he would feel incomplete without her. How could he have been so stupid? Was it too late to make things right? Eddie decided to take Asher's advice and try to work things out. At least talk to her. Eddie took a deep breath and made his way over to Lily. He stood beside the sofa she was laying. She didn't look up. Whether she noticed his presence, Eddie did not know. He took another deep breath.

"Hey," he said, his voice sounding hoarse. Lily looked up and gave a small smile.

"Hi," she said simply. The two gave each other very awkward grins.

"Can I sit down?" Eddie asked, gesturing towards the sofa. Lily looked at her feet, thought for a moment, and shrugged.

"I suppose," she said as she moved her feet to the floor so that Eddie could sit down. Eddie breathed in relief inside and took a seat beside her. Lily continued to read her book. Eddie stared at her for moment.

The tension was so thick you could cut it with a toothpick. He couldn't believe how it was this awkward to talk to Lily. His Lily. It was never awkward between them and this new tension was foreign to him. He was sure Lily felt the same. Eddie ran a frustrated hand through his bushy red hair and took another glance at Lily.

"So, what are you reading?" he asked, trying to sound casual. But he knew he sounded nervous as anything.

"*A Clockwork Orange*," said Lily. "Truly a sick book. The main character is one sadistic puppy. And I can't seem to pick up on the slang."

"Oh."

Yet, another awkward silence. Eddie gestured towards the bowl of popcorn.

"Nick that from the kitchen?"

"No, I found Dobby cleaning the third year dorms and asked if he could get me a bowl. A good elf, that Dobby." Lily said pleasantly.

"Yeah, he was always a big help when it came to the kitchens," said Eddie, stuffing his hands deep into the pockets of his robes. He always did that when he was anxious or nervous about something.

There was yet another awkward silence. Eddie couldn't take the tension anymore. It made him want to explode. He wanted to be able to talk to Lily the way he always had, ever since they were little to a few hours ago. He ran another frustrated hand through his hair.

"Ed, not to sound rude but did you want something, or did you come here to make small talk?" Lily asked, trying not to sound snotty, but she didn't like tension anymore than Eddie.

"Not small talk," said Eddie, "just talk."

"I see," said Lily as she closed her book. "So talk."

“Okay,” said Eddie, not really knowing what to say. Lily put a hand on his shoulder, a way of showing him that she would listen.

“Listen Lily, I really am sorry for lying to you,” Eddie said sincerely. Lily nodded.

“I know you are.”

“And I want you to know, it will never happen again! I swear, I will never tell you another lie as long as I live!” Eddie said, taking her hands in his, sounding almost desperate.

“You’re going to have to prove that in time, Eddie,” said Lily. Eddie’s grip on her hands tightened.

“I know.”

There was another long pause, though this one now as awkward as the previous ones.

“I still love you, Lily,” said Eddie, tears welling up in his eyes. “I always will.”

“I know.”

“And...and I made a mistake.”

“I know.”

“And, I don’t want to have to pay for that mistake for the rest of my life.” Eddie explained. Lily just stared, listening intently. “I hope you can forgive me and let me change my decision on that friendship offer.”

“You want to be friends?” Lily asked, a glimmer of hope in her eyes. Eddie looked into them, into her soul.

“Yes,” he said, “more than anything!”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Good,” said Lily. “Me too.”

With that, the two gave each other a genuine smile and shared a hug; as friends.

The next morning, the news had spread. Lily Potter and Eddie Weasley were no longer dating and had taken a great toll on the dating peers of Hogwarts. It shocked people even more when it was confirmed the next morning; when Lily, Eddie, and Asher walked into breakfast, and Asher was walking in between both Lily and Eddie.

“You’d think what with everything going on in the world, people would find something more interesting to talk about,” said Lily as she poured herself a glass of milk. Eddie shrugged.

“No one wants to talk about You-Know-Who during breakfast Lil,” said Asher dryly. “Not everyone can talk about that as lightly as you can. Hogwarts gossip is kind of an escape from all that dread and fear. Escape from reality.”

“Whatever,” Lily muttered as she poured herself a bowl of cereal. Eddie did all he could not to stare or watch her. Asher gave him the whole speech about how there were plenty of other fish in the sea and it was time to move on.

As Eddie was about to help himself to some eggs and sausage, Hermione had come to the table, a very furious expression on her face.

“Edward, I would like to see you in my office immediately after breakfast,” she said sternly, anger never leaving her features. Eddie’s eyes widened in fear for a moment but he nodded obediently. Hermione turned on heel and walked out of the Great Hall.

“Wow, sounds like you’re in trouble,” said Asher.

“What makes you say that?” Eddie asked, trying to sound innocent and hopeful.

“She called you by your full name,” said Lily, “she only does that when she’s downright furious at you or you’re in major trouble.”

Eddie knew they were both right.

Eddie stopped in front of the statue of the gargoyle, his hands buried into the pockets of his robes. He hadn’t eaten much at breakfast, knowing he was probably in serious trouble. For what, he did not know. Maybe she was made about he and Lily’s break-up? Eddie doubted it. He took a deep breath.

“Bubble Yum,” he said. The gargoyle opened and he stepped on to the spiraling stairs. He reached the door of Hermione’s office and slowly knocked.

“Come in,” he heard his mother voice call out. Eddie slowly opened the door and stepped in, closing it behind him. He saw Hermione and Professor Delinor standing by the window. Both looked furious at the sight of him. Eddie’s stomach clenched and he paled.

“Edward,” Hermione said sternly. She took a seat behind her desk.

“Mum,” he said, nodding politely. “Professor Delinor.” Neither woman responded.

“Have a seat, Edward,” said Hermione. Eddie took a seat in front of her desk. Delinor took the other, giving Eddie the dirtiest of all dirty looks. “Professor Delinor has told me an interesting story this morning.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, she said you accused her of being a liar and disrespected her?” Hermione asked, looking angry. Eddie already lied to Lily. He figured it would be pointless to lie to his mother as well.

“Yes, yes, I did,” said Eddie, looking at his feet. Hermione took in a deep breath.

“Ed, you realize the seriousness in this? You called your professor an old hag. You accused her of lying.” Hermione said gently, yet with a stern look on her face. “I could suspend you.”

“Well, the truth hurts,” Eddie muttered.

“Excuse me?”

“I said, the truth hurts!” Eddie snapped. Hermione looked a taken back.

“What truth?”

“The truth that Professor Delinor is a liar!” Eddie snapped. “A liar and a selfish coward!

“Watch your tongue Weezley!” Delinor snapped. Hermione was on her feet.

“Yes, Edward, watch yourself!”

“How can you defend this woman mum? After all she’s done? She abandons your goddaughter then comes to this school and acts like her damn best friend!” Eddie shouted, also getting to his feet. “Sending her gifts, favoring her! Like she has some claim over her!”

Hermione and Delinor were silent as Eddie took in some much needed angry breaths. Delinor looked more furious than ever, but her rosy cheeks had gone deathly pale. Hermione was looking at Eddie as though she had never quite seen him before.

“Ed,” she said, coming to the front of the desk and standing before her son, looking him in the eye. “What exactly are you talking about?”

“Delinor,” started Eddie, “she’s been sending Lily gifs. Favoring her in class.”

“Oh?” Now Hermione looked angry. She slowly turned to face Delinor. “Now, Dominique, I ask you. Why the urge to get on Miss Potter’s good side? Trying to earn her trust of some sort?”

“Why are you accusing me?” Delinor asked incredulously.

“Because there are many people out there who want Miss Potter dead and any suspicious activity around her, like trying to get on her good side is well...suspicious.” Hermione said, her hand in her robes, ready to pull out her wand if necessary.

“No, mum!” Eddie said urgently, realizing what Hermione was implying. “I don’t think Delinor wants Lily dead!”

“Zat is ze last zing I want!” she snapped angrily.

“Yes, no mother wants their daughter dead,” snarled Eddie, “just as long as they’re not in their lives, right?”

“I’m warning you Weezley...” Delinor growled. Hermione put her hand up to silence her, and looked at Eddie in shock.

“What did you say, Ed?” Hermione asked in a deathly whisper.

“You heard me, mum,” Eddie said coolly. “Dominique Delinor is the mother of Lily Potter. She’s Lily’s mum! The woman who abandoned Lily on a doorstep when she was a baby!”

“Ed, stop!” Hermione said, telling him to silence. “Go to class!”

“But-”

“*Go to class!*” she shouted at him with her, ‘Do not make me tell you again,’ look on her face. Eddie nodded and bolted out of the office, closing the door behind him. He didn’t dare bother to try and listen in. He knew Hermione would check and Eddie knew he was in enough trouble as it was.

Chapter 20 - Death Eater Undercover:

Frustrated with his bad leg, he took out his wand and placed a well known spell on his leg to keep him walking like a strong, young man. He was very old; too old to be doing these kinds of assignments. But, what his Master wanted, his Master got. He was not about to defy the Dark Lord.

Ever since he was young, he looked down at the Muggle-borns that entered his business and he grew more hatred towards them. He wanted them and all Muggles dead. He was from a pure-blooded family. But, his sister was born a Squib, a disgrace to his family. He murdered her when he joined the Dark Lord. She was his sacrifice. She was such a disgrace that killing gave him no remorse whatsoever. Besides, he was doing what he was meant to do; killing Muggles and Muggle-borns and serving his Master.

The spell he placed on his leg quickly numbed the pain and he headed towards up the hill, towards the old Riddle House, where his Master would be waiting for him. Oh, he was going to be honored beyond his dreams!

He knocked on the door of the Riddle House. Two hooded figures opened the door, pointing their wands at him. He stumbled back and the two figures took in his face and groaned.

"No one interesting or worth killing," one of the said in a deep voice. "Just Raa."

"Yes," the man with injured leg, known as Raa, muttered darkly, "just me."

"What do you want?" asked the second figure. Raa knew this voice. It was an old man called Lucius Malfoy. Raa respected Lucius. They were in charge of Muggle torture before their Master was defeated by Harry Potter.

"I need to speak to my Master," said Raa. "Its important."

"And what would an old man like you have anything worth saying?" the first hooded figure muttered angrily.

“Now, Jasper Lestrangle,” said Lucius sternly, “your mother and father think very highly of this man. Genius in Muggle torture. You can learn a great deal from him. Now, Raa, what can I do you for? I see you lost your accent.”

“Yes,” said Raa briskly, ignoring Lucius’ last comment. “I have something that would greatly interest the Dark Lord.”

“He wishes to not be disturbed right now. He’s still greatly annoyed at the Hogsmeade incident, which I’m sure you of all people would know all about that.”

“Yes, I know,” said Raa. “But trust me, this is worth seeing him about.”

“Raa-”

“I insist!”

Lucius knew there was nothing he could do. He knew how stubborn Raa was. There was no way to get around it. And the Dark Lord did ask to see anyone who had any news of anything in particular.

“Fine, Jasper, please tell our Master that Raa would like to see him,” said Lucius. Jasper nodded and walked back into the house. Lucius turned to Raa. “This better be good, Raa, for your sake.”

“Oh trust me, it is good,” said Raa, an evil smile spreading across his wrinkled face. He then noticed Jasper disappear into a room.

“Quite young to be a Death Eater, eh?”

“Jasper? Oh, he’s in his twenties. Not so young. Draco received the Mark at eighteen. Bellatrix’s son. Has great ambition.”

“Being Bellatrix’s son I can only imagine.” Jasper returned to the door.

“The Dark Lord says this better be good,” snapped Jasper. “Follow me.” Lucius nodded and Raa followed Jasper into the next room. Sitting in the room with him were an old man with greasy gray hair. Raa knew this to be Severus Snape. Sitting beside him was Lucius’

son Draco and his wife Pansy. Beside her was Bellatrix Lestrange herself, looking elder than ever. Sitting in the middle, in his throne was Lord Voldemort, his snake Nagini by his side. Raa bowed.

“Raa,” sneered Voldemort in his cold high voice. “I haven’t heard from you in quite some time. Its not wise to keep the Dark Lord in suspense.”

“Yes,” said Raa, bowing deeper. “Yes, forgive my Master. But I assure you, my absence has been well worth the wait.” He stood tall and kneeled before his Master, holding out a green, silk bag. “I have it, my Master.”

“What is ‘it,’ exactly Raa?” Voldemort sneered.

“The Stone of Merlin.”

That was when a rock hit the pit of Severus Snape’s stomach. Lord Voldemort had found what he had been looking for and Raa would be honored beyond his wildest dreams.

“HE HAS IT?” Sirius Black screamed out into the dim light of Hermione Granger’s office.

“Yes, Voldemort has found the Stone of Merlin,” said Snape, looking disgruntled. Sirius punched the brick wall and screamed with anger and frustration.

“Sirius please!” Hermione said in a choked voice.

“I assure you, Black, none of us are any happier than you are.”

Hermione sat at her desk, her hands covering her eyes as tears streamed from them. That, the Stone of Merlin, was their last hope. If it was possible, Lily was in even more danger. They had promised Harry that they would protect her and they were failing miserably.

“How?” Ron shouted. “How could he have gotten his hands on it.”

“Raa.”

“Snape, there is no time for your sarcastic-”

“I am not being cynical Black!” snapped Snape. “The man who gave Voldemort the Stone goes by the name of Raa.”

“Raa? What the hell kind of name is Raa?” Sirius asked darkly.

“I believe that Raa is not his real name. That is just what he goes by,” said Snape. “I do not know Raa’s real name. Very few people do. Old man, keeps to himself. Only comes when he is called upon or has some useful information for Voldemort. Clever old man. I bet he was looking for the Stone so he, himself, could present it to Voldemort. Be honored beyond all recognition.”

“Do you know of anyone who knows this Raa’s real name?” Remus asked reasonably.

“I only know of two, the Dark Lord himself, and Lucius Malfoy,” said Snape.

“Why Malfoy?”

“He and Malfoy worked together for many years in torturing Muggles and Muggle-borns. About a year before Harry Potter defeated him when he was a baby, Raa was severely injured. Could no longer do any sort of action or anything physical. I believe he served as a spy after that.” Snape explained.

“Do you know where he was injured?”

“His leg I believe.”

“Okay, Severus,” started Hermione. “Go back to the Riddle House. Do everything you can to find out the real identity of this Raa. It might give us a clue to how he got his hands on the Stone and maybe help us try to figure out a way to get it into our hands.”

“I’ll do my very best,” said Snape.

“Thank you, Severus.” With that, Snape turned on heel, his cloak swirling behind him and he left the office in a hurry.

"I can't believe he has the Stone!" Ron muttered, collapsing into a chair. "I wish Harry had told us what was really said in that room when Dumbledore died!"

"He did tell us, Ron," said Hermione impatiently. "And he told us the truth. Harry never lied to us, even when it came to matters concerning Voldemort. Especially if it concerned Voldemort."

"He told us that Dumbledore gave him the Stone!" Ron nearly shouted. "If that's the truth, it would be among his possessions! And we would have it! We would be safe! I doubt Harry let that go lightly!"

"Maybe he hid it somewhere safe," Hermione suggested.

"Obviously not safe enough, considering it's in Voldemort's hands now," muttered Remus, running a hand down his tired face. Ron opened his mouth to say something but Remus stopped him. "Don't bother, Ron. It's a known fact that Dumbledore gave Harry the Stone on his deathbed. Harry showed it to me shortly after he received it and I saw him with it several times after. The Stone was known last to be with Harry Potter."

"Then what happened to it?"

"If only we knew..."

A long tense pause. Nobody seemed to have any clue on how the Stone of Merlin fell into the hands of Lord Voldemort.

"Okay, now that Voldemort has the Stone, what is to be done with Lily?" Hermione asked anxiously.

"Well, she can't very well go out without protection," said Remus. "Someone is going to have to be with her 24/7."

"Eddie and Asher are always with her," said Ron.

"I doubt Ed and Asher are any match for Lord Voldemort with the Stone of Merlin in his clutches, Ronald," Hermione said dryly. She looked at her watch. "You three decide on this, I need to go. I need to continue my discussion with Dominique this morning."

“Is this meeting about her confrontation with Ed?” Sirius asked. Hermione nodded rubbing the bridge of her nose. She was exhausted. There was a long, pregnant pause.

“Do you really think she might be Lily’s mother?” Ron asked slowly. Hermione sighed.

“I don’t know what to think anymore,” she whispered. She then turned to the three men. “You two just worry about Lily’s protection. Figure something out. She is in grave danger. She needs constant supervision!” With that, Hermione walked out of her office, closing the door behind her. Ron turned to the older men in frustration.

“AHHH!” he shouted. “What are we going to do? That girl is a magnet for trouble! Constant supervision is impossible with her or any Potter for that matter!”

“Well, neither of us can follow her around 24/7,” said Sirius. “She’d suspect something. And plus the fact she’ll hate us following her around everywhere.”

“Then what do we do?” Ron asked desperately. There was a long silence as Sirius and Ron paced around the room in a nervous pace. It didn’t help either of them think. Remus, however, slowly walked to the window and stared at the sunrise. He could hear the children coming from the dormitories and piling into the Great Hall for breakfast. He looked out towards the Forbidden Forest and saw an abandon hut right at the edge of it. A lightbulb when on in his head.

“I know!” Remus shouted with excitement.. The other three looked at him curiously. “Ron, tell Hermione we need one of her school owls! We need to get in touch with Rubeus Hagrid immediately!”

Chapter 21 – Greetings and Meetings:

Eddie let out a loud yawn and a long stretch of his arms as he headed down towards the Great Hall for breakfast. He had taken extra long in the shower to think about certain things and had told Asher to take Lily and go on ahead without him, that he'd catch up with them. When he reached the Great Hall, the first thing he looked for was that little golden blonde head, but it was nowhere in sight. Eddie furrowed his eyebrows and headed towards the Gryffindor table.

"Where's Lily?" Eddie asked as he sat down between Mandy and Asher at breakfast in the early morning. Asher was scooping of spoonful of eggs into this mouth.

"Im beb," he mumbled. Eddie could see his half chewed eggs rolling around in his mouth and looked away in disgust.

"Mandy?"

"Still in bed," said Mandy, softly. "She said she'd rather sleep an extra hour than eat breakfast."

Eddie rolled his eyes and helped himself to some pancakes. As he ate he looked up at the staff table at his mum. She could see she was glaring at Delinor in a strange way as Delinor was looking very anxious and shooting random looks around the room. He knew she would be having a meeting with his mum today and he figured she was probably nervous. 'Time to face the wrath of Lily Potter's godmother,' Eddie thought smugly to himself. Asher caught Eddie's eye and grinned. He too knew that Delinor was in for it.

After breakfast, Asher and Eddie headed towards Defense Against the Dark Arts, both curious to why Lily hadn't come down yet. Class started in five minutes. Their questions were answered when they saw Lily, still in her pajamas, racing down the staircase at top speed, a note in her hand. A look of pure joy and happiness was lit all over her face. She reminded the two boys of a two year old child at Christmas time.

“Lily?” Asher asked confusedly. “What-?”

“FORGET CLASS!” shouted happily. “HAGRID’S HERE!”

“What?” Eddie and Asher asked in unison, not fully comprehending what she was talking about. Lily ignored them and raced through the Entrance Hall and out into the sunlight, still wearing nothing but pajamas and she was barefoot. The boys gave each other weird looks and immediately raced after her. They had both agreed to never let Lily out of their sight if they could. They saw Lily racing across the grounds and towards the lake. They followed. Standing by the lake was a big, burly man, reaching about nine foot. His shaggy brown, but graying, hair was long and his beard was just as long and shaggy. He wore a long animal skinned cloak and was skipping rocks in the lake. They knew that figure anywhere. It was Rubeus Hagrid. Eddie and Asher shared excited smiles and raced after Lily, who had already reached Hagrid and had already thrown her arms around him in a giant hug.

“Hagrid!” Lily cried out. “Oh Hagrid I missed you so much!”

“Heh, I missed yeh too lil Lily,” he chuckled heartedly, returning the hug and stroking her head affectionately. Hagrid loved Lily just as much as he had loved Harry. But, the only difference was that Hagrid always had friendly feelings towards Harry, for Lily, he had come to grow fatherly feelings towards her. But he had loved them both all the same. “Wow, yeh got pretty Lily,” said Hagrid. “Prob’ly get ‘em boys knockin’ down ‘em door eh?”

“Ha, no, not really,” Lily said good naturedly. “Everyone here pretty much avoids me like I have the plague or something.”

“Now why would anyone wanna do that?”

“Because I’m a Potter,” Lily said simply. “But let’s not talk about that now. What are you doing here? How have you been? How’s Olympe? Sampson?”

“Haha! Calm down Lily, I’ll tell yeh everythin.” Hagrid said with a smile. “Eddie! Asher!”

The two boys came over and both gave Hagrid a good handshake and what Lily called, 'a man hug.'

"Still lookin' after Lily I sees," Hagrid said smiling.

"But of course," said Asher, smiling. "We all know how Lily Billy finds trouble so sexy and can't resist and needs protecting."

"Har, har har," Lily said sarcastically. Hagrid laughed.

"How I missed yeh three," he said happily. "Yeh kids always made me laugh." Then he looked around. "Where's Robby? I'd like to see her too."

Lily, Eddie, and Asher all exchanged nervous looks. They knew the attack on Hogwarts probably made the France papers but more than likely, didn't give the names of those who had died and who were murdered in the attack. Not sure whether the news of Robyn's death would break Hagrid's heart, the boys knew talking about it would break Lily's.

"She died on the attack during Halloween," Eddie explained, pleading Hagrid with his eyes not to press the subject, knowing how it was such a touchy subject to Lily. Eddie felt that sometimes maybe Lily still blamed herself for Robby's death. Hagrid saw the pleading look in the boys' eyes and didn't press the subject any further. He made a mental note to ask Hermione or Remus about it later on, and why they hadn't mentioned it to him.

"Well, let's go try fix up me hut," Hagrid suggested. "Haven' been in there in years!" He headed towards the edge of the Forbidden Forest and Lily jogged to keep up with Hagrid's long strides. Eddie and Asher, being taller, didn't have that much of a problem of keeping up.

"You're staying?" Lily asked excitedly. Eddie and Asher, however, threw each other looks of suspicion.

"Yep, with me boy and me wife at Beaboxtons, figured I'm come here. Be gamekeeper again. Somethin' to do while me family is at school." Hagrid explained.

"How are Olympe and Sampson?" Lily asked curiously. Hagrid smiled.

"Good. Both of 'em say 'hi.' Sampson started Beaboxtons this year," Hagrid said proudly, his chest puffing out. Lily smiled. She knew that Hagrid was ecstatic that his son was going to wizarding school, even if it wasn't Hogwarts. He would have the opportunity that Hagrid, unfortunately, never got because of that git, Tom Riddle.

"I bet you're proud," Eddie said smiling. Hagrid's chest puffed out even more so.

"Ya have no idea me boy," he said beaming. "How you three been?"

"Well," Eddie said simply. "Getting ready for our N.E.W.T.S; life can't be that fabulous." They all let out small chuckles, when Hagrid looked down at Lily with eyes full of concern.

"Hermione and Sirius are really worried about ya, Lily," said Hagrid. Lily's eyes narrowed and she turned away. "Said ya been in a lot of trouble. And that You-Know-Who is getting stronger..."

"So what if he is?" Lily snapped bitterly. She *hated* Voldemort with everything she had and couldn't help but feel such anger when he came up in conversations. "I can take care of myself!"

"Yeah, ya can," Hagrid said softly. He dropped the subject. He paused and looked at Lily. "Ya should go to class."

"Yeah, Remus will have my head if I miss another class," Lily said with a small smile. Eddie rolled his eyes.

"I'll walk ya to ya class," Hagrid suggested, remembering his assignment. Then he noticed Lily was in pajamas and was barefoot in the cold. "Or maybe ya should go and change first. C'mere, don' want ya catchin' cold." With that, Hagrid lifted Lily and sat her on his right shoulder and headed towards the castle.

Lily grinned broadly, was just so ecstatic to have Hagrid back at Hogwarts that she didn't even begin to think that real reason he'd come back to the school was to keep a protective eye on Lily. The

boys followed Hagrid to the castle, talking nonstop the whole way there.

"I can't believe you didn't tell me!" Hermione said angrily, throwing her hands up in the air. "Don't you think I would have liked to have known something like that? You're her *mother*!"

"Would you 'ave 'ired me if I 'ad told you zat!"

Hermione opened her mouth to argue that she would have, but then closed it softly, knowing perfectly well that would be a lie. She would not have hired had she had told her that she was Lily's mother.

"No, I suppose I would have not," she said with a sigh. "And I will not lie now when I say I have a strong urge to fire you..."

"What? Why? You can't! I need zis job!"

"Please Miss De-"

"Ermione, pleeze," she begged. "I'll retire as soon as I can find anuzzer job. Pleeze!"

Hermione glared at the beautiful woman standing before her. She had never seen her so vulnerable and desperate. As much as she hated the woman for abandoning both Harry and Lily, she knew it'd be wrong to fire her based on personal reasons. She was a talented witch and an excellent teacher. It'd be pointless to fire a professor so late into the year. Hermione closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath, coming out in a sigh. When she reopened her eyes, her glare did not cease.

"Fine," she said shortly. "You may stay."

"Oh 'Ermione!" she cried out in joy. "Zank you! Zank you so much! You 'ave a 'eart of pure gold! 'Ow can I ever-"

"You want to thank me? Just stay away from Lily," Hermione snapped.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'll be keeping my eye on you," Hermione said angrily. "And if I see you so much as look at Lily outside any classroom necessities, you'll be sorry you ever stepped foot in this castle. Understood?"

There was a long, pregnant pause.

"Is that understood?" Hermione asked sharply.

"But, she is my daughter-

"Don't you dare call her your daughter!" Hermione snarled. "You abandoned her! You are no mother to her! She's too good to be your daughter. Go near her for anything other than outside necessities and you'll lose your jobs so fast it'll make your head spin!"

There was another, long, awkward pause.

"Yes, 'Eadmistress," she said quietly. "I understand."

"Good," said Hermione. She retreated to behind her desk again and sat down, taking a quill in her hand. "So we're finished here. You may go."

"Wait, 'Ermione, we're not finished." Hermione looked up at her, eyebrow raised.

"On Lilee's graduation day, I 'ave ever intention on telling 'er on 'ho I am."

"Excuse me?"

"I plan to tell Lilee zat I am 'er muzzer when she graduates."

"No!" Hermione said urgently, getting up from her seat. "You cannot tell Lily that. You shouldn't tell Lily that."

"Why not?"

"Because she doesn't want to know," explained Hermione. "She said it herself. She refuses to know who her mother is. It'll only make her

dislike you, or not respect you at the very least. I'm warning you for your own benefit, do not tell her you're her mother!"

"Once she graduates you 'ave no say on what 'appens to her and if I wish to tell 'er I am her muzzer, zen I will and you will not stop me. NOW we are finished." She turned, stalked out of the office, and slammed the door behind her.

Hermione sat down in one of her chairs, burying her face in her hands, pitying the day that poor woman tells Lily that she is the woman who abandoned her and her father.

"If she only knew her daughter..." Hermione whispered gently to herself before rubbing the bridge of her nose and going over to the fireplace to tell her husband, Ron, what had just happened.

Chapter 22 – The Missing Pendent

“Ready?” Remus asked his friend, Sirius, cautiously. Sirius closed his eyes in pain for a brief moment before nodding. Remus nodded and stuck the tiny key into the lock of the tiny home that stood in the middle of a Muggle suburb. It was where Harry had lived with Lily and Sirius. After Harry’s murder, Sirius couldn’t bear to be in that house any longer, not with all the memories, and he took Lily and moved in with Remus for over the summer. Remus had a decently sized home and was able to add an extra room in for Lily, by using magic of course. Sirius had locked up the house and had not returned to it since Harry’s funeral.

The two men stepped into the house and looked around. It smelled of mold and dirt. You could tell it had not been touched in months. Even the grass in the front lawn had reached at least a foot high. Dust was hanging from every surface of the house and Remus noticed a mouse scatter across the kitchen floor.

“Could have at least hired a caretaker, Sirius,” Remus mumbled with an annoyed voice. “This was Harry’s house. Should have respected it and kept it nice.”

“I didn’t think,” Sirius muttered, ashamed at the thought as well. “I was just, I don’t know Remus.”

“Ah Padfoot, don’t worry,” he said grinning. “I’m sure Harry appreciates the fact you’re taking care of his daughter, rather than his house.” Sirius grinned at his friend before heading to the staircase.

“He told me he kept in a safe under his bed,” Sirius told his friend, changing the subject of the house and Lily. His friend nodded.

“I’m sure it has some kind of lock or code or something to get in,” said Remus smartly. Sirius nodded.

“It does, and when I asked him about it, he said that when we saw the box, we’d know how to open it.”

“How?”

"I trust him," Sirius said simply, walking up the stairs towards the three bedrooms. Remus shrugged and followed him up to the second floor. He heard some rustling coming from Harry's room and followed the sounds. He stood in the doorway and saw Sirius struggling under Harry's bed pulling out his old chest. He had had that chest since his first year at Hogwarts. Sirius clipped it open and pulled out some Quidditch magazines, his broom cleaning equipment, old schoolbooks and other books, his photo album filled with pictures of he and his parents, Sirius, Ron, Hermione, Remus, Ginny, all of the Weasleys, Lily, Eddie, and one even had a picture of Lily, Eddie, Asher, and Robyn all together. Finally, all the way at the bottom of the chest was a small wooden box. Sirius fingered the box and tried lift open the lid, but it wouldn't budge. Remus nodded and nudged his head forward.

"I suppose that's it?"

"I'd imagine so," Sirius said shrugging. "I don't know how to open it though. He said we'd figure it out."

"Well, let's figure it out then, shall we?" Remus walked forward and took the box from Sirius, examining it. Both men sat there with narrowed eyes, wondering, thinking of how this box could possibly open. They tried Alohomora, and other magic locks. They even tried using passwords, such as "Stag," or "Scar," "Tiger Lily," and other important words that meant something to Harry. But, nothing seem to work.

"He didn't say anything else about it?" Remus asked, still deep in thought, studying the box.

"No, he only said you and me would be the only people to figure it out," Sirius said, getting extremely impatient with the opening of the box. He ran his fingers through his graying black hair. Remus looked at him sharply.

"Wait, he said you and I would be the only two to figure it out? Just you and me?"

"Yes..."

“Padfoot!” Remus called out. “Why didn’t you mention THAT! That’s very specific. It makes it so obvious now.”

“You know how to open it?”

“Sure, just give me your wand,” Remus said simply. Sirius narrowed his eyes in wonderment, but nevertheless, handed his friend his wand. Remus took the wand in his hand and tapped the box once.

“I solemnly swear I am up to no good!” Remus said loud and clear. And slowly, very slowly, the lid of the box snapped open. Sirius’ eyes widened in amazement and he stared at Remus, who was grinning proudly.

“I don’t know who is more brilliant, Harry or you,” said Sirius. Remus’ grin widened and he shrugged. He reached into the box and took out a large, but simple manila colored envelope. On the front of the envelope it said, “The Will of Harry James Potter” written in Harry’s sloppy handwriting. Sirius and Remus looked at each other and nodded before Remus slipped the envelope back into the box. He closed the box and helped Sirius put all of Harry’s belongings back in the chest and under the bed. Then they disappeared back to Hogsmeade; Harry’s will in their clutches.

“I love you so much Hermione,” Ron whispered against his wife’s lips, his eyes closed, enjoying the sensation of holding her in his arms. He felt her lips spread into a wide smile and kissed him gently.

“I love you too you big git,” she whispered back. Ron pressed his lips against her own again, before the door of Hermione’s office burst open and Ron was so startled that he shoved his wife behind him away from the door and looked towards it, wand out, ready to strike. But, it was only Sirius and Remus who stood in the doorway. Remus looked serious, while Sirius had a big, mischievous grin on his face.

“So, that is what you use your office for when no one is around, eh Hermione?” Sirius asked, giving the two adults a wink. Hermione blushed and Ron rolled his eyes.

"In times like these Sirius I try and show my wife how much I love her as often as I can," Ron said coolly. Sirius put his hands up in defense.

"Hey, I wasn't lecturing you, Ron," he said, still grinning. "I was just gonna suggest you two find a more private place to snog-"

"Alright enough!" Hermione said sternly, her cheeks glowing bright red. "I think we have more important matters to discuss!"

"Oh Hermione," said Remus good naturedly, "you know you're only changing the subject because you're so embarrassed that you got walked in on." Hermione blushed even harder.

"I thought you were the reasonable, polite one Remus," she muttered desperately. Remus shrugged, now wearing a similar grin to Sirius.'

"I still have the Marauder in me."

"I can see that," she mumbled. Ron rolled his eyes at the scene and turned to the two older man, pocketing his wand.

"Did you two find it?"

"We did."

"And?"

"We figured the four of us should open it together," Sirius explained. "Along with Lily and Eddie."

"Lily and Eddie?"

"Yes, I'm sure a good majority of Harry's belongings went to Lily, so she should be here when we read out Harry's will."

"True," Hermione said slowly, "but why Eddie?"

"Oh c'mon," Sirius said exasperatedly. "You know that wherever Lily goes, Eddie goes."

"Still smitten with her, eh?"

“More so than ever.”

Why did they break-up?” Hermione asked. “I liked the thought of Ed and Lily together.” All three men shrugged.

“No idea.”

There was a long pause as everyone stared at the wooden box that sat in Remus’ hands. Hermione let out a long sigh.

“Sirius, would you go get Lily and Hagrid and bring them here? And if Ed insists, he may come too.”

Sirius nodded and left the office in search of Lily. Remus handed Hermione the box and she placed it on the desk. With the flick of her hand she had three mugs and a large pot of steaming hot tea sitting on her desk. She gestured towards the desk as she sat down behind it.

“Help yourselves,” she said. She poured herself a cup and handed Ron the pot. The three of them all sipped their tea in comfortable silence, wondering what on earth Harry’s will would say. Before any of them could ponder any longer, Sirius walked in with Lily and Hagrid on his heels.

“Hey,” she said cheerfully. “What’s going on?”

“Tea, Lily?” Hermione asked politely. Lily nodded and another mug appeared on the desk. Hermione poured her a glass and handed it to her. She looked up at Hagrid.

“Hagrid, some tea?” Hermione asked as she poured another cup. She handed Hagrid the cup. Lily was sipping her tea timidly and grinned at everyone.

“So...?”

“Lily, we recovered Harry’s will,” Remus explained. “We thought you should be here when we read it.” Lily’s grin slowly faded when Remus told her the reason they had brought her here. She looked down at her mug, closed her eyes for a moment, as though trying to hold back

tears, and nodded. Remus pulled out his wand and pointed it at a tiny wooden box, sitting on Hermione's desk.

"I solemnly swear I am up to no good!" he cried out and box opened. Remus pulled out the letter and opened the envelope. He read it slowly to himself for a moment then took a deep breath and looked up at the crowd surrounding him. "Well, here it goes."

"All of Harry's financial belongings; money, gold, vault in Gringotts, all belong to Lily Potter. The house in the Muggle suburb also goes to Lily Potter. Custody of Lily Potter goes to Sirius Black until her seventeenth birthday. If Sirius Black is unable to take care of Lily Potter, custody goes to Ron and Hermione Weasley. The Marauder's Map and the Invisibility Cloak go to Lily Potter."

Remus kept reading off the will and if any of the belongings that were in the trunk, he handed them out. To Lily, he gave the key to the Gringotts vault, the deed to the house, the Map, the Cloak, and much more. Ron and Hermione inherited some gifts, Sirius inherited Lily, and Remus inherited some gifts as well. Finally, Remus read the final belonging on the will;

"And the Black Pendant goes to Lily Julia Potter and no one else." Remus went through the now empty trunk and found nothing. He looked up at Sirius and Ron and mouthed, 'What Pendant?' They all shrugged.

"Could it be hidden in his house somewhere?" Hermione asked reasonably. Ron shrugged and took the will from Remus.

"Maybe," he said, "but it's just a stupid pendant, why would he hide it somewhere in the house?" As he said this, Remus had taken another small piece of paper inside the envelope and read it, his eyes squinting in confusion and turned to the half-giant standing beside him.

"Hagrid, I believe we're finished here," Remus said quickly. Lily looked up at him, her head cocked to the side, looking at Remus curiously. "Why don't you and Lily head over to dinner?"

Hagrid nodded, grinning and placed his hands on Lily's shoulders.

"Come Lily," he said smiling. Lily did not take away her curious glance away from Remus, knowing something was going on. Remus noticed Lily's look, a look he knew all too well. The look in which she knew something was up and wanted to know what. "Don't worry, Lily," he said reassuringly. "We'll find the pendent and get it back to you as soon as possible."

Lily's curious face grew even more curious.

"It's just a stupid pendent," she said coolly. "Why is it so important that I get it?"

With that, Hagrid grabbed Lily and practically dragged her out of the office, also recognizing that look on her face. Lily took a glance at Remus before she left, with a knowing look on her face. When the door closed, Remus let out a loud groan.

"How does that girl always manage to outsmart me?" he asked in an exasperated voice.

"She outsmarts everyone mate, even Voldemort himself," said Sirius. "How exactly did she outsmart you though?"

"Well, she now knows the pendent is important," he muttered, "otherwise I wouldn't have been so keen on getting it to her. That's how she knows it is important."

"Is it important that she gets that pendent though?" Ron asked curiously. Remus handed Hermione the tiny note that was in the envelope

"Read it, you tell me." Hermione took the note and read it out loud.

"To my dearest friends; Ron, Hermione, Sirius, Remus, Ginny, and Hagrid. You must make sure that the Black Pendent I leave to Lily finds its way into her hands. It is crucial! Harry."

There was a long pregnant pause.

"That's it?"

“What the bloody hell is that about?” Ron snapped in an annoyed voice. “That doesn’t explain anything.”

“I just says that it’s crucial that the pendent goes to Lily,” said Remus.

“I think that fact explains enough...”

When Lily entered the Great Hall, Hagrid on her heels, and she took a seat between Eddie and Asher for some dinner, she stared at her plate for several moments before Eddie nudged, a concerned look on his face.

“What is it? What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know,” Lily said quietly, as she watched Ron, Hermione, Remus, and Sirius walking into the Great Hall, in a quiet huddle. “But something is going on.”

Chapter 23 – Peeling off the Petals of the Lily:

Lily stared out into the night sky through the window, from the comfort of her bed. It was just one of those nights where a teenage girl had so much on her mind, that sleep was nearly impossible. Everyone has those nights once in awhile, and tonight, Lily was having one of those nights.

Lily couldn't lie to herself anymore. She was scared, overwhelmed. The ongoing threat of Lord Voldemort always lingered in the back of her mind, being constantly supervised by her good friend, and her late father's good friend, Hagrid. She wasn't unintelligent. Lily caught on to why Hagrid was here and following her every move. He was being assigned to protect her, to keep an eye on her. Like Eddie and Asher didn't watch her constantly already. Don't misunderstand her, she loved Hagrid with all of her heart and loved having him around constantly with his cheerful attitude. He brightened up her very dim year here at Hogwarts.

But, those weren't the only things on Lily's mind. One thought that constantly kept nagging her was that deep down, no matter how much she denied it, she could not deny it anymore; Dominique Delinor had to be her mother. It just all added up to Dominique. She liked the effort Dominique was trying to give to make up for lost time, but Lily knew nothing could make up for abandoning her on her father's doorstep and breaking her father's heart. She appreciated her protection Dominique constantly provided for her, but she knew that could not make up for it either. It had to be so much more than that; her very life at the very least.

Harry's death; Lily was slowly but surely moving on from that dreadful night but at the same time, couldn't help but wonder if maybe it was her fault that Harry was dead. Had he never thrown himself in front of that knife for her, he'd still be alive. Everyone always tells her that Harry wanted her to live. That, according to Harry, her life was more important than his own. Harry loved her above anything else and would have done it again if he could. Lily knew this, but sometimes could not help but feel guilty about it. Maybe she was feeling sorry for herself, she did not know. She felt a stab at her heart every time she thought about her Harry, but it was better than breaking down in tears

like she used to. Slowly, but surely, she was moving on with her life. That is what counted right?

Finally, the last but constant thought that plagued Lily Potter's mind; Eddie Weasley. Lily never heard a truer statement than, 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Eddie's absence made her want him only that much more. Yes, he was around constantly and they were still the very best of friends, but it wasn't the same. There were times that Lily just wanted to reach out and grasp his hand tightly, and he would squeeze back, telling her he was there for her and that he always would be. Yes, Lily was indeed still very much in love with Eddie Weasley, and he was no longer her's.

Sometimes Lily regretted her decision of breaking it off with Eddie. Yes, he lied to her but despite that, that does not mean he did not love her. Lily wanted him back, wanted him back in her arms, his kisses, his hugs, just all of him. But would he take her back? Has he moved on? Maybe there was someone else? All of these thoughts plagued Lily's mind and made her sick to her stomach, shake with fear, and gasp for breath. The thought of Eddie with another woman was just devastating for Lily. She nearly had to run to the bathroom for her stomach got so queasy at the thought.

All of these thoughts and burdens sometimes seemed too much for Lily. Tears began to leak out of her eyes and her body racked with heaving sobs. She heard a shuffle from Mandy's bed, knowing she was probably waking her, but ignored her. Lily couldn't take it anymore. She felt like she was ready for a breakdown.

"Lily?" Mandy's tired, groggy voice called out into the darkness. There was a short pause as Mandy listened quietly to Lily's sobs. "Lily what's wrong?"

Lily ignored her and just continued to cry, hugging herself tightly. Mandy jumped out of bed and lit a candle before dashing over to the sobbing Lily.

"Lily?" Mandy asked more urgently. "Lily, are you okay?" She saw the state Lily was in and immediately realized she was not okay. Mandy grabbed her candle and dashed out of the dormitory, returning very

shortly with Eddie Weasley at her feet, a concerned look in his warm chestnut eyes.

"I woke up and she was just bawling. She wouldn't say anything to me so I thought I should come and get you." Mandy explained, gesturing to Lily. Eddie turned to her and nodded.

"Thanks, Mandy," said Eddie. "I'll take it from here."

"I'll go spend the night in the Head Student Common Room down the corridor," said Mandy. "So you can take care of things and I won't get in the way."

"Thanks Mandy, that'd be fantastic," Eddie said encouragingly. "Good night Micrelle." Eddie said giving her a half hug. Mandy returned it before pulling on her robe and lighting a lantern.

"Just take care of her, okay, Weasley?"

"Will do."

With another concerned glance at Lily, she took the lantern and left to the Head Student Common Room for the night. Eddie immediately dashed over to Lily who was cradling herself on her bed, sobbing into her knees. He wrapped his arms around her pulled her tightly to his chest, and she cried gently into it.

"Eddie..." Lily whispered, taking in his scent. Eddie stroked her blonde hair softly, smiling at the way she whispered his name, almost like she needed him. As corny as it sounds, it made him feel warm giddy inside.

"Yeah, Lils, it's me," he said gently. "It's always been me."

"Eddie..." she whispered again. There was a long pause as the cries calmed down considerably and she rested her head against his shoulder.

"What is it Flower?" he asked gently, taking her chin gently and lifting it from his shoulder so he could look into those emerald depths that entranced him, thrilled him, sustained him. Lily looked into his eyes

and Eddie could not read what they told him. They say the eyes are the entrance to the soul, but for the first time in his life, Eddie could not read Lily's soul. Her eyes were dim, blank, and almost gray. The sight made his stomach fall. When had Lily become this unhappy?

"Little Lily, talk to me," he said desperately. "What's wrong?"

"I...I'm scared Eddie..." she whispered quietly, looking into his eyes desperately, pleading for something. What for? Eddie did not know what.

"Lils, if you're scared of Voldemort getting to you, you know I'd always protect you. I'd never let anything hurt you. The same with Sirius, Remus, my parents-"

"I'm not scared about Voldemort, Ed," she said simply, tearing her green eyes away from Eddie's chestnut ones.

A piece of blonde hair had fallen in front of Lily's face. Eddie reached out and tucked it behind her ear. He then let his finger trace down her jaw line, and gently grabbed her chin so that he looked back into his eyes. And what Eddie now saw in her eyes, nearly made him choke on his own saliva.

Her green eyes were suddenly no longer blank, but filled to the brim with emotions, so many emotions that Eddie could not place them all; fear, pain, concern, nervousness, love, hate, and regret. His hand gently began to stroke her cheek and she closed her eyes to soft touch of his hand.

"I love you," she whispered.

Eddie stopped dead and looked at her wide-eyed, his heart pounding against his ribcage, his ears throbbing, his breathing heavy; his very body was betraying him.

"W-what?"

"I still love you," she whispered. "And I'm scared that it's too late. That we can never be together again..."

“Lily,” Eddie choked out, emotion building up in his Adam’s Apple., “it’s never too late. You’re the only girl for me, the only girl I’ll ever love. I’d wait forever for you Lily Potter and longer.”

Lily looked at him again, tears continuing to brim around her eyes. And both of them knew the tears were no longer tears of sadness.

“I regret losing you...”

“I regret lying,” said Eddie. “But Lily, you haven’t lost me as a friend, or as a man who is hopelessly in love with you. You’ll never lose that Lily as long as you live!”

Lily smiled and let tears of joy leak from her eyes. She slowly leaned in and gently brushed her soft lips against Eddie’s. Eddie’s breath stopped in his throat. Lily was his again, and here she was kissing. He was so overjoyed that he did not know whether to scream and shout with happiness or just lean in for another kiss.

He took the latter and they let their lips and tongues dance together, missing each other and their love for so long.

“I love you, Lily Potter,” he whispered heavily against her lips.

“I love you too, Eddie Weasley,” she whispered back before leaning in for another hard, missed kiss.

And that night, Lily and Eddie expressed their love in a way neither of them had ever done before. That night, for the first time, their bodies were like clay and they modeled as one. They came together in such a way that only two people so in love could have shown their love in this manner.

Lily woke up to the sun beating on her eyes. She squinted before opening them and felt something heavy beside her. Lily turned around quickly and all the memories from last night came flooding back to her and she smiled. Lily laid back down and cuddled next to Eddie’s side as he, in his sleep, gently wrapped his arm around her, bringing her closer. Lily closed her eyes and did something no one thought she would ever do; she truly and genuinely fell in love. Not

silly puppy love, like she first felt for Eddie, but a love that ran so deep, nothing could ever destroy it. Not even Voldemort.

Chapter 24 – The Stone of Merlin

Asher, Mandy, and rest of the Gryffindor House were relieved when Lily and Eddie came walking into the Great Hall hand-in-hand, genuine smiles on their faces. Hermione nudged Remus and subtly pointed to the pair. Remus smiled and Hagrid was beaming. But Lily's smile soon turned sour as Hagrid and Remus walked down to the Gryffindor Table and stood beside her. Lily noticed, but begged to herself that it wasn't something serious. The morning had been such a good one and she didn't want anything to ruin the feeling that was bubbling up inside her right now.

"Lily, Hermione would like you to meet her in your office after your classes today," said Remus. Lily glared at her oatmeal bowl slightly and then turned to Remus.

"Why?"

"She needs to talk to you about something important," explained Remus. He patted her hair for a moment before heading off to his classroom to prepare for his first class. Hagrid patted Lily's back gently so he wouldn't hurt her.

"Eat yer breakfast Lily," he said with a smile. "Everything will be fine."

"I doubt it," she whispered to herself. However, Eddie heard her and gently took her hand from underneath the table and gave a reassuring squeeze. Lily looked up at him, smiled, and gave him a quick kiss before returning to her oatmeal.

Throughout all of her classes, Lily was most anxious to know why Hermione wanted to talk with her. She hadn't done anything wrong, not that she knew of anyway. Maybe it had to do with that missing item that she was supposed to inherit from Harry. Did they find it? Or something else?

"This is just going to add even more stress on her shoulders!" Hermione shouted desperately. "She has enough on her plate as it is! She doesn't need to know!"

"How the bloody hell is she supposed to protect herself then?" Sirius explained. "By being on the look out and watching out for herself. The girl is turning 18 next month."

"But...oh Ron, Remus, Severus, tell him he is wrong!" Hermione begged with pleading eyes, staring at the three men in front of her.

"It isn't up to us Herm," said Ron, placing both hands on her shoulders comfortingly, trying to relax his wife. "Sirius is her legal guardian. It's purely up to him whether he tells Lily or not."

"We're his godparents!" Hermione said firmly. "Surely we have some say in this?"

"Afraid not Hermione," Ron said quietly. "Besides, I agree with Sirius."

"You do? But why?" Hermione asked. "Lily is-"

"A grown woman who has proven herself worthy to be able to accept something like this," Remus said reasonably. "Think of how many times she has faced Voldemort. Having Harry come back her age in her fifth year, Harry coming back from the dead and then dying for her in her sixth year. She can handle this Hermione."

"Can she?" Hermione asked, tears leaking out of her eyes. Ron took her and held her gently, almost cradling her.

"If I may, Mrs. Weasley," interrupted Snape, "I may not have been fond of her grandfather, nor her father, nor her for that matter..."

"Get on with it Snape," Sirius snarled, fingering his wand. Snape gave him a nasty look and continued.

"But she is a strong girl. She has proven herself worthy," said Snape. "She should know. Its only fair and the only way she can protect herself."

"She's so young though..."

"She's not a little girl anymore, Hermione," said Remus.

"As much as scares me, she's a grown woman," said Sirius. At that time, Lily had knocked and entered the office, poking her blonde head inside. Hermione, Ron, Sirius, and Remus were pleased to see that Hagrid was right on her heels.

"Hi," she said quietly. "You wanted to see me, Hermione?"

"Yes dear," said Hermione, smiling. "In fact, we all did. Sit down Lily. Hagrid, you may go for now if you'd like. Or stay. Whatever you wish."

"I think I'm gonna walk on the grounds," said Hagrid, smiling. "Give meself some time alone. Think of some good memories."

"You go do that, Hagrid," said Ron smiling. "I'll walk Lily to the Gryffindor Common Room later." Hagrid nodded and headed out of the door, waving behind him.

"Bye Hagrid," said Lily before turning to the five adults standing before her. "A nice subtle way to give me a constant body guard, having Hagrid around. Whose brilliant idea was that?"

Ron and Sirius grinned at each other amusedly.

"Mine," said Hermione, "but nevermind that now." She took her seat from behind the desk and took a deep breath.

"Lily, do you remember that missing pendent? That one you should have inherited from your father?" Hermione asked. Lily nodded slowly. "Well...I...you tell her Sirius!"

Sirius looked a take back and stared at Hermione for a moment wide-eyed and then turned to Lily. He kneeled in front of her and also took a deep breath.

"Flower," he started. "Your father wore that pendent for many years. He never told anyone what it was about. In the inheritance box he had a note telling us the pendent was of great importance and that, no matter what, it had to be given to you. It was crucial that you received that pendent. Why? We're not sure, Lily. The only two who knew why the pendent was so important was your father, obviously, and Albus Dumbledore...."

“But Dumbledore is dead,” said Lily.

“Yes, we know that Lily,” said Sirius. “But, we needed answers. Remus, Professor Snape, Ron, and I have been going through hell and back trying to figure out what this pendent was all about. Finally, thanks to Minerva McGonagall, Dumbledore’s old employee and associate, she was able to help find his Pensieve.”

“Oh?”

“And we found out limited information about the pendent,” explained Remus. “Dumbledore managed to put that one last memory of his last confrontation with Harry on his deathbed. When he gave him the pendent.”

“So, what is the pendent?” Lily asked.

“The Stone of Merlin,” said Ron, Hermione, Sirius, Remus, and Snape all at once. Lily’s eyebrows furrowed and she scrunched up her nose in confusion.

“The what?”

“The Stone of Merlin,” repeated Remus. “We didn’t get much information about it but we did get this; it is the most powerful magical artifact in the known wizarding and Muggle world combined! Dumbledore gave it to your father while on his deathbed.”

“But, we lost it?”

“Not only did we lose it,” Snape growled, “but we let it fall into the hands of the Dark Lord.”

Lily’s rosy cheeks suddenly became very pale. The sparkle in her green eyes dimmed considerably.

“V-Voldemort has the Stone of Merlin?” Lily asked. “Does that mean he’s even more powerful than he was without it?”

"Lily, that means he's even more powerful than when your father was working with him, before he changed time," Remus said softly, knowing this information would terrify Lily.

"But, if he's that powerful, then he would be invincible!" Lily shouted desperately. She paused and looked at all of them, praying, hoping, almost pleading that Voldemort wasn't invincible.

"He...he's not is he?"

"Lily, if we can get the Stone from him, he will not be invincible," Sirius said urgently, hoping this news would comfort Lily. It did not.

"Oh, just get the Stone from him?" Lily asked, her fear and temper arising into her chest. "You make it sound like it's so easy!"

"But Lily," said Hermione, "we may not know much about the Stone of Merlin, but we know one thing."

"And what's that?" Lily snapped. Sirius and Ron gave her a look that told her to stop snapping and show respect to her godmother. "Sorry."

Hermione ignored her and continued, "That the only people who can use the Stone of Merlin, are the heirs of the four founders of Hogwarts. And you and Voldemort are the only known living heirs of two of the founders."

Lily looked at her for a moment before squinting her eyes in confusion, scratching the back of her head, and pursing her lips together. The five adults stared at her curiously as she thought for a moment, to herself. She looked at them all with an understanding look in her eyes.

"So, if I have the Stone of Merlin, does that make me invincible?" Lily asked. Hermione gave a nervous look to the four men standing beside her.

"We don't know enough about the Stone of Merlin to answer that, Lily," explained Remus. "However, we do know that it will make your powers, including Eyeluta, that much more powerful."

Lily took a deep breath and stared out the window. Now was only Voldemort after her, but now he was invincible with the Stone of Merlin in his clutches. She didn't know what to do anymore.

"I don't understand how the Stone of Merlin went from my father to Voldemort," said Lily, with annoyance in her voice. She didn't blame any of them; Sirius, Ron, Hermione, Remus and even Snape. But, it didn't stop her from being upset with the entire situation.

"We're still trying to figure that out, Flower," explained Sirius, stroking her head softly, pushing her hair away from her face.

"In the meantime, we suggest that you try to find some information on the Stone," said Snape. "It may help us have a clue on what it is all about and how it landed in the hands of the Dark Lord. I will also be trying to find some information myself while working for the Death Eaters."

"Lily, finding information on the Stone is key-"

"KEY!" Lily shouted suddenly, jumping to her feet. Hermione gasped she jumped up so abruptly. Sirius jumped away from her, before rushing to her side once again.

"Lily?"

"Flower, what is wrong?" Sirius asked urgently. Lily's startling green eyes looked as they were going to bug out of her head and they were filled with such fear that one could not describe. Her breathing increased, her chest heaving. Sirius could notice her hands shaking. All of the sudden, Lily's knees buckled and she fell to the ground, her body racked in dry sobs.

"LILY!" Sirius and Ron shouted together as everyone immediately rushed to her side. Sirius helped her sit up and she ran a hand through her blonde hair before closing her eyes.

"My dreams..." she whispered. Everyone looked at each other worriedly, remembering the kinds of dreams Harry used to have, gave each other knowing looks before turning back to Lily.

“What dreams baby?” Sirius asked gently.

“It’s always the same one. I’m in the middle of the Forbidden Forest, at least I think it. As I’m walking through the forest, I see a bright glow, an angelic flash. Though, in the dream, it doesn’t frighten me. It’s warm and it makes me smile. And walking from the light is a man.”

“A man?” Sirius asked urgently. “Who?”

“I don’t know,” said Lily. “I’ve never seen him before. I can’t recognize him.”

Sirius gave the others strange looks before turning back to Lily, nodding for her to continue.

“Go on.”

“He’s a very handsome man,” explained Lily. Remus and Snape rolled their eyes at her teenage hormones. “And he tells me that I must find the key. Before ‘he’ does. And then there is a green flashing light and the man disappears before red snake eyes appear, much like Voldemort’s.”

“What makes you think these dreams have anything to do with the Stone of Merlin?” Snape snapped. Ron and Sirius each gave him a look that told him to keep quiet before turning back to Lily

“That’s not all,” said Lily. “Around Christmas time, I had a dream I was in the Forbidden Forest again. Except this time, someone was calling my name and telling me it was too late. I ran for them and there was an earthquake, creating a huge hole in the ground. When it ended, I saw that same handsome man in the mouth of a large serpent. He was crying and told me it was too late. Then the snake ate him hole and then just as the snake was about to eat me, I woke up.”

Everyone stared at Lily long and hard, concern written all over their features. They remember the dreams that Harry used to have had actually happened or were going to happen. Whether Lily had inherited that power, or something like that, was unknown. Hermione bit her lip and looked down at her goddaughter.

"You think that the key that man was talking about was the Stone of Merlin? And that the other dream saying it was too late symbolizes Voldemort finding and getting the Stone?" Hermione asked delicately. Lily nodded.

"Okay Lily," said Hermione, disbelief in her eyes.

"You guys don't believe me, do you?" Lily asked. "You think I'm mental, don't you?"

"Lily-

"You know," Lily growled, narrowing her eyes, "you guys used to say the same things about my dad. He knew what was going on, or at least always had an idea. But you all thought he was crazy! Look who turned out to be right!"

"Sweetie," started Hermione, "we don't think you're crazy but it just doesn't make any sense-

"Potter!" Snape suddenly shouted. Lily, startled, looked up at her Professor. "You said you had that second dream around Christmas time?"

"Yes," said Lily, "why?"

"Because that was around the time the Dark Lord got his hands on the Stone of Merlin," he said, not taking his eyes off the young girl in front of him. Ron, Hermione, Sirius, Remus, and Snape just looked at Lily in amazement.

Chapter 25 – Old Habits Die Hard

It was nearly springtime, a few months after Lily had learned about the Stone of Merlin and that it had fallen into the hands of Lord Voldemort.

Being nearly spring, the threat of upcoming finals, O.W.L.S and N.E.W.T.S were hovering over the students. Some were being smart, good students like Mandy Micrelle, by getting outlines and studying down quite early. Others were like Eddie Weasley, Asher Lazard, and the rest of the Gryffindor boys who were enjoying the late winter, early spring weather by playing Quidditch at the pitch when the teams were not practicing. But, no one was like Lily Potter, who was sitting in the library, a plate of cookies on her table, courtesy of Dobby the house elf, doing research on the Stone of Merlin. Her N.E.W.T.S were the furthest thing from her mind.

Lily was eating her third plate of cookies as she looked through *The History of Magical and Muggle Artifacts*.. She couldn't help it, she seemed to be always hungry lately. As she nibbled on her cookie, she felt someone stand in front of her table. She looked into the eyes of one of her archenemies, Raven Dawsetta.

"What do you want Dawsetta?" Lily mumbled in annoyance, shoving the cookie into her mouth.

"I just wanted to inform you, Potter, of how much of a pig you look like," Raven said coolly, referring to the several empty plates on the table. Lily looked up at her and glared.

"Thanks for your concern," said Lily, sarcastically. "Now if you don't mind, I'd like to study in peace."

"Studying?" Raven asked coolly. "I don't believe you take any classes that require *Powerful Magical Objects No Wizard or Witch Should Touch*." She picked up one of the many books on Lily's table and studied the cover. Lily looked up at her, eyebrow raised.

“Stalking me Dawsetta?” Lily asked. “Got so sick of looking at Malfoy’s pug face that you had to resort for playing for the other team?”

“Oh shut-up Potter!” Raven snapped. “I just want you to know that I know what you’re up to!”

“Do you Dawsetta?” Lily asked, leaning in the back of her chair, resting her hands at the back of her head coolly. “Enlighten me then.”

“You’ll never destroy him,” Raven snarled. “You’re going to die just like your Mudblood loving father. Live up to the family name, getting murdered by the Dark Lord! Seems to be a Potter tradition.”

Raven hit a nerve and she knew it for a smug smile crawled across her pretty little lips. Lily’s eyes narrowed and she slowly inched her face towards Raven, a dangerous green blazing fire dancing in her eyes. She was almost nose to nose with Raven.

“I’ll kill him, Dawsetta,” Lily growled, the fire in her eyes burning even brighter. “I’ll kill him. And you and your pug boyfriend, Malfoy, and all of his goons are going straight to Azkaban. And when you go, nothing will be able to wipe the satisfied smile on my face.”

“Lily?”

Lily and Raven looked up to see Mandy Micrelle walking towards the table, a pile of books in her arms. They both knew this confrontation was over, for Mandy was Head Girl, and neither girl wanted to get into any trouble at the moment.

“Just watch yourself, Potter,” Raven said coolly before grabbing her bag.

“No, tell your so-called ‘master’ to watch himself,” Lily snapped.

“Are you sure you want to make that threat, Potter?”

“It’s no threat, Dawsetta,” said Lily, narrowing her eyes. “It’s a promise.”

“Lily, Dawsetta,” said Mandy, reaching the table, giving them both suspicious looks. “What is going on?”

“Nothing,” said Lily and Raven in unison before Raven stalked off. Lily sat back in her seat, the green fire starting to tame. She turned to Mandy and gave a small smile as she settled into the seat across from Lily, dumping her books on the table.

“By the way, Potter,” Raven called out, receiving a nasty look from the librarian, “I love the fat that has formed around your stomach. Being chubby really does suit you.” With a nasty giggle, she left the library. Lily glared.

“That hag always has to have the last word, doesn’t she?” Lily asked, grinding her teeth and narrowing her emerald eyes. “So what if I gained a little weight in the last few months? She can suck an egg!” Lily stuffed another cookie in her mouth and chewed it hard. Mandy laughed at Lily.

“Don’t listen to her,” she said. “She’s just trying to get a rise out of you. But I must say, you were awfully sick this morning. How you’re managing to eat all those cookies is beyond me.”

Lily laughed and went to pick up another cookie before returning to her book, but wondering if Raven Dawsetta was making empty threats or fulfilling promises? With the Stone of Merlin in Voldemort’s hands, Lily was inclined to take every little detail seriously.

Lily giggled as Eddie brushed her hair aside, leaving her neck for clear access. Lily smiled to herself, but pushed her boyfriend away from kissing her neck.

“Ed, I really need to do this,” she said, trying to sound serious. Eddie pouted, giving her a ‘puppy dog look.’ “Oh, don’t give me that Eddie Weasley. If you’d like, you can get a book and help me.”

“You’re impossible Miss Potter,” Eddie said with a sigh before pulling up a seat and grabbing a book.

"Yeah, but that's why you love me," said Lily in a casual voice. Eddie laughed to himself.

"I do," he said, flipping through the pages. "The Stone of Merlin?"

"Yep," Lily said simply before closing another book and grabbing one she had not read yet, but not before grabbing the apple by her side and taking a bite. While reading, Eddie looked at the window for a moment, before turning to Lily.

"Lils, you said that only the heirs of the founders of Hogwarts can use this stone, right?"

"That is correct," said Lily, eating her apple and not taking her eyes off the book.

"Why not research the history of the founders instead of the actual stone?" Eddie suggested. Lily looked at her boyfriend for a moment, her eyes lighting up.

"You DID inherit some of your mother's brilliance!" Lily shouted before running to the bookshelf. Eddie laughed to himself, before following her in search for more books on the founders of Hogwarts.

Hermione had given Lily full permission to go into the Restricted Section of the library to find any information she could on the Stone of Merlin. Hermione knew information like that would probably not be accessible to students, or at least not in depth. The librarian continued to give Lily dirty looks every time she entered the Restricted Section, but could do nothing to stop her. Her orders were to leave Lily completely alone. Lily did not even have to check out her books, in order to keep what she was doing a complete secret. The librarian did not approve of any of this and complain extremely loudly on how Lily was always in there, probably not doing the work she should be doing. Lily chose to ignore her comments and continued to research on the founders of Hogwarts.

After a few days of researching Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin, Lily could not find any information that might lead to answers about the Stone of Merlin. It was then that Lily decided to try to do some research on Merlin,

himself. After all, the stone was named after him. Surely he had something to do with its creation and the story behind it?

Lily dashed into the shelves and gathered all the books she could on Merlin before running into the Restricted Section, once again ignoring the librarian's loud and rude comments and the Slytherins giggling to it.

As Lily was rummaging through the books, she came across a book she knew almost all too well. The book was called *What You Don't Know, You Will See*. Lily gave a soft smile to herself before pulling it off the shelf and running her hands over the cover, all of the memories flooding through her.

This book was probably the reason why Lily was in this situation in the first place. Or maybe it wasn't? Maybe Voldemort was meant to get a hold of the Stone of Merlin all along, even before Harry changed time? Lily sighed and closed her eyes, thoughts of confusion flooding her mind.

She had searched every book in the library, looking for anything on the Stone of Merlin, the founders of Hogwarts, and she doubted she'd find anything on Merlin. Merlin was the greatest wizard of all time, even greater than Albus Dumbledore. He lived thousands and thousands of years ago. Any information on him is probably lost somewhere in a cave in some foreign country, not stored in the library of Hogwarts. Lily knew this and gripped the book tightly in frustration. She felt so emotional at that moment that she literally broke into quiet sobs. She cried quietly, so no one could hear her. She didn't want to let anyone know that she was crying. What was making her cry? Lily didn't know. Perhaps it was all the stress and fear that had been building up inside her for the last few months and now she was letting it all out. She didn't know what to do anymore.

As Lily continued to cry, she wondered if Harry knew anything on the Stone of Merlin. He carried it for many years after Albus Dumbledore gave it to him while lying on his deathbed. Surely Dumbledore told him about the stone and didn't just say, "Here, this'll help you defeat Voldemort," without telling him anything about it. Yes, either Harry and/or Dumbledore both had to have information on this stone.

But, how do you talk to two men who are both already dead? Albus Dumbledore died eighteen years ago of natural causes and old age; a year before Lily was born. Harry died last year, murdered at the hands of Lord Voldemort for her. She hated thinking of the memory and once again, pushed it from her mind. Her tears subsided and she stood tall, her brain wrapping for ideas on how to get in contact with either Albus Dumbledore or Harry Potter.

No spell could reawaken the dead, Lily knew this. But there had to be a way to speak with them. Was there a spell that could communicate with dead? Lily figured there probably was, but it more than likely involved some serious dark magic and she wanted nothing to do with that. Either that or magic far more advanced for her power and level. She doubted anyone could perform magic like this, except maybe a really powerful witch or wizard, like Albus Dumbledore or even Merlin. There had to be a way to communicate with them! There had to! Lily rubbed the bridge of her nose, feeling another headache coming on.

Finally, the solution came to her. The answer she needed was sitting right here in her very arms. Lily looked down at the time-travel book; the book that had changed her life in so many ways, both for the better and for the worst. Would it change it for the better now? Was it the very key she needed in speaking with Harry Potter or Albus Dumbledore?

Lily would rather talk to Harry than Dumbledore about the Stone of Merlin. Unfortunately, Harry didn't know about the stone until right before Lily was born and he traveled so often in that year that Lily wouldn't know where to begin in looking for him. However, she did know that Dumbledore knew about the stone years before he died and he was always at Hogwarts. Lily looked down at the book again, her hand running over the cover. She bit her lip and debated on whether she should use it or not. She had been forbidden by all; Harry, Sirius, Ron, Hermione, and Remus to even touch the book again. It had caused enough problems and they didn't need anymore coming from that dreaded book. But, it was the only way to get in contact with Albus Dumbledore. There was no other way. Biting her lip again, Lily made a quick, one second decision and ran out of the Restricted Section, the book wrapped in her arms. She dashed to the table she was sitting at, used a spell to shrink all the books she had

and threw them in her bag. Finally, she took the time-travel book, shrunk it with another spell and placed it in her pocket. Receiving dirty looks from the librarian, she sprinted out of the library and to the Gryffindor Tower.

“Lils?” Eddie called out as she ran through the Potrait Hole and immediately into her dormitory, ignoring his calls completely.

“Lily Billy?” Asher called out when Lily had ignored Eddie’s call. They heard no response, but the slamming of a door and the sound of that door locking. Eddie and Asher shared confused looks before Eddie got up off his feet to check up on Lily. Asher grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back down into his seat.

“What are you doing?” Eddie asked, slightly annoyed that Asher held him back. “Something is wrong. I want to go check on Lily.”

“Leave her be, mate,” said Asher. “She locked the door for a reason. Obviously she wants some privacy. Ask her what is wrong when she comes back down, when she’s had some to do whatever the bloody hell she’s doing up there.”

“Since when are you a bloody expert on Lily’s feelings?” Eddie snapped. “If you’ll recall, she’s my girlfriend!”

“Well, she’s my friend,” Asher said, rolling his eyes. “You really need to start learning how to control your temper. I never claimed to be an expert on Lily’s feelings or that I knew her better than you. I don’t. But I’m not as thick or as oblivious as you, Ed, and I’ve noticed that Lily has been really emotional these past few weeks and whenever you go after her right away, a fight comes about. I figured that it’d maybe best just to leave her alone before confronting her about anything. Avoid any fights you two may have.”

“Right,” said Eddie, not quite fully understanding, “sorry.” Eddie didn’t quite fully get what Asher was trying to say, but he was in no mood to have any fights with Lily at the moment, so he sat down and continued his game of Wizard Chess with Asher.

The fact was that Lily had heard Eddie and Asher's calls to her, but was so anxious for answers that she ignored them, hoping they would leave her alone. After a moment of leaning against the door, waiting for Eddie's familiar knock, she didn't get one and sighed in relief. She threw her bag on her bed before reaching into her pocket and pulling out the minimized book. Using her wand, she enlarged back to its normal size and stared at it. There was no turning back. She was not about to back down, no matter what Harry, Sirius, or anyone told her. Lily decided that she was a grown witch and could make her own decisions. Besides, she needed answers and she needed them quickly. Lily opened the book to the first page, her palms clammy and sweaty. Her heart was pounding in her chest and she could feel a droplet of sweat coming down her brow.

Why was she so nervous? Lily knew why. It was because she was disobeying everyone she had ever respected and cared about, but like stated previously, she needed answers and she needed them fast. Closing her eyes for a moment, she took a deep breath, and then looked back down at the first page of the time-travel book.

"Think of a number," Lily read out loud. She closed her eyes and imagined negative twenty; two years before Dumbledore died and the book would have been published so there was no need to worry. Lily turned the page, her hand shaking.

"Think of a place," Lily, again, read out loud. Hermione's office came to her mind, which twenty years ago, belonged to Headmaster Albus Dumbledore.

Lily turned the page, her hands still shaking and found herself flying through a whirlwind of colors of blue, pink, purple, and flashing white, blinding her. She landed on to the ground with a hard thud, causing a loud grunt and groan from Lily. Her headache pain had increased her stomach was making a weird shaking feelings and she felt as though she were going to throw up. She sat up; her palm pressed against her aching head and looked around. This had to be Albus Dumbledore's office for it was the same room, but looked nothing like Hermione's office. This was more homely, more personal with little gadgets and toys scattered about on the shelves. Hermione's was professional, shelves filled to the brim with books. Her desk filled parchment,

scrolls, quills, and even more books. Lily preferred how Dumbledore decorated his office. It made her smile and feel at home, even though she was nowhere near and in a whole new world.

“May I help you,” a gentle voice of an old man called out. Lily whipped around to see Albus Dumbledore sitting calm at his desk, a confused look in his gentle, tired blue eyes, which were still twinkling behind the half-moon glasses. Standing beside his desk was none other than a twenty year younger Severus Snape, who had his wand out and pointed at Lily.

Lily smiled and laughed to herself. She couldn't believe she had done it again! She had time-traveled and was more than likely going to change even more time, without meaning to of course.

I guess the old saying is true, old habits die hard.

Chapter 26 – The Heirs of Merlin:

“Erm...” Lily stood quickly and brushed off her robes and stared at the wand pointed at her face. Snape had advanced on her, pointing her wand so it was centimeters from her nose. Lily looked at it, wide-eyed, causing her eyes to cross and worsen her headache. His arm was shaking with fury it seemed. Lily was scared he might even poke her eye out with his stupid wand.

“Severus, be calm,” Dumbledore said softly. “Kindly take your wand out of this young lady’s face so we can give her a chance to speak.”

Snape glared at Lily for a moment and lowered his wand, but never put it away. He kept it ready in his hand, as though he were about to pounce on Lily if she even made the slightest suspicious move. Lily knew he was only acting like this in order to protect Dumbledore, who, at this time, was the most crucial wizard, besides Harry, in the fight against Voldemort. Lily remembered Harry telling her about the reactions of fellow wizards and witches when Dumbledore died. Many lost hope and thought that Voldemort would win and take over. Fortunately, that was not the case because it was really Harry Potter and she who were the true key wizard and witch in war against the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters.

“Now Miss,” started Dumbledore, breaking Lily out of her thoughts. “Could you kindly tell me who you are and how you appeared out of nowhere, here in my office?”

“My name is Lily,” said Lily. “Professor Dumbledore, could I speak to you alone? Without Professor Snape’s presence?”

“Ah you know Professor Snape, do you?” Dumbledore asked. Snape looked utterly confused and quite worried.

“Quite well, he is still the Potions Master at Hogwarts and a spy against Voldemort,” Lily explained. Snape flinched at the sound of his name.

“Of course I am still the Potions Mast-”

"I meant that you are still the Potions Master where I am from," Lily explained. Snape glared at her while Dumbledore continued to listen intently.

"Oh? And where is that? Another dimension?" Snape asked sarcastically. Lily narrowed his eyes at him.

"Close," she said, "I'm from the future. Twenty years from the future."

Dumbledore and Snape stared at her for a moment. Snape's eyes widened and his grip on his wand softened ever so lightly. Dumbledore's pale blue eyes continued to twinkle behind his half-moon glasses and he smiled slightly, but it quickly went away, knowing Lily was probably here on a dangerous mission, or to tell them some dreadful, or maybe swell news.

"Whose child are you?" Snape asked curiously. Lily rolled her eyes, knowing Snape would not like her answer at all.

"You, of all people Sn-I mean, Professor, do not want to hear that," Lily said smartly. Snape glared at her before Dumbledore turned to him.

"Severus, could you please leave us in private?" Dumbledore asked politely. Snape gave him a weird look before the Headmaster raised his hand up, understanding what the young man was going to say. "Don't worry, Professor, if anything were to happen, I am more than capable of defending myself. But I thank you for your concern." Snape nodded before shooting Lily another nasty glare and walking out of the door of Dumbledore's office. Dumbledore turned to Lily.

"Have a seat, Lily," he said. Lily sat down in the desk in front of him.

"Care to tell me about yourself? How does it look twenty years from now?" Dumbledore asked casually, as though students from the future appeared in his office every day.

"It doesn't look good," Lily answered truthfully, looking down at her hands. "Voldemort is still at large and more powerful than ever."

"You said his name," Dumbledore observed.

"My father always told me that fear of a name only increases fear for the thing itself," Lily said, mimicking her father's words. Dumbledore beamed.

"Then that would make you Lily Potter, for Harry is without a doubt your father," Dumbledore said with a bright smile. "I said those words to him in first year. He never forgot them and encouraged others to say Voldemort's name. No doubt he raised you with those words."

"He did," said Lily, smiling slightly.

"Who is Harry married to?" Dumbledore asked. Lily bit her lip and shook her head.

"I think it's best that we do not talk about the future, Professor," said Lily wisely. "It could jeopardize it and I am not willing to do that." Dumbledore nodded, with understanding.

"Didn't you come from the future in your father's second year?" Lily nodded and Dumbledore sighed. "You seem to have a liking to time-travel, Lily. That isn't exactly a good thing. It can lead to great disaster."

"I know," answered Lily. "But I needed to come. I needed to speak with you. Only you had the answers that can help me."

"I assume you had to time-travel because I am no longer alive twenty years from now?" Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. Lily sighed and nodded. "I am the only one who can answer your questions?"

"The only one," said Lily. Dumbledore nodded and took a deep breath, nodding his head.

"Ask away then Lily. I promise to answer any questions you may have truthfully and accurately as I possibly can." Dumbledore said, resting his arms against his desk, looking at Lily square in the eye. Lily gulped and began.

"I need to know everything about the Stone of Merlin," Lily said matter-of-factly. "What it is, where it came from, what it does. I need

to know everything.” The twinkle in Dumbledore’s dimmed considerably and he suddenly looked tired and old.

“You gave the stone to my father on your deathbed,” Lily explained. “No one knows what Harry did with it. Normally, we’d ask Harry, but he died a year ago in battle. He sacrificed himself for me as Voldemort was about to kill me. And now it is in the hands of Voldemort and no one knows how or why. I need to know everything about it. It is the only way I can defeat him.”

“I understand, Lily,” sighed Dumbledore. “And like I promised, I will answer these questions as best as I can.” Lily nodded.

“The Stone of Merlin is a intensely powerful magical object. The most powerful one ever created in both the magical and Muggle world combined. It was created by Merlin himself!” Dumbledore explained. “In the time of Merlin, the wizards, witches, and Muggles lived together, in peace. Towards the end of his life, the Muggles began to fear those with magical powers and tried to destroy the wizarding world. It became a dark time for the wizarding people. Merlin decided to make the stone, and hand it down to his four grandchildren, hoping they would take the stone and help save all wizards and witches and help create peace between the two worlds.”

“Okay...” Lily said slowly, “so the stone was originally made in order to do good?”

“Yes,” said Dumbledore, “but in order for you to fully understand the history of the Stone of Merlin, Lily, you need to see it for yourself. Come with me.” Dumbledore got up from his desk and pulled out his wand. Lily also rose from her seat and followed the elder man across the room. For an old man, Lily was surprised at how quick he moved and how limber he was. He had the spirit and coordination of young teenage boy. Now she understood why he pronounced one of the greatest wizards of all time. He was kind, gentle, understanding, good, and extremely powerful. Lily could sense the power within him and already had a great amount of respect for him.

Dumbledore went into the back of his office and crouched down beside a small cabinet below a portrait of one of the past Headmasters at Hogwarts. He muttered an incantation, his wand

pointed at the cabinet. The cabinet door swung open with a loud click and Dumbledore reached inside and pulled out a large bowl Lily recognized as a Pensieve. It was a very antique, old Pensieve, made of gold which was incredibly rusty and circled in colorful jewels, which were missing and others were chipped.

"That looks like an incredibly old Pensieve," Lily observed. Dumbledore smiled.

"I've only spoken to you for a short time and already I see you have your father in you," he said with a smile. He placed the Pensieve on his desk. "It belong to Nimue Ardente; daughter of a famous wizard warrior, who disguised himself as a Muggle, and the wife of Merlin."

"The wife of Merlin?" Lily asked curiously.

"Yes. Oh of course it would be more helpful if we had Merlin's Pensieve but it is not even sure if he had one. Nimue kept this Pensieve and put very detailed memories inside of it. After the war against wizards and Muggles began, all of Nimue's children were murdered by Muggles; all four daughters. Their husbands also died in battle. After that, Nimue and Merlin were forced to raise their four grandchildren. Each child came from a different daughter. After the death of her daughters, Nimue became very depressed and that's when she started to use the Pensieve."

"Excuse me professor, but what does this have to do with the Stone of Merlin?" Lily asked, trying not to sound rude.

"Everything," said Dumbledore, smiling. "Seeing Nimue's memories will help you understand why Merlin created the stone and what it was originally intended for. Come."

Lily walked towards Dumbledore and grabbed his arm as they dipped themselves into the Pensieve. In a bright flash, Lily found herself standing in a large bedroom, Dumbledore by her side. The bedroom looked as though she were standing in the bedroom of the Queen of England. The walls were made of finest oak wood panels, outlined in gold. Gold lanterns circled the room high, making a soft glow. A large canopy bed sat in the middle, with satin purple sheets, satin blankets,

and satin pillows. There were portraits in gold frames, outlined in the finest jewels. Lily was mesmerized at such wealth.

Lily looked around more and saw a woman sitting in the bed. She could not have been older than fifty or so, but she was simply stunning. Tall and thin, soft, fair skin, like milk, long, straight reddish brown hair that fell all the way to lower back, soft brown eyes full of sadness and loneliness. In her arms, she was cradling a young baby. Lily guessed that this was Nimue and the baby was one of her four grandchildren

"Is that Nimue?" Lily asked, just to be sure. Dumbledore nodded and told Lily with his eyes to keep quiet and watch the events that were about to take place. The baby in Nimue's arms began to cry.

"Oh, Helga, please," she cried out, begging the child to quiet. "Please shush, child. I know you want your mother, I want her back too." Lily raised an eyebrow.

The door of the bedroom flew open and in stepped a man, who looked and tired, long and lanky, long curly brown hair that seemed to be graying, rested on his shoulders and framing his face was a soft brown, graying beard. He had intense blue eyes. The bluest Lily had ever seen. She almost gasped at the sight of them and the emotion and power they held. She had never seen eyes that were so exquisite, so intense. He was a handsome man, but looked worn out, tired.

"My Nimue," he said softly, as she tried desperately to calm the infant crying in her arms. "Is it Helga?"

"Oh Merlin, she just won't stop crying!" Nimue called out desperately. "All of our daughters in the matter of a few months! Their husbands! Merlin, I can't bear this any longer."

"It'll be all alright my love," he said gently as he sat down on the bed beside her, taking Helga into his arms. "We'll raise our grandchildren as if they were our own sons and daughters. We'll raise fine men and ladies, just as we did our daughters."

"Can we? Are we able in times like these?" Nimue asked. "In times of fear, of murder, and treachery?"

"That is why I made this," he said pulling out a tiny necklace with a black pendent on it. The pendent was a tiny black stone, about the size of raisin, glowing brightly. Lily gave a short breath as she stared at the Stone of Merlin.

"What is it?" Nimue asked quietly, fingering the stone with her long, gentle, white fingers.

"A stone I created. It is a stone that will bring peace between the two worlds." Merlin said proudly. "It holds power like no other. I put my very own powers into and will give my powers to my grandchildren. Only they will be able to use its power. No other wizard or witch may be able to do so unless the blood of Merlin runs through their veins. And at this time, only our four grandchildren have my blood. Only they and their heirs will be able to use it."

"But, what does it do?" Nimue asked breathlessly.

"Whatever they choose to do with it," said Merlin. "It will enhance their powers, make them so powerful, no one will question their strength. And I will give them each a gift on their eleventh birthday. This stone will enhance those as well."

"Merlin, do you think that's a good idea?" Nimue asked unsurely. "I mean, being our grandchildren, surely they will be powerful enough. What if they use it against each other?"

"I hope that we raise them well enough so that will never happen," said Merlin. "We have good grandchildren, Nimue. They will use this stone together to bring peace between the wizarding world and the Muggle world." At that moment, two young boys peeked in through the door. One couldn't have been more than three years old. He had soft brown hair and piercing green eyes. The other may have been around four, maybe the same age as the other with big black eyes and jet-black hair that fell into his eyes. Behind them, with her hands on their shoulders stood a beautiful little girl, around eight years old, with long brown hair that fell to her waist, very much like Nimue's and gentle brown eyes. She smiled softly at the two adults.

“Godric and Salazar wanted to see you two,” the young girl said softly. Lily nearly choked on her saliva at the names she heard. Helga? Godric? Salazar? Surely, no! Never!

Merlin chuckled as Nimue smiled softly. “It’s perfectly fine, Rowena, let them in. Come here boys!” The two boys grinned widely and jumped into their grandfather’s lap. Merlin sat one boy on each knee and hugged them tightly. Rowena, smiling followed the boys and sat down between her grandmother and grandfather.

“We have a long journey ahead of my grandchildren,” said Merlin. He placed the boy with jet-black hair on Rowena’s lap and hugged the other one tightly and looked at him with joyous eyes. Lily could easily tell that Merlin favored the boy on his lap more than his other three grandchildren. Rowena was too busy playing with baby Helga to notice. But, the boy with jet-black hair noticed, and his eyes glazed over for a moment. Lily bit her lip, not sure which one was Godric and which one was Salazar.

“A long journey, my grandchildren,” repeated Merlin. He took the stone, which was still clenched in his hand, on the chain and placed it around his own neck like a necklace. “One day, you four will be ready to hold this power.” He looked at the boy in his lap. “And when that day comes, I will let you hold the stone, Godric, son of my eldest daughter, Talia.” The boy in his lap, Godric, giggled and hugged his grandfather tightly. Salazar was already playing with Helga, along with Rowena. Nimue saw the scene between Merlin and Godric and bit her lip unsurely.

“Merlin, really love, you shouldn’t favor Godric over your other grandchildren,” she whispered, so Rowena, Godric, and Salazar did not hear. They were too occupied with playing with Helga. “I don’t care if Talia was our eldest daughter or how close you were with her, or how much Godric resembles her, that is no reason to favor him.”

“Don’t be silly, Nimue,” he said softly. “I love my grandchildren all the same.”

At the point, Dumbledore had placed his hand on Lily’s shoulder, telling her it was time to leave. Lily nodded and they exited the

Pensieve. Once returned to Dumbledore's office, Lily looked at him in awe.

"Professor...were those four children...I mean...were they...?"

"Yes, Lily," he said softly. "Those four children were Rowena Ravenclaw, Godric Gryffindor, Salazar Slytherin, and Hela Hufflepuff. Each were a product of Merlin's daughters and each a grandchild and heir of Merlin himself.

"Professor, I am an heir of Gryffindor...does that mean....?"

"Yes, both you and Voldemort are heirs of Merlin and since you two are the only known living heirs, you two are the only ones who can work the Stone of Merlin. Yes, Lily Potter, you are an heir of Merlin."

"And the Stone of Merlin? It is the key to defeating Voldemort, isn't it?" Lily asked curiously.

"The Stone of Merlin, will enhance your powers, including the power of Eyeluta, which was the gift Godric Gryffindor received on his eleventh birthday. With the Stone of Merlin, your power of Eyeluta will be powerful enough to kill him. It is the only way." Dumbledore explained.

"And what if Voldemort has it? Is it the only way to kill me?" Lily asked. Dumbledore nodded.

"You know that you can block the Killing Curse with the power of Eyeluta, correct?" Lily nodded. Dumbledore continued. "With the Stone of Merlin, his 'Avada Kedavra' will be much stronger and nothing will be able to block it, not even Eyeluta."

"But if I have the stone...?"

"Your Eyeluta will be much stronger than his Killing Curse."

"So, basically, whoever has the stone...?"

"Yes, will win the battle."

Lily let it all sink in.

“However,” said Dumbledore. “I believe there is way to defeat Voldemort without the Stone of Merlin.”

“And what is that?” Lily asked urgently. Dumbledore took out an old notebook and read from it.

“I quote this from Merlin himself,” he began. ““Feel thy fruit for it is the only power that can overcome the stone.””

“Bloody hell?” Lily mumbled. She quickly realized what she said and apologized to Dumbledore who was smiling and his eyes, once again, twinkling. “What does that mean Professor?”

“To be honest, Lily, I really don’t know,” whispered Dumbledore. “I just don’t know.”

Lily looked out the window and stared, not knowing what to think of all this. She was the heir of Gryffindor, which in turn, made her the heir of Merlin. And in order to defeat Voldemort, Lily needed the Stone of Merlin.

Chapter 27 – The History of the Four Founders:

Dumbledore watched Lily stare out the window, all of this information hitting her hard. He remembered Harry's reaction to it as well, and he hadn't taken it any better than Lily. Actually, he had taken it a lot worse. He left everything behind and went France for a year and we all know what happened there.

Lily's heart was pounding fiercely in her chest. Her hands were cold and clammy, shaking with fear and confusion. Tears began to well up in Lily's eyes and she just wanted to break down and cry. Dumbledore must have noticed her reaction to the news because she felt the Headmaster stand beside her and place his thin hands on her shoulders, comfortingly.

"Is there anything else I need to know about before I go?" Lily asked, her voice shaking. She heard Dumbledore sigh from behind her.

"There is so much more, you have no idea," he said in a gentle whisper. "But, only if you're ready, Lily."

Lily closed her eyes for a moment, her jaw set. She slowly turned to face Albus Dumbledore and looked him square in the eye.

"I'm ready, Professor," she said confidently. Dumbledore smiled down at her and thought, 'She truly is Harry's daughter.'

Eddie was worried when Lily never came down for breakfast. But he just guessed she had been up late doing more research and was sleeping in. As he ate his pancakes, he saw Mandy Micrelle, Lily's only roommate come running into the Great Hall in a hurry. She caught sight of Eddie and dashed straight to him, fear and worry in her gentle eyes.

"Eddie, did Lily spend the night in your dorm?" Mandy asked worriedly, but earning catcalls from Asher and Jairus. Eddie blushed and gave his friends a quick glare before turning back to Mandy.

"No, why?"

“Because she never came back to the dormitory last night,” Mandy said, not looking extremely concerned. Eddie gave her a confused look.

“What are you talking about?” Eddie asked incredulously. “I saw her go into the dormitory and lock it.”

“The dorm was locked when I came up, but no one was in the room...” Mandy said slowly. “Eddie, what if something happened?” Eddie swore loudly, causing several first years to give him gasping looks.

“Are you sure nothing was in the room?” Eddie asked urgently. “No hints, clues? Anything?”

“There were a bunch of books on her bed, but that was it,” she said uncertainly. Eddie nodded, grabbed Mandy’s wrist and dragged her out of the Great Hall, causing Danny, Mandy’s twin brother to give them both a weird look. Eddie dragged her all the way to the Gryffindor Tower and into the girls’ dormitory. This may have looked odd or inappropriate to some but Eddie needed to know what had happened to Lily, his girlfriend, the girl he loved and cared about more than anything else in the world. If something happened to her, he knew he’d want to find out about and do anything in his power to save and protect her.

When they reached the dormitory, Mandy pointed to the bed and Eddie immediately jumped on it, rummaging from all the books Lily had taken out of the library. After going through several covers, he finally came across the opened book by Lily’s pillow. He knew that book all too well and his stomach right began to churn and he felt as though he was going to lose the breakfast he had just eaten. Eddie looked up into Mandy’s concern face and gave a soft smile.

“Its okay, Mandy,” he said. “I know where she is, or I at least have an idea. Don’t worry; I’m sure she is okay.” Mandy nodded, unsure whether to take Eddie’s words serious or not. Eddie grabbed the book that he was all too familiar with and sprinted out of the dormitory, down the stairs, and straight to the Great Hall, calling out for his mother and Remus.

Hermione saw her son running towards her with a large book in his arms, looking scared and frantic. This right away concerned and she caught Remus' eye and ushered them both into her office. Eddie showed Hermione the book that he had found on Lily's bed, opened, and of Lily's strange disappearance.

"She...she WHAT?" Hermione nearly shrieked. "After everyone, including her father, forbade to ever touch that book again? She has some nerve that girl! In times like these, she goes and time-travels alone? I wouldn't even know where to begin looking for her! What are we going to do? What if something happens to her while she is wherever she is?" Hermione was literally freaking out. Eddie had never seen his mother lose her nerve like this. It was rather frightening.

"Hermione, please," said Remus, putting a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Please, calm down. You can scream your head off at Lily as soon as she gets home."

"What if she doesn't come home, Remus?" Hermione was now on the verge of tears. "The past isn't much safer than the present!"

"Mum, please, don't say that," Eddie said desperately. The very thought of any harm coming to Lily felt like something ripped out his heart. Remus gave him a look of compassion before turning back to Hermione.

"Hermione, there is nothing we can," he said reasonably. "We just have to sit back, wait, and hope for the best. Lily is a smart, brave, powerful witch. She wouldn't do anything stupid."

"Wouldn't do anything stupid?" Hermione shouted. "You call time-traveling alone and possibly jeopardizing the future with the darkest wizard of all time after you not doing anything stupid?"

"Hermione, calm down," Remus said firmly. "She will be fine. I have faith in Lily. It might do you some good to have some faith in her as well!" He turned to Eddie. "Come Ed, I'll walk you to Herbology."

With that, the three of them continued their day, immersed in their own thoughts on what Lily was up to, and whether she was still safe.

Dumbledore was searching Nimue's Pensieve looking for a specific memory. Lily just continued to stare out on to the grounds, in a long daze. She heard Dumbledore call her name and took a deep breath before going over to his desk and standing by his side. She looked into the swirling and fading colors of the Pensieve and looked up at the elder man standing beside her.

"Where are we going now?" she asked, trying to sound sure of herself, but one could definitely hear the shakiness of her voice. Dumbledore gave her a soft smile. He had already taken a great like to Lily. She had so much of her father in her, it was almost frightening.

"To several more of Nimue's memories," Dumbledore said simply before Lily grabbed his arm and once again was dipped into the Pensieve.

Lily and Dumbledore landed in a large dinning room this time. It looked as though it belonged in the same house as the bedroom because it was the fanciest dinning room Lily had ever seen and the walls were made of the same, fine oak wood paneling and the dishes and utensils looked as though they were made of pure gold. The table cloth was made of the finest gold silk. Lily chuckled to herself.

"Wow, Merlin was sure one rich goon wasn't he," she said with a smile. Dumbledore's eyes twinkled with amusement but ushered Lily to be quiet and to watch the scene before her.

Sitting at the table was Nimue, who had aged a great deal since the last memory they went to visit, though still very beautiful. Merlin had aged as well; his hair was no longer brown but a soft gray color. His beard had gotten longer as well, reaching to his lower neck. Lily looked around at the four future founders of Hogwarts. Rowena had gotten older, but still looked very much the same. Godric and Salazar looked around six or seven years old now and were both trying to put each other's vegetables on their plates. Helga could not have been more than three years old, with curly blonde hair and big blue eyes, and she was picking at everyone else's food, including her own. Lily saw as Merlin got to his feet and smiled.

"As you all know, today is Rowena's eleventh birthday," he said proudly. "And as a gift, I present with a power. A power no other witch or wizard shall ever have in the wizarding world." He now directed himself to eldest grandchild.

"Rowena," he started, "I promised all of my grandchildren that I would give them all a gift, a power, for their eleventh birthday and here is my gift to you." Merlin closed his eyes and waved his wand. A soft blue glow came from his wand and surrounded Rowena, as though transforming her into something. Godric and Salazar stared in awe at the scene as Helga buried her head into Nimue's shoulder. Nimue gasped at the sight of her granddaughter glowing in that blue light. Merlin was silent and just kept his wand pointed at Rowena. Finally, the blue light died down and Merlin opened his eyes, grinning.

"Rowena, you've just been given the gift of Hypocrisis," explained Merlin. "You now have the power to hypnotize those with that beautiful singing voice of yours. The moment you sing, man or woman, Muggle or wizard, will not be able to overcome your powerful voice. You will have complete control over their minds. All of your heirs that have powers will inherit this gift." Nimue gasped.

"Merlin!"

"Ah, Nimue, this is my gift," he said softly. "I may wish to give what I please and this is what I give you, Rowena Ravenclaw." Rowena gently put her hands to her throat and beamed at her grandfather. No one noticed the tears that welled up in Nimue's eyes.

Smoke surrounded Lily and Dumbledore and scene before them began to fade. Soon, it brightened again. They were in the very same dining room except the people had changed. Nimue was no longer beautiful, but old and aged with brittle white hair she kept in a tight bun. Her fair skin was now wrinkled and her soft brown eyes were now tired and old. Merlin looked no better with white hair that fell on his shoulder and a white beard that came to his chest now. His skin was just as wrinkled as Nimue's. The only thing that remained was his exquisite blue eyes. They were as young and stunning as ever. The children had also grown. Rowena looked around Lily's age. She was a very pretty woman. Godric looked now around the age of ten or

eleven and looked no different than when he was a young boy, except taller. It was the same with Salazar when it came to his growth and looks. Helga looked around eight years old, her hair still curly, her eyes still blue, and her cheeks still rosy.

Merlin smiled and stood up, the same way he had on Rowena's birthday.

"Today is the eleventh birthday of my eldest grandson, Salazar," he said proudly. "And as promised, and as I did for Rowena, I will present Salazar with a gift that no other witch or wizard has. Here is my gift." Merlin turned to Salazar and pointed his wand at him, closing his eyes. And just like Rowena, a glowing light surrounded Salazar, except instead of it being blue, it was green. The green light surrounded Salazar for a few moments before dimming. Merlin opened his eyes and smiled.

"Salazar, I give you the gift of Parseltongue," said Merlin, proudly. Salazar raised a curious eyebrow.

"You know the collection of snakes you have in your bedroom?" Merlin asked with a smile. Salazar nodded. "You will now be able to communicate with them. Parseltongue gives you the ability to talk to snakes. And like Rowena, any heir that has magical abilities will be able to talk to snakes."

"Anyone in my family who is not magical would be disowned anyway," Salazar snapped. Nimue gasped. "Muggles will never understand our kind. And they fear and destroy what they don't understand."

"Salazar!" Nimue reprimanded. "I never want to hear you talk like that ever again." Salazar looked at his grandmother and tears began to well up in his eyes.

"But grandmum, those Muggles killed my mum!" he said softly through his now falling tears. Nimue's own eyes began to well with tears and she reached over to hug her grandson. Rowena looked at the other two nervously, but just saw them staring at the crying Salazar. Merlin shook his head.

“Salazar, do not think of that,” he said comfortingly. “This is your eleventh birthday, a happy occasion. You just received the power to talk to your pets and all snakes in the world. Let us be happy.” Merlin raised his goblet. “To my eldest grandson, Salazar Slytherin, happy birthday and many more!”

Everyone raised their goblets, with the acceptance of little Helga, and drank to Salazar Slytherin.

Once again, the memory began to cloud and smoke surrounded Lily and Dumbledore, making the view of the memory fade considerably. Once the smoke cleared again, Lily found herself in the very same dinning room, with the same people sitting around the table. They all looked about the same, and Lily figured considered this was only about a year after Salazar received his gift.

Once again, Merlin arose to his feet, positively beaming. He looked down at the short boy with brilliant green eyes, an exact replica of Lily’s eyes. Lily already knew the gift Godric Gryffindor was to receive; Eyeluta. Why was Dumbledore making her watch this memory? Lily decided it was better not to ask questions, and just watch the memory before her.

“Today is the eleventh birthday of my youngest grandson, son of my eldest daughter Talia,” he said, beaming down at Godric. “How he looks like his mother, with her brilliant green eyes and soft brown hair. Its funny, he acts like her as well. You have so much of Talia in you, sometimes I feel like I’m staring at my daughter instead of my grandson.” Nimue was eyeing her other grandchildren nervously.

“Thank you granddad,” he said smiling, waiting anxiously for his gift.

“As you all know, today Godric will be receiving his special gift. A gift that no other witch or wizard will ever be able to possess.” Merlin explained, not taking his loving eyes off Godric. Merlin pulled out his wand and pointed it at Godric. He smiled and closed his eyes, just as he had done with Rowena and Salazar.

Like Rowena and Salazar, a glowing light surrounded Godric, except it was red while Rowena’s was blue and Salazar’s was green. The burning red light surrounded Godric for a few moments before gently

dimming and leaving them all to sit there in wonder on what power Merlin had given his grandson.

“Godric, you’ve been given the gift of Eyeluta,” said Merlin. “You are able to attack others using your eyes at your own will. All you have to do is say the incantation, *Valor*.” Nimue stared at Merlin wide-eyed, disbelieving that he would give such a gift. “And like your dear cousins, your heirs who inherit this power must be of magic blood and every single one of your heirs with magical blood will have your mother’s green eyes. Every heir of Gryffindor who is a witch or wizard will have the green eyes.”

Godric stared at his grandfather and gave a polite thank you and smile. Merlin smiled back and raised his goblet. “To Godric!” And everyone mimicked him. This time Lily was expecting the cloud of smoke to appear, as it did and she and Dumbledore were transferred right to Helga’s eleventh birthday. To the same dinner and the same people. Nimue looked older and more tired than ever, for Lily knew the war against Muggles and wizards was still going on and she feared for her grandchildren, who were all now starting to grow up. Rowena looked to be twenty and Salazar and Godric were in their teens. Both boys became extremely tall and handsome. Salazar was wearing one of his pet snakes around his neck as it hissed in his ear. Lily looked at Godric, can’t help realizing how familiar he looked. Then, it hit Lily long and hard. She recognized Godric. It was the man from her dreams. The man in her dreams had been Godric Gryffindor!

Lily stayed silent, but her heart was pounding hard against her ribcage. She watched as Merlin yet again stood up and gave another speech about Helga and how she was eleven years old and receiving a special gift. When Merlin pointed his wand at her, the same glow surrounded her, except hers was yellow. Merlin announced that she had received the power of Oidosis, which was the power to hear the dead. Whenever Helga muttered the incantation, she’d call upon the name of someone who is deceased and actually have a conversation with them. Once again, Nimue did not approve of Merlin’s gift to their youngest grandchild. When they all raised their glasses to Helga’s life and new powers, Dumbledore placed his hand on Lily’s shoulder, silently telling her that it was time to leave. Lily nodded and the two left the Pensieve.

“Do you have any questions on what you saw, Lily?” Dumbledore asked once they returned to his office.

“So is that why you receive your Hogwarts letter on your eleventh birthday?” Lily asked curiously. “Because they received their special gifts from Merlin on their eleventh birthday?”

“Yes, that is the reason,” Dumbledore said with a smile. “They are the founders of Hogwarts and felt they should admit students on their eleventh birthday, just as they received their gifts that very day and year.”

“Why did Merlin favor Godric Gryffindor?” Lily asked curiously. “It’s so blatantly obvious. It kind of annoyed me.”

“Because Godric was the son of his eldest daughter, Talia,” Dumbledore explained. “When Merlin and Nimue first fell in love, Mab, one of the most powerful witches at the time, was in love with Merlin. Mab was jealous of Nimue because they were to be married and captured Nimue and placed a powerful curse on her. She disfigured her beauty and body. Merlin tried all he could to reverse the spell and as you saw, did a wonderful job. But he couldn’t seem to reverse the spell Mab placed on Nimue making her infertile. They tried for many years to have a child and when Nimue finally became pregnant with Talia, Merlin saw her as the miracle baby. He believed that the love Nimue and he shared broke Mab’s curse and brought Talia life.

“Also, as you heard,” continued Dumbledore, “Godric bears a strong resemblance to his mother, Talia. Especially her eyes; emerald green eyes. I have reason to believe that is why Merlin gave him a power that involved his emerald eyes and why hundreds of Gryffindor’s heirs also have the eyes; just as your grandmother and father did.”

Lily nodded. Everything certainly did make sense to her. She bit her lip and looked towards the window again.

“Is there anything else I must see?” Lily asked, hoping for the answer, ‘no.’

"She is bloody grounded until she's fifty-five years old!" Sirius snapped angrily. "I can't believe she would do something like this!"

"Don't you go and freak out too," said Remus, whose head was floating in Sirius' fireplace. "Trust me; Hermione has done that enough for the both of you."

"She...she just went and disobeyed us," Sirius mumbled to himself. He kicked the edge of the sofa before sitting down on it, staring at Remus' head in the fire. "Doesn't she have any respect towards our request? My demands?"

"Sirius, if I know Lily," started Remus, "she probably wouldn't disobey us unless she had a very good reason."

"Still, Moony, she should have known better," Sirius growled. "Or at least have one of us gone with her."

"Would we have let her?" Remus asked. Sirius could see an amused grin playing across his lips through the flames of the fire. Sirius sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose in frustration; frustration because he knew Remus was right.

"Suppose not," he muttered. "I'm just hoping she comes back safe and sound."

"We all are hoping Padfoot," said Remus, "we all are."

Lily sat in front of the desk of Albus Dumbledore before he nodded slowly, stating that there was one more memory she must see.

"Merlin died eight years after he gave Helga her gift," explained Dumbledore. "It caused mad chaos throughout the wizarding world since Merlin was the most powerful and most famous to have lived. He did so much for his people during the war against the Muggles. He hid refugees, disguised many as Muggles, so much. He used his charm and goodness to convince thousands of Muggles that wizards were not the devil. Many wizards and witches feared that when Merlin died, that sparked the end of our kind. But, as you know, he had a

plan to hand down his powers to his grandchildren through the Stone of Merlin.”

“So, what happened?” Lily asked.

“I shall show you, in Nimue’s memory, the death of her husband,” said Dumbledore. “It is when he gives the stone and his powers to his grandchildren. Come Lily.”

Once entered in the Pensieve, Lily found herself in that same, stunningly decorated bedroom. She saw a very old man, lying in bed with those same big blue eyes, but she could see they were slowly starting to dim. Standing around him were a huge group of Healers mixing potions and muttering incantations. Nimue was on her knees, kneeling beside the bed, grasping her husband’s hand, tears streaming down her face.

“Merlin, how am I going to do this without you? How am I going to live?” she sobbed through her streaming tears. Lily saw him give her a soft smile.

“I hate how you do that, Nimue,” he said softly. “Always look towards the worst. You still have our grandchildren. As long as they live on, I’ll always be around?”

“Oh stop being so corny!” Nimue snapped. “You know what I mean!” She raised her husband’s hand and brought it to her face, still crying nonstop. Merlin looked at her with sad eyes.

“Nimue, my time grows short. I want to see my grandchildren,” he said softly. Nimue nodded before ushering the Healers to leave and her grandchildren to enter. Slowly, one by one, all four of them entered. All four of them were tall and extremely attractive, even Salazr. Lily always imagined him being viciously ugly, maybe because Voldemort was so hideous. But, she knew it was because he was so evil and that is what made him look as he did. She ignored their looks and watched the scene as Merlin gave each of his grandchildren a long speech of how he loved them and how they each touched his life. Rowena and Helga each began to cry and went to their grandmother for a hug and support. Salazar and Godric each

tried to stand strong and brave, but one could tell they were both bending over on the weight of their grandfather's upcoming death.

"I love you all," he whispered. "But I need be. I need to be spend my last moments with your grandmother, my wife." The four nodded and turned to leave.

"Godric!" Merlin called out suddenly. Godric turned around swiftly, his emerald depths widened in concern. "Come here for a moment." Godric turned to his fellow cousins for a moment before entering the room again and kneeling beside his grandfather's bed. Meanwhile, Merlin was reaching into a small box on his bedside table. He opened the lid and pulled out a small black stone, about the size of a raisin, on a silver chain; the Stone of Merlin.

"Godric, I want you to have this," he said softly. Godric took the stone in his hand and it immediately shined red for a moment before turning back to black. "Though it is not just for you; you are to share it with your cousins. All three of them. Understood?"

"Yes, granddad," Godric said softly. "But, what is it?"

"A stone, a stone that holds all of my powers. I want you and your cousins to take this stone and do something great with it. Do something to help save the destruction of the wizarding world, to help end this war that has been going on for so many years." Merlin said desperately, through his now croaking voice. Nimue was now silently sobbing in the corner where Lily and Dumbledore were standing. Lily couldn't help but pity her and even wanted to comfort her. Knowing this was impossible, she continued to watch Merlin and Godric.

"Let me warn you, Godric," he said gently. "The only people who can use that stone are those who have the blood of Merlin running through their veins. Meaning only your heirs. Rowena's heirs. Salazar's heirs. Helga's heirs. Is that understood?"

"But, what are we do with this?" he asked. "What does it do?"

"You decide how to help save the wizarding world. Think of something; anything," said Merlin, tears forming in his eyes. "It will enhance all of your powers. All of your cousins' powers just be having

in your clutches. It will even make those gifts I gave you twice as powerful and you magical abilities twice as powerful. Take the stone and do good with it."

"Of course we'll do good with it," Godric whispered softly. "But, granddad, why give it to me? Why must I be the one to hold on to it?"

"I gave it to you to hold because I thought you were the best candidate to hold it," said Merlin. "And I know you will share it with your cousins equally. This is my dying wish, Godric. You and all of your cousins to do good with this stone is my dying wish."

Tears began to leak out of Godric's eyes and he nodded, clutching the stone tight in his fist. He leaned over and kissed his grandfather on the forehead before saying; "We won't let you down, granddad. I promise, we won't."

"I know you won't, he whispered before calling out to his wife's name. Smoke again surrounded Lily and Dumbledore taking them to another room, similar to Merlin's except a bit smaller, and the room was filled with green and held cages and cages of snakes. Lily knew this had to be the room of Salazar Slytherin. Lily looked around and, without a doubt, there he was, standing over one of the cages, looking extremely angry. In the doorway was Nimue, and her eyes were red and puffy. Her eyes ached with sadness and there was no happiness or joy in her face. Lily knew for a fact that Merlin had just passed away.

"Salazar, please," she begged. "Don't be angry with Godric. He didn't ask to hold the stone. It was your grandfather's wish!"

"Of course it was!" he said angrily, turning on his grandmother. "When it comes to grandfather, it's always about Godric!"

"Salazar, don't worry about who holds the stone," cried Nimue. "You will all use it equally. To do some good! To save all of us; the wizarding world."

"From those wretched Muggles?" he asked harshly. Nimue nodded and took her grandson in her arms.

"From those wretched Muggles," she whispered. She hugged him for a moment before turning to look in his eyes. "Salazar, you had to endure something none of your cousins had to endure; you watched your parents get murdered right before your eyes. As young as you were, you still remember. You still hate them. I understand your hatred. But you must overcome it if you're going to help your cousins. They need you Salazar, they need you."

"Do they?"

"They do," she whispered. "Do this for me, Salazar, for your grandmother. As my dying wish."

"W-w-what?"

"Salazar, I won't be around much longer," she explained. "I'm old and tired. I'm weak and worn out. And I can't live without your grandfather. It is my wish to die, and for you to not be jealous of Godric and do all the good you can in the world."

Salazar looked at her and began to cry.

"Promise me Sal," Nimue said, using his childhood nickname, making a small smile appear on his lips.

"I promise, grandmum," he said gently before hugging her again. Lily watched the scene with widened eyes before she felt herself being pulled out of the Pensieve. They landed in his office and Lily could not find the words, or her own voice for the matter, to speak.

"Lily?" Dumbledore asked in concern. "Are you alright?"

"Fine, Professor," she said briskly. "Just...shocked is all."

"I'm afraid you're far too young to know this truth," said Dumbledore, "but unfortunately, there is no other time to show you or tell you."

"Trust me, Professor," Lily started, "if you know of my past, you'd know I wasn't too young or not ready to hear this. I was. I am. I'm just shocked. It's so much to take in." There was a long, hesitant pause.

“What happened after that?” Lily asked curiously. Dumbledore gave a small sigh before ushering her to sit down.

“As Nimue predicated, she died shortly after that last memory you just saw. A few months tops,” Dumbledore explained. “It was after her death that the four founders decided to take the stone and name it the Stone of Merlin. They took the stone and resolved to building a place where those who had magical powers can come and learn them, and learn to control them. They would make this place secretive, far from Muggle prying eyes. They needed the stone to make this kind of magic though. Without the stone, I’m afraid Hogwarts would never have been created. Many wizards like the idea of a secretive place and decided to make the entire wizarding world secret from the Muggles. A Ministry of Magic was created, in secret, and the first law passed was that it was forbidden to perform magic in front of Muggles.

“The rest is history. When the Ministry was established, Rowena decided to make their ‘secret hide-out’ a school. Where they came up with the name ‘Hogwarts,’ I have no idea. But any child with magical powers, at the age of eleven, was accepted into the school. And once they came to the school, each of the four of them handpicked students to be in their classes. This is how the Houses came about. Rowena Ravenclaw used Merlin’s old hat and, using the stone, created the Sorting Hat, combining the personalities of all four Founders within it, so they could still handpick who goes into what house. Those they handpicked would take class together, sleep together, eat together, and play Quidditch together. They named the houses after their last names. The school ran peacefully and created many successful witches and wizards for many, many years. When the Ministry was more established and much stronger, they started accepting Muggle-born children into the school. That is when problems arose.”

“Because Salazar Slytherin was against it,” Lily said smartly. “Since they came from Muggle families, he found them untrustworthy.”

“Exactly,” he said. “And you now know the reason why. Muggles murdered his parents right in front of his eyes when he was just four

years old. They would have murdered him too had Enoa Ravenclaw, Rowena's mother, not shown up and defeated them."

"When they started accepting Muggle-borns, Salazar refused to let any of them into his House," Dumbledore explained, creating feuds between the students, the faculty, and even the founders.

"Salazar began to get sick of the acceptance of Muggle-borns, and when he could not persuade his cousins otherwise, he left the school in a rage of fury."

"And created the Chamber of Secrets," Lily finished. Dumbledore nodded, his eyes once again twinkling at Lily.

"But not only did he just leave the Chamber of Secrets, remember, he was already jealous of Godric as it was," Dumbledore said with a somber voice. When he left the school, Helga, Rowena, and Godric refused to let him have anything to do with the Stone of Merlin anymore. Not unless he returned to the school. Salazar, in a fit of rage, promised them that they would pay for betraying him. He swore that he would get his hands on the Stone of Merlin and destroy them and their bloodlines, making him the most powerful wizard in the world, even more powerful than his grandfather."

"So, basically, Salazar Slytherin went mad," said Lily, a small smile on her face. She absolutely could not wait to tell Voldemort that his ancestor was an absolutely jealous madman. Then again, so was Voldemort, so that explained a lot to Lily.

"You could say that," Dumbledore said considerably.

"Did he succeed?" Lily asked, feeling stupid realizing he obviously didn't otherwise she wouldn't be alive.

"He would have, if Rowena Ravenclaw hadn't come up with a brilliant idea," said Dumbledore. Lily listened with interest.

"After that, Salazar went on a killing spree. Much like the one Voldemort is on at the moment." Dumbledore's eyes continued to twinkle behind his half-moon glasses. "He swore that no one in his family would ever marry or have anything to do with a Muggle. That

his ancestors will all be pureblood, just like his grandfather and just like his parents.

“Godric realized how serious Salazar was about keeping his promise. He decided that they had to get rid of the Stone of Merlin. Hide it somewhere. That is when Rowena’s brilliant plan came through. Godric’s wife, Melina, was pregnant with his first child. The plan was that Melina would have a secret pregnancy and a secret birth. They would then change the child’s name and put it up for adoption, wearing the Stone of Merlin. Using the stone, they would place a spell on the necklace, so that no one can take it off or can it fall off. The spell was that it cannot come off the child’s neck unless the he or she takes it off.

“Melina Gryffindor gave birth to a baby boy. He was named Aron Gryffindor. Minutes after he was born, the Stone of Merlin was placed around his neck with the spell. He was wrapped in an Invisibility Cloak and taken to an orphanage in London by Godric Gryffindor himself. The baby was renamed Aron Smith. It was one of the hardest and bravest things Godric ever had to do.

“Godric went into a depression after giving up his child. Melina was furious with him and left him for it. But Godric knew deep down that Aron and the Stone of Merlin were safe.” Dumbledore finished, taking a deep breath, the continued with the story. Lily continued to listen eagerly.

“Years passed. Godric, Rowena, and Helga were still running a successful school and there was peace between the wizarding world and the Muggle world. Some Muggles knew of it, but had come to accept it. They knew they had made their grandfather’s dream come true. But what they did not realize was that not everything was entirely peaceful. Salazar Slytherin was determined to destroy his cousins and get ahold of the Stone of Merlin.

“A year before Aron was to come to the school, Salazar and his friend or follow, Damien, managed to sneak into Hogwarts late into the night. They killed anything in their path, including Rowena Ravenclaw. She was patrolling the hallways, saw Salazar, ready to pull her wand, Salazar hit her with the Killing Curse. She left behind a young, now

orphaned, daughter. But, Rowena screamed when the Killing Curse hit her, waking both Helga and Godric. They discovered Salazar and Damien and the four dueled.

“Damien and Helga were both somehow knocked unconscious. Salazar and Godric dueled. Salazar demanded the Stone of Merlin and Godric confessed it was well hidden and he would never find it. When he refused to tell Salazar where it was hidden, he murdered his cousin. Salazar Slytherin murdered Godric Gryffindor, whose last words were, ‘My heir will avenge me,’ and fled the school where he would spend the rest of his life searching for the Stone of Merlin.

“Helga awoke, took Rowena’s daughter and abandoned the girl. Where? No one knows. Then Helga Hufflepuff, unmarried and childless, realized the only family had had betrayed and murdered each other. Devastated, she went into hiding and no one knows what became of her or Rowena Ravenclaw’s daughter.”

“And Aron?” Lily asked curiously. Dumbledore smiled.

“Aron has a happy ending. He was accepted into Hogwarts on his eleventh birthday and, obviously, sorted into Gryffindor. That hat spoke to him. Aron actually recorded the hat’s words, having never forgotten them, when he was much older.” Dumbledore explained. And he took out his old notebook again. “‘Ahhh, Godric Gryffindor’s son...its about time you showed up...yes you are a founder’s son. But, beware of the power of your eyes...the power of Eyeluta....and never let go of that stone that lay around your neck, that is the Stone of Merlin. Nothing can harm you or your descendents as long as you keep that stone in your family. Your father wished for me to tell you this information...GRYFFINDOR!’ He received fine grades, was made a prefect, and became very powerful.”

“Did Salazar ever find out he was the heir of Gryffindor?” Lily asked.

“He did,” Dumbledore said somberly. “Aron made the mistake of using the power of Eyeluta in public. A friend of Salazar discovered it and told him of it. Salazar knew that had to be the son of Godric because no one else can have that power except Godric’s heirs. And Salazar was no fool. He knew that is where Godric hid the Stone of Merlin; with his son. Salazar could not touch the boy, for Aron was so

much more powerful than Salazar because Aron had the stone and he did not.

“Aron did as he was told and kept the stone within his family. It went to generation to generation until Lily Potter, your grandmother, came to with the Stone of Merlin, asking me to hold it for her. She was to go into hiding with your grandfather and father and in case Voldemort found them, he could not get his hands on the stone. She asked me to hold it for her until Harry was ready to inherit it, which I intend to very soon. The heirs of Slytherin would spend the rest of their lives trying to get the Stone of Merlin from the heirs of Gryffindor and fulfill their ancestor’s promise; destroy the bloodlines and become the most powerful wizard and or witch of all time. The rest is history I’m sure you’re already well aware of.”

Lily was, indeed, well aware of the rest. But, she had so many questions.

“When was the prophecy of ‘A Crow and Two Mockingbirds’ made?” Lily asked. Dumbledore smiled. “Many years before your father was born. An old professor of mine, Professor Trelawney made it and it appeared in the Room of Gryffindor on a plaque. It appeared there because of Godric’s last words, ‘My heir will avenge me.’”

“You said that no one knows what happened to Rowena Ravenclaw’s daughter or Helga Hufflepuff, right?” Lily asked.

“Correct. Both disappeared without a trace.”

“Is it possible that their heirs of Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff out there?” Lily asked.

“Definitely possible, probable,” said Dumbledore. “However, no witch or wizard has ever shown any signs of having the powers of Hyptocris or Odiosis. So until someone has the powers or shows them, we may never know.”

Lily nodded and looked up into Dumbledore’s concerned, gentle blue eyes.

“Is that all I need to know Professor?”

“Lily, that is all I know,” he said softly. “I told you everything I know about the Stone of Merlin.”

“Thank you, Professor,” Lily said softly. It was time to go back home.

Chapter 28 – An Accepting Auror:

Lily fell into the Gryffindor Common Room with a loud thud and crunch, hitting her funny bone against the armrest of the couch. Yelping in pain, she rubbed her arm before she had a thunderous uproar coming down from the seventh year boys' dormitories. It sounded almost like a stampede. Lily looked up to see Eddie and Asher come flying down the stairs, their eyes widened with anxiety. They caught sight of her and gasped.

"LILY!" they shouted in unison before sprinting towards her and embracing her tightly. Lily was shocked at this sudden urge to shower her with attention.

"Um...guys?" she said as they continued to hug her. "Guys...are you okay? You two are acting like I just died and came back to life." The boys pulled away before Eddie gave her a much needed kiss, and then looked at her.

"Lils, you've been gone for three days! We've been worried sick about you! We knew you went time-traveling, and we were scared something may have happened to you." Eddie said, taking her hands in his.

"Yeah, Hermione's been up the wall!" Asher said wide-eyed. "She's about ready to ground you for life." Lily rolled her eyes.

"I know I shouldn't have, but I had to," she said softly. Eddie looked at her curiously, his eyes filled with genuine concern and love.

"Why Lils?

"I needed answers," she said simply. "And I got them." She took a deep breath and looked out the window for a moment before turning back to the two boys standing before her, looking at her, wanting her to open up to them. But she simply said, "I need to speak with Hermione. I need to tell her what I know. I'll meet you guys at dinner." She gave Eddie a quick kiss and Asher a kiss on the cheek before turning and walking through the Portrait Hole. Eddie and Asher just stared at her back.

“Bloody hell,” whispered Asher, turning to look at his friend, who was still staring at the Portrait Hole Lily just exited through. “What do you suppose happened to her while she was in the past?”

“I’m not sure I want to know...”

Hermione was going through some of her papers when she heard an extremely timid knock on the door. She gave a quiet huff of annoyance before calling out, “Come in.” She looked up to see her goddaughter walk in and quietly close the door behind her. Hermione jumped to her feet, ready to yell. But, when Lily turned around, and she saw the fear, the reality, the pain, the truth in her emerald depths, she decided to save lectures and punishments for later. She sighed to herself, looking at her goddaughter, who almost seemed to be pleading with her through her eyes. Hermione walked over to Lily and embraced her gently. Lily felt a rush of gratitude towards her for not yelling at right away, for understanding just by reading her eyes. When she pulled away from the embrace, Hermione looked down at her and smiled.

“Come on,” she said, “let’s go talk to Sirius.” Hermione headed towards the fireplace, waiting for Sirius’ head to pop out. When it did, Sirius saw the look in Lily’s eyes and did the same as Hermione; save punishments and lectures for later on, after Lily told them what she needed to tell them. When both adults questioned her for what was wrong, Lily was silent for a really long time before turning to both of them and explaining everything she saw and everything Albus Dumbledore had told her.

She told them everything.

When she finished, she stared at both Hermione and Sirius’ head in the burning fire of Hermione’s office.

“That’s why I went time-traveling in the first place,” explained Lily. “I needed answers and badly. I wasn’t getting them and it was urgent that I did. I needed answers, Hermione, Sirius. Please don’t be mad at me. Please?” Hermione shared a glance with Sirius in the fire before turning back to her.

"We're not mad anymore, Flower," said Sirius. "We understand why you did it. We just wish you had told us! We were worried about you. In times like these, we don't know what is going on. Anything could have happened to you."

"I'm sorry," Lily whispered. "I didn't think." There was a pause. "But, I saw the book and I just acted on impulse. I just needed to know what the Stone of Merlin is all about. And when I time-traveled, I managed to learn more than I ever hoped to!"

"I just wish you came to me," said Hermione. "I would have helped you. We could have helped you and found a better way of finding answers."

"There was no better way, Hermione" said Lily nearly shouted. "Don't you think I would have come to you guys instead of time-traveling if I knew you had answers? I knew nobody had anything worth telling me except my dad and Dumbledore. They're both dead so I went straight to the source. It was the only way. And I got more answers than I ever could imagine!"

"But Lily-"

"I promise, I'll never time-travel again. I didn't even want to! I still don't want to. But, I was desperate!" Lily said, rubbing her head. "Please, just understand!"

"We understand, Flower," Sirius said. "Just...no more okay?"

"No more," Lily said firmly. She looked at the two adults square in the eye, her eyes filled with sincerity. "I really am sorry." Hermione reached over and embraced Lily tightly.

"Go to your dormitories, Lily," said Hermione. "Mandy got all your missed work in the last few days. You've got some serious catching up to do and you might as well get started, alright?" Lily nodded, hugged Hermione one more time before turning on foot and walking out of the office. Hermione turned to Sirius and let the tears stream down her face. Sirius began to shush her quietly in a comforting way.

“Oh Sirius! This just added to the stress!” Hermione said through her sobs. “Not only does she have to defeat him, but she needs to get the weapon from him as well! How is a seventeen year old girl supposed to do this, Sirius? How?”

“Hermione, calm down,” shushed Sirius.

“There is a good chance we can loose her!” Hermione nearly screamed. “Without the stone, she will die, Sirius. I love that girl as though she were my own daughter! I...we...we can’t loose her!”

“I know, Hermione, I know,” said Sirius, tears forming in his own eyes. Hermione could see them through the fire even. “That’s why we’re going to help her, no matter what the cost or the stakes. Right?”

“Right!”

And with a smile, Sirius’ head disappeared from the fire.

Lily told Eddie and Asher everything after dinner that evening of her return. She told them everything she had seen and was told; everything about the Stone of Merlin. Eddie and Asher couldn’t believe it, but promised to help Lily no matter what the consequences, though deep down, they were plenty worried about her. Without the Stone of Merlin, she would die. And Voldemort had the stone. The boys were extremely worried and each made a silent, private vow to try and protect her at all costs; especially Eddie. Eddie was more concerned than anyone at that point.

When Lily finished telling her story, both Eddie and Asher offered their support and then dropped the subject. Lily felt a rush of gratitude towards both of them for not pushing the subject. This is why she loved these two so much; they knew her like the back of their hand.

Weeks, months passed. It was finally springtime and Lily’s years at Hogwarts were coming to a close as her N.E.W.T.S quickly approached. Lily was thankful for the tests; they kept her mind off the fact that she was going to graduate from Hogwarts very shortly. She studied, just to take that off her mind. You could often find many

seventh years in the library or in their Common Rooms studying furiously for their final exams at Hogwarts.

It was a bright, sunny, Tuesday afternoon. Lily and Eddie were in The Room, where they were supposed to be studying for their upcoming Transfiguration N.E.W.T, but instead, were engaged in a passionate kiss. Lily smiled and sighed to herself as she felt Eddie's soft lips move with hers.

"We should probably start studying," Lily whispered against his lips.

"I am studying," Eddie whispered back, "studying you!"

"Ed, I'm serious," she said as she grabbed his face and forced him to look her dead in the eye. "We need to study. Don't make me say it again."

Eddie rolled his eyes with a bemused grin on his face. He turned to the table and opened his Transfiguration textbook and his notes. "You win Lils," he said. "I am in no mood to feel your wrath lately."

"Don't make it sound like I'm some kind of ice woman," Lily said, punching him lightly on the shoulder. He kissed her playfully before they turned to the notes and studied. Lily took a deep breath and sighed slightly, resting her chin gently on her palm, staring out into lake. Eddie noticed Lily's actions and patted her gently on the back.

"Lils? You okay?"

"It's scary," she said with a whisper, "we're graduating from Hogwarts in a week and a half. I mean, it seems like only yesterday we were riding on the boats towards the castle, or when we walked through the doors of the Great Hall for the first time, or even when the Sorting Hat was placed on her head, or when-

"Trip down Memory Lane?" Eddie joked. Lily rolled her eyes.

"I'm serious, Eddie," she whispered. "You don't feel it either?" Eddie looked away for a moment, and opened his mouth. But, before he said anything, they both heard a tap on the window. Looking up, the pair saw a tawny, reddish owl bearing the crest of the Ministry of

Magic on its chest. Eddie went over to the window, opening it, and letting the owl zoom about. The owl dropped a letter in front of Lily before flying back out the window in a hurry.

"You'd think they have the owls on a schedule," Eddie said sarcastically. Lily shrugged.

"Trust Uncle Neville to think of something like that," said she with a slight smile. She reached for the letter, her eyes widening slightly.

"What is it?" Eddie asked in concern.

"It's either my acceptance or rejection letter," Lily whispered in a dreaded voice. Eddie cocked an eyebrow.

"Acceptance? Rejection?" Eddie asked confusedly, scratching his head, sounding much like his father. "For what?"

"The Auror Department."

Eddie stared long and hard at her.

"The Auror Department?" he asked in a whisper. "Lily, you applied for the Auror Department? You want to go into Auror training?"

"Very much so," she said, looking up at him with a determined look in her eyes.

"Why?"

"Why not?" Lily asked coolly before reaching down and opening the letter.

"I didn't know you applied," Eddie said coldly. Lily shrugged.

"I didn't tell anyone," she said simply. Eddie stared as she ripped open the envelope and her emerald gems scanned the paper rapidly. The more she read, the more she beamed.

"I got in," she whispered, a smile racing across her face. "I got accepted! Eddie! I got accepted!" Lily was positively ecstatic over her

acceptance into the Auror Department. She read and reread the letter over and over again, almost squealing with excitement.

“Of course you got in,” said Eddie, no enthusiasm in his voice whatsoever. “You’re Lily Potter. Your dad was Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived and a famous Auror. You’ve probably faced and done more than some of the current Aurors combined. Why wouldn’t you get in?” Lily noticed Eddie’s tone and looked up at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Who stuck your wand up your buttocks?” Lily asked, half jokingly, half seriously. Eddie turned away.

“Nothing,” he said simply. “Congratulations Lily. I’m real happy for you.” With that, he turned and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Lily stared out into space for a moment before making a confused, twisted face. She shrugged it off, stuffed all of her things in her bag, and raced to find Hermione and Remus to tell them the fabulous news.

Eddie wanted to smack himself. Lily had just achieved a great honor and he was furious about it. It’s not that he wasn’t happy for or proud of Lily; he was. The look of joy on her face when she opened that letter was something he loved to see. Lily being happy meant him being happy. His feelings depended and relied on hers. So, why was he so furious?

Eddie knew that Auror training would take years and that Lily would be gone for months, sometimes years at a time depending on circumstances. And after training, she would be an Auror and sent to places all over the country and even the world; battling dark wizards and those who threatened others, gone years at a time and with no communication for sometimes months at a time. And with Lily be accepted into Auror training, the little box that contained a ring, in Eddie’s pocket, was worthless. With Auror training and actually becoming an one, Eddie saw no point in asking the question he planned to ask Lily on their graduation day. She wouldn’t have energy or the time to plan a wedding...

"Lily, I'm so proud of you!" Remus said as he embraced Lily in a warm hug. "Your father would be too. You'll make a fine Auror." Lily beamed up at him before turning to Sirius' head, which was still floating in the fire, smiling up at Lily.

"So, I can go?" Lily asked excitedly. Sirius gave a hesitant smile.

"Getting accepted into the Auror Department at the Ministry of Magic is a great honor, Lily, a great honor," said Sirius. "Of course you can go." He stared up at the girl he had come to love as a daughter, admiration written across his aging features. "Harry would be so proud of you, you have no idea."

"Hermione didn't seem too keen on me going," said Lily hesitantly. Remus sat down at his desk with an amused grin.

"Hermione has always been like Eddie's grandmother; a complete worry-wort," said Sirius, making an annoyed face.

"Someone needs to be," Remus said reasonably. "It keeps us all in check."

"Beside the point," Sirius said offhandedly, "it isn't up to Hermione. Lily will decide whether she wants to become an Auror."

"I want to go," Lily said without hesitation, smiling. Sirius and Remus beamed at her. They knew she was going to be something great and they knew that she was well on her way.

At that point, Hermione stepped into Remus' office, a weird look on her face. Lily couldn't place her look. It was a mixture of annoyance, fear, sadness, anxiety; all emotions except any happy ones. She caught sight of Lily and immediately paled.

"Lily, I need to speak to Remus and Sirius alone," Hermione said firmly, with a tone in her voice that told Lily there was no point in arguing with her. Lily shrugged and waved to the two Marauders before exiting the office; her acceptance letter still clutched in her hand. She closed the door behind her. Hermione immediately turned to Sirius and Remus.

"We have a situation," said Hermione. "Lily cannot go into the Auror Department."

"I beg your pardon?" Sirius asked angrily from the fire. "Lily may go into training if she wishes. This is her dream, Hermione! I understand you're worried for her, but-"

"It's not me, Sirius!" Hermione said desperately. "Oh, if only you knew! If Lily wants to go into Auror training, by all means, she may go. I will support my goddaughter in anything and everything that she does."

"Then, what is the situation?" Remus asked curiously.

"The law says that a witch or wizard needs parental permission to join the training if they are under nineteen, even if the legal age is seventeen." Hermione explained. "Neville went through with that law when Voldemort started killing young seventeen and eighteen years old in training."

"We are fully aware of the law," Sirius said sardonically. "What is the problem?"

"Lily does not have parental consent..." Hermione said softly. Sirius and Remus looked at each other with confused looks on their faces.

"We can give her permission," said Sirius.

"We're not her parents," said Hermione, the fear growing more steady in her voice.

"We can give her permission if her parents are not able to," said Remus, trying to calm and reason with Hermione. "Harry is dead. Her mother abandoned her." That is when Hermione broke down in tears.

"That's just it! Her mother is able to! Her mother is here! She is a professor here at Hogwarts. I hired her without knowing who she was!" Hermione sobbed. "And she refuses-"

“Lilee is not going into Auror training!” came a female voice with a heavy French accent, bursting into the classroom. “She is not going because I want a chance to get to know ‘er.”

Sirius and Remus stared wide-eyed at the woman, before Sirius gasped.

“YOU?”

Chapter 29 – A Full Moon Dies:

“It is almost time,” he sneered with a smile. His icy, cold voice pierced the darkness like knife cutting deep into flesh. Bellatrix, not aging well at all, looked tired and weary, but stared at her master with wide-eyes, fear and admiration flowing from them.

“My Master,” Draco Malfoy’s voice called out bravely, “is anything to happen to any of the other students at Hogwarts?” One could hear the fear in his voice, not because he was scared of the Dark Lord’s reaction, but because of the meaning behind his question. Voldemort gave a soft laugh.

“I assure you, Draco,” he said, “that nothing will happen to young Daris or any of his friends. You know I wouldn’t let anything go wrong. I wish for them to apart of this honor, just as you and your father have, Draco.”

“Thank you, my Lord, thank you!” he said in a sincere voice before bowing down before Voldemort. He then turned to the old man standing before him, who was on his knees, resting against a wooden cane.

“Raa, you have done well,” said Voldemort, taking out his wand. “You have served me with the utmost loyalty and have used all of your intellect and power to help and serve me. You are one of my most honorable and trusted servant.”

“Thank you, my Lord,” Raa said in a whisper, now bowing his head.

“You have given me the greatest gift of all, Raa,” Voldemort continued, “you have given me the Stone of Merlin. With the stone, Lily Potter will be destroyed and the line of Gryffindor will finally end. All thanks to you, Raa.”

“Only for you, my Master,” he said, bowing his head again.

“For your efforts and success, you shall be greatly rewarded, more than you could ever imagine! I shall give you full use of your legs

now.” Voldemort explained. “Along with all the riches you could ever want and imagine.”

“Master, thank you,” Raa said in a gasp. “How can I-”

“But I need one more service from you, Raa,” said Voldemort.

“Of course, my Lord, of course,” he said softly. “What is it?”

“I need you to kill the Headmistress of Hogwarts; that Mudblood, Hermione Granger, and the werewolf, Remus Lupin,” said Voldemort. “With them out of our way at Hogwarts, we’ll have a clear path to Lily Potter.”

Raa nodded before bowing his head again.

“I will do anything you ask of me, my Lord,” he said softly. “What is the plan?”

Voldemort looked at the night sky, clutching a tiny, black, stone in his fist.

“So soon, Raa, so soon,” he whispered. “Lily Potter and the Gryffindor line will finally be dead.” Voldemort then turned and told Raa of his plans for the murders. After Voldemort informed Raa of the plans to murder Hermione Granger and Remus Lupin, Raa Apparated to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Granger.

Lily gasped and woke up in cold sweat, nearly choking on her own saliva. As she breathed in much needed breaths, she took her sheet and wiped the sweat from her forehead. With that, she grabbed her robe, her wand, and her Invisibility Cloak. Slipping into her robe and the cloak, she placed her wand in her pocket, and ran to the Common Room, out of the Portrait Hole, and straight to Hermione’s office.

“MORSMORDRE!”

The Dark Mark appeared into the night sky, hovering about a tiny home in the midst of a Muggle neighborhood. Raa looked at it in triumph before transfiguring a rock, which was sitting in the yard of a

Muggle house, into an owl. He conjured up a quill and a piece of parchment before sending an 'anonymous' letter to the Ministry about the attack. Raa smiled evilly into the night sky as the owl flew off with the letter.

Raa turned to the two frightened Muggles, tied at his feet. He grabbed them both by the hair before Apparating with them.

Lily ran to her godmother's office as fast as she could. She had a dream. In the dream, Voldemort wanted and planned to murder the only two people at Hogwarts who could protect her. Surely, Sirius and Ron were next on his list.

Lily was in a state of panic. She had lost Harry and Robyn. If anyone else died because of her, she'd never be able to forgive herself.

Lily needed to tell Hermione that she and Remus were at the top of Voldemort's hit list.

Raa appeared inside his shop with a pop, still holding the two Muggles by their hair, one crying in fear. He left them on the floor and placed an Anti-Burning Charm on them before heading out through the door, quietly so no one noticed.

It was a clear, starry night in Hogsmeade when he Apparated into the village. Raa looked up and saw the castle of Hogwarts glistening in the night sky, peaceful and undisturbed. Raa knew that Lily Potter was in that castle, sleeping peacefully in a warm bed. The thought of the idea that the enemy was so at peace infuriated Raa and he wanted more than anything to storm up to the school and murder the girl himself. But, he knew that murdering her was his Master's wish and he would never deprive that from the Dark Lord. Not that he would want to anyway, not with the power of Eyseluta among her powers.

Raa looked around and stood at the door of the shop. He looked around. Being such a beautiful night, many people were spending a late evening in the village; shopping, enjoying good food, getting a drink, walking amongst the stars. He grinned, knowing this plan was

going to be successful. He hid in the shadows of the shop and slipped his mask over his face. He started a small fire in his shop, knowing it would burn the place down, before storming out and screaming the dreaded words; *"AVADA KEDEVRA!"*

Her eyes welled up with tears at recollection Sirius Black's words. Who was he to tell her what to do? She had every right to tell Lily that she was her mother. She wanted to, she needed to. But, she couldn't until she was no longer a professor at Hogwarts. That is when she decided that she would tell Lily; after her graduation, when she was no longer working until the rule of Hermione Weasley.

At that time, Hermione came bursting through the door, full of sweat, determination and panic written across her features.

"There's been another attack on Hogsmeade," was all she said. She saw her cousin standing behind Hermione, sharing the same facial features as the Headmistress. She nodded and grabbed her wand, running with the rest of the faculty towards the tiny wizarding village.

Lily finally reached the gargoyle before screaming the password at the top of her lungs; "Skittle! Skittle!" The gargoyle awoke and began to continue to spin towards the office, Lily panting for breath in a worried manner the whole time.

Raa murdered three people in front of his shop and the place was now burning a wretched fire. The people in the streets were screaming and causing mass panic. Raa grinned beneath the Death Eater mask before Disapparating. However, he Apparated inside his now burning shop before stripping himself of his mask and robes. He laid himself down beneath the flames and placed an Anti-Burning Charm on himself before letting out a so-called terrified scream.

Lily reached the doors to Hermione's office and she banged on them furiously, screaming at the top of her lungs for Hermione to let her in that she needed desperately talk to her.

With that, Hagrid had opened the door to the office, looking panicked.

"Lily? Whas wrong?" he asked, looking confused. "Yeh should-"

"Where's Hermione?" Lily asked urgently, interrupting Hagrid.

"Not here-"

"Where is she?" Lily asked, nearly shouting and desperate. Hagrid looked hesitant to tell her. Lily panicked, saw red, and pulled out her wand, pointing it straight at her giant friend.

"I love you, Hagrid," she said, her wand pointed at Hagrid's chest. Hagrid looked simply terrified, hurt even. "But, Hermione is in danger. Voldemort is going to have her killed. I need to know where she is. I need to warn her. And if you don't tell me where she is..."

"Lily..."

"TELL ME HAGRID!" Lily roared, her wand arm shaking with panic and fury. Hagrid stared at her wide-eyed. "RIC-"

"Hogsmeade!" Hagrid said quickly. "There was an attack! Hermione went to see what she could do to help."

"And Remus?"

"He went wit' her," said Hagrid, "them whole faculty did."

With that, Lily gasped and sprinted out of the office, conjuring her Firebolt as she ran towards the main doors, which led to Hogsmeade.

"Three people dead?" Remus asked worriedly, looking at Dominique Delinor worriedly. "Who could have done this?"

"Do you zink zis is a plot to get to Lilee?" Dominique asked, looking down at the pretty young woman, who was lying dead beneath her, her life ripped away from her only moments earlier.

Remus swore loudly, which shocked the young veela. No one had ever saw Remus Lupin lose his calm and swear like that. "Dominique!

Get back to the castle! Find Lily and don't let her out of your sight! She should be in her dormitory."

"I will go!" came another voice before dashing off to the castle. Remus opened his mouth to protest, but Dominique placed a gentle hand on his arm, making the young werewolf turn to her.

"Let 'er go," she said. "It's best."

Before Remus could protest again, he heard Hermione's scream.

"Remus!" Hermione shouted, as she pointed to *Ackledone's Antique Shop*, which was in flames. "Look!" They heard the petrified scream of the old man who lived above the shop from the inside. Hermione gasped.

"Ackledone is in there!" Hermione gasped. We have to get him out!"

"I'll do it," said Remus, as he slowly walked towards the burning shop, placing an Anti-Burning Charm on himself. He heard another scream from Mr. Ackledone and charged in, head first, his wand blazing. He stepped in and looked around.

"Mr. Ackledone?" Remus called out, guarding his eyes from the bright, orange, yellow, and red flames of the blazing fire. He kept his wand out and his face covered. He called out for Rupert Ackledone again, but still, no answer. All of the sudden, Remus began to feel uneasy. Something seemed out of place. Something wasn't right.

Raa smiled to himself when he heard the voice of Remus Lupin call out his name. How did his Master know? The Dark Lord always knew. He had called this; he knew this would happen. Slowly, but surely, Ackledone let out a small cry for help, knowing that the werewolf would come to his aid.

Remus heard a small shuffle in the back of the shop and started towards it. That is, until, he heard a small moan from in front of the shop register. Remus bit his lip for a moment and hesitated, before dashing over to the register. He saw Ackledone laying there. Remus was about to bend down and aid the old man when he realized,

Ackledone was laying in the flames, but was not on fire. This was a trap. This whole thing was a trap. But, before Remus could do anything, Ackledone had stood up and pointed his wand at him and screamed, "*AVADA KEDEVRA!*"

Raa saw a man standing before him, but the man looked uneasy, nervous. Did Remus Lupin suspect something? The Dark Lord had warned him of the intelligence of both Hermione Granger and Remus Lupin, but surely he hadn't figured it out. When Raa saw Lupin's hesitation to aid him, Raa quickly stood up and pointed his wand at the younger man standing before him. He gave a small grin before shouting the Killing Curse.

Lily flew her Firebolt towards the village. She could smell the smoke of fire and immediately urged her broom to move faster. In the distance, she could see a blazing fire taking over one of the buildings.

"Go! Go!" Lily urged, practically lying flat against the handle of the broom, going as fast as she possibly could.

Lily knew this whole attack on Hogsmeade was a trap in order to kill both Hermione and Remus. She just hoped she wasn't too late.

Remus gasped as he saw the green light and sirens of death coming towards him, but he dove to his right, landing right over the register. He hid beneath it, watching the wall as the green light dimmed down.

"Ha, both my Master and I underestimated you, Lupin," sneered Ackledone's voice, from the front of the register. "Still got the strength of a twenty year old, eh?"

"Master?" Remus asked coolly. "So, you're not under the Imperious Curse?"

"No," the old man said coolly. "I have done everything I could to help my master rid the world of those filthy Muggles and Mudbloods. Even before that wretched Harry Potter destroyed him and during his absence and after his return. I am the most loyal and honored servant. I gave him the ultimate weapon. And now that I will murder you and that Mudblood Granger, he will love me."

Remus' eyes widened when Ackledone mentioned the "ultimate weapon." His breath caught in his throat.

"You're Raa?" Remus whispered, more to himself than to Ackledone.

"My name is Rupert Alexander Ackledone," Ackledone said coolly. "Yes, I am Raa."

"You gave Voldemort the Stone of Merlin?"

"I did."

"How-?"

Remus had not been paying attention to Ackledone's movements, as he had quietly crept around the register and was standing right in front of Remus, his wand pointed directly at his throat.

"Only two people know who Raa is, Lupin," said Ackledone coolly. "Lucius Malfoy and the Dark Lord himself. I can't have you spilling my secrets now, can I?"

Remus' eyes widened, realizing what was going to happen.

"AVADA KEDEVRA!"

Remus Lupin's last words were, "HERMIONE, ITS A TRAP!"

"HERMIONE, ITS A TRAP!"

Hermione knew that voice, it was Remus' voice. And those words came right after someone screamed the wretched Killing Curse. The Headmistress stared long and hard at the tiny shop for a moment before looking at Dominique.

"I'm sorry, Professor," Dominique said quietly, gently placing her hand on her shoulder. Hermione nodded, tears welling up in her eyes. They both knew the dreaded truth; Remus Lupin had just been murdered by the Death Eater in the shop.

"We have to get out of here," she said quickly to Dominique. "This is a trap. We need to get the faculty out of here."

At that time, Hermione heard screaming, someone screaming her name with urgency. It was coming from the sky. She looked up, pointing her wand to where she heard the call. Remus had just warned her that this whole thing was a trap, and she believed it, and she was going to stay on guard. But, what did she see coming from the sky? It was her goddaughter, on a broomstick, and her wand out.

"Lily?" Hermione whispered to herself in a dreaded whisper. Lily came flying down and jumped off her broom when she reached the ground. Hermione ran towards her and grabbed her roughly, dragging her away from the burning shop.

"Lily Julia Potter, what in the bloody hell are you doing here?" Hermione hissed angrily.

"Voldemort is planning to kill you and Remus," Lily said breathlessly, ignoring Hermione's question and attitude. "He feels that no one can protect me as well as you two at Hogwarts. Once you and Remus are dead, there is no doubt in my mind that he will go after Sirius and Ron."

Hermione just stared at Lily, then turned to Dominique.

"Would you tell-"

"I'll go get 'er and tell 'er zat Lilee is safe wiz us," Dominique said firmly, before turning around and heading towards the castle.

"Tell who...?"

"Nevermind," Hermione said dismissively, pulling Lily to the side. "How do you know that Voldemort plans to kill Remus and I?" she asked in a whisper.

"I dreamed it," said Lily. "Voldemort is sending a man by the name of Raa to kill you."

“Raa?” Hermione choked. Lily had to have been telling the truth. She had no idea about Raa and that he was the man that gave Voldemort the Stone of Merlin. Hermione looked at the burning shop, biting her lip, knowing that Raa was probably the man inside who killed Ackledone and Remus.

Remus.

How was she going to explain to Lily that Remus was dead? That he had been murdered just as Lily had predicted? More than likely by the man known as Raa? Lily was studying Hermione’s face and the look that dwelled on it; the panic, the worry, the fear, the concern, and the understanding. Lily knew.

“He already got Remus, didn’t he?” Lily asked, in a shaky voice. “I was too late, wasn’t I?”

“Lily, honey, it wasn’t your fault-”

There was a high pitched scream from inside the shop, which was still burning in flames. The faculty of Hogwarts was doing all it could to make sure water poured from their wands and on to the excruciating flames. The scream sounded remarkably like an old woman’s scream.

Hermione was staring strangely at the burning house. Lily looked at her in concern.

“Hermione?” she asked. “What’s the matter?”

“I know that scream,” was all Hermione said. She was still looking at the shop in a strange way, as though confused and concerned about something at the same time.

“Who is it?”

“HERMIONE!” the scream shouted again. Hermione gasped.

“That’s my mother’s voice...”

Mrs. Granger whimpered as the flames surrounded her husband and her. Her husband had already passed out from panic. He had a heart condition; this panic certainly was not good for him. He could be dead for all she knew. She saw the elderly man who had kidnapped her husband and herself kill a younger man, who Mrs. Granger recognized as a fellow employee and friend of her daughter's. She was smart; Hermione had to get her brains from somewhere, and knew that this elder man, who she overheard as Raa, had used her and her husband as bait to kill this man.

Mrs. Granger saw the older man, Raa, smiling evilly with his wand pointed out. He stepped over the now dead body of the young man who had come in to rescue them and walked towards her and the unconscious Mr. Granger, his wand pointed at them.

"One down, one to go," he said with an evil cackle, waving his wand at Mrs. Granger. Mrs. Granger found that she now had regained her ability to speak. The elder man, Raa, had placed a spell on the two of them to prevent them from talking earlier.

"Why are you doing this?" she called out desperately, as he pulled her up by her hair. "Just so you could kill that man?"

"No," he said quietly. Mrs. Granger looked at him pleadingly.

"Then why? Why did you kidnap us?"

"For bait," he said simply, saying a spell to levitate Mr. Granger, as he dragged her by her hair towards the front door.

"Bait for whom?" Mrs. Granger was getting impatient.

"Bait for your daughter." The elder woman gave a loud scream, knowing someone outside had to have heard her.

"You...you plan to murder my daughter?" Mrs. Granger nearly shrieked.

"I plan to torture, then murder that dirty Mudblood," Raa sneered as he reached the front door of the shop. Mrs. Granger nearly choked on her own spit.

“HERMIONE!” she shouted at the top of her lungs, trying to warn her daughter, causing Raa to smack her straight across the face.

“Someone needs to inform the Ministry that Hogsmeade has been attacked and that Mr. and Mrs. Granger have been captured,” Snape said to Madame Rosmerta, who nodded, tears in her eyes. She ran towards her pub to deliver the message.

Hermione stared at the burning shop, fear forming in her eyes. Standing around her, Dominique, whom had returned with her cousin, Fleur, and even Snape were all trying to give her some comfort.

Lily just stared at the burning shop, which looked as though it were about to fall to the floor.

“I must go,” she heard Hermione say, bravely, walking towards the shop, her wand out. Lily turned to her and stood in her path.

“You can’t” she said. “I dreamed it. Remus is dead. It’s a trap, Hermione. You can’t go inside!”

“Lily, he has my mother in there!” Hermione said angrily. “What would you do?”

“I’d think of my three children. I’d think of my husband. I’d think of my goddaughter,” said Lily. “Your mother wouldn’t want you to sacrifice yourself for her! Would you want Eddie, Teresa, or even Anne to sacrifice themselves for you?”

“Of course not, Lily, you know that!”

“Then why do you expect your mother to do that for you?” Lily shouted, her eyes looking glassy.

“Because she called for me,” said Hermione. “I’m not about to ignore my own mother’s plea for help.”

“Hermione, please, don’t go,” Lily pleaded, her eyes brimming with tears. “You’re the only mother I’ve got...” Hermione looked down at

her goddaughter, tears falling from her own eyes. She leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on Lily's forehead.

"Tell Ron, Eddie, Teresa, and Anne how much I love them," she whispered. "And I love you. I'm so sorry, Lily."

With that, Hermione dashed towards the house, leaving Lily in tears behind her. Lily turned to the three remaining adults behind her.

"Why the bloody hell has no one gotten Ron yet?" she said through a sob, before gripping the wand that lay beneath her robes and pulling it out...

Chapter 30 – A Mother’s Love:

“He’s on his way,” said Snape, referring to Lily’s question about Ron, “along with his sister, Black, Tonks, Shacklebolt, and the Minister of Magic himself.”

Lily nodded and turned to see Hermione running towards the shop. She gripped her wand tightly and started after her, but she felt someone stop her by placing a hand on her shoulder.

“Stop Potter,” said Snape. “This is Professor Weasley’s choice.”

“Yes, yes it is,” said Lily, “and it is MY choice to go into after her. So, if you don’t mind, you can take your hands off of me now.” She shrugged off Snape’s hand and once again, started after Hermione. Another hand was placed on her shoulder and she whipped around angrily.

“THIS IS MY CHOICE!” she shouted, thinking it was Snape, but it was Delacour who had stopped her.

“Lilee, you will die,” was all she said. Snape and Delinor looked at her wide-eyed.

“Yeah, I probably will,” was all she said before turning back around. Hermione was already in the shop, no doubt looking for her parents and Raa. Lily walked towards the shop and heard several pops around her. Moments after the pops were heard, she saw a tall build of man stand in front of her.

“Turn around Flower,” she heard Sirius say. Lily looked up at him.

“No,” she said firmly. “I’m going in there. She is willing to sacrifice for her mother, I’m willing to sacrifice for mine.” As she walked around Sirius, she saw the front of Ackledone’s Antique Shop collapse in flames right before her eyes. Lily felt her lungs suck in a large gulp of air and began to choke and cough. She heard Ron scream with agony.

“HERMIONE!” he shouted as he dashed towards the shop. Sirius wrapped his arms around his waist to prevent him from committing suicide at the burning rubble. Lily stared at it, wide-eyed.

“Ron, stop, there is nothing you can do,” Sirius said, pleadingly, unwanted agony in his voice.

“HERMIONE! MY WIFE IS IN THERE! HERMIONE!” Ron shouted, choking in his own tears.

“Ron,” came Ginny, her voice shaking. “Please...don’t do this...”

“HERMIONE! LET GO OF ME SIRIUS! I LOVE HER! I CAN SAVE HER! LET ME GO!” Ron was fighting off Sirius with all his might, determined to save his wife. Eventually he gave up and completely broke down, both physically and emotionally. He cried into Sirius’ chest like a child as Sirius cradled him.

Lily seemed to go deaf for a moment. She could not seem to hear Ron’s shrieks and sobs, Ginny’s cries, people’s screams. She heard nothing. It was as though someone had pulled her out of this universe and she was watching all of this from a faraway place. The only thing she could see or hear was the fiery rubble that was burning only yards away from her. A determined look on her face and courage, or maybe it was stupidity, inside her heart, Lily raised her wand and charged towards the rubble. Comforting Ron, no one really seemed to notice, except one person. This person had not taken her eyes off Lily the whole time. She watched as Lily’s emerald depths changed from sadness to fortitude. When Lily had went towards the fire, she followed the teenager. No one noticed any of this until Lily was only inches away from the fire.

“LILY WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” she heard Sirius scream. Lily ignored him and charged through halfway collapsed door of the shop. She didn’t know that someone was following her, and watching her back the whole time, until she heard someone place an Anti-Burning Charm on her.

“YOU?” Lily gasped as she turned around and saw the Potions Master following her into the shop, her wand out, on her guard. “What are you doing?”

"If you're going to kill yourself, Potter, you might want to ask for 'elp," sneered Delacour. "Common sense to use ze Anti-Burn Charm in a fire..."

"You're trying to protect me?" Lily asked. "But why? You hate me!"

"Despite zat, you are a student, and as your professor, tis my job to protect you," she said coldly. "Now what exactly is your plan?"

"To find Hermione and get the bloody hell out of here," was all Lily said. Delacour looked up and saw that only parts of the roof had collapsed earlier, and that that rest of the roof ready to go.

"Lilee, we must leave," Delacour said, as she grabbed Lily's forearm. Lily snatched it away roughly.

"LET GO OF ME!" she shouted before continuing her search for Hermione. Delacour rolled her eyes and helped the girl complete her mission. Lily squinted her eyes through the fire. She headed to where the rest the roof had collapsed and looked beneath the beams of wood and fire. She saw a big lump of curly brown hair laying beneath one of the beams.

"Hermione!" she gasped as she bent down beside the head. She began to try and lift the beam, but it was no use, it was too heavy.

"Professor!" she called out. "I found her!" She continued to try and lift the beam but did not notice the shadow of an old man creep up behind and jab his wand in her back. Lily stiffened.

"And you're the one who is supposed to defeat the Dark Lord?" the old man asked. "A stupid child who tries to lift a beam when a simple Levitating Charm would do the trick? Fool!"

"Raa..." Lily said knowingly.

"Indeed!" Raa said with a pleased voice. He grabbed Lily by the shoulders and turned her around, snatching her wand away from her. Lily gasped as she looked into the face that sold her Eddie's Christmas gift; Rupert Ackledone.

“Rupert Ackledone?” Lily gasped. “You’re Raa?” Ackledone just let out a cold, hard laugh.

“How wonderful. I came here tonight wanting to murder the Mudblood and werewolf, but I get to hand my Master the very thing he wants!”

“I’m not a thing,” Lily said through gritted teeth. Ackledone let out another laugh.

“Master said you had quite a mouth,” said Ackledone. “He was not lying. But, I would love to hear a scream of sheer pain come from that smart mouth of yours. I do not have permission to kill you. However, the Dark Lord said nothing about torturing you. *Cruic-*”

“*EXPELLIARMUS!*” came Delacour’s voice, disarming Ackledone. She caught both his and Lily’s wand in midair. He whipped around to face Delacour. “*Stupefy!*”

Ackledone was knocked off his feet and into the rubble. Lily looked at Delacour wide-eyed.

“You’re a knack for trouble, Potter,” was all she said, handing her back the wand. “You found ze ‘Eadmistress?”

“Yeah,” said Lily, turning to kneel down beside Hermione. “I think she’s still alive. The remaining parts of the roof shook and Lily and Delacour looked up worriedly. Delacour ordered Lily to stand back and she obeyed. The veela levitated the beam and then performed a spell on Hermione that made her lightweight. As Delacour did all this, Lily looked around for Mr. and Mrs. Granger and found them not far from Hermione. She bent down and checked for Mr. Granger’s pulse. He was dead. Lily closed her eyes, knowing the pain Hermione was going to feel over the loss of her father. Lily was very familiar with that pain. She then turned to Mrs. Granger and noticed the woman was simply unconscious. Lily gasped and performed the lightweight spell that Delacour had placed on Hermione, on Mrs. Granger. She lifted the old lady in her arms and she and the veela hurried towards the door.

Lily screamed as chunks of wood and cement began to fall around them. Delacour grabbed Mrs. Granger from Lily and threw both

unconscious women over one arm, using the other to cover Lily's head. When they reached the door, Delacour ran out first, the unconscious women still in her arms. Before Lily could walk out, Ackledone had regained consciousness from the Stunning Spell and charged at Lily, knocking her to the ground. Lily screamed in fear of death. Ackledone took out his wand, which Delacour had left behind, and muttered the Apparation Charm. Lily shrieked again and felt another hand grab her's as she, Ackledone, and the someone who grabbed her hand Apparated to Merlin knows where.

Neville Longbottom had arrived on the scene just as Sirius and Ron started charging towards a burning, half collapsed building. If they went in, he knew they would surely meet their deaths and placed them both on that stiffening spell that little Hermione Granger had placed on him when he was a first year.

"What do you think you two are doing?" he asked as he dragged them both back, both locked in restraints.

"Hermione is in there!" Ron cried out. "So is Lily! Sirius and I need to save them!"

"Professor Delacour is in zere too," said Dominique, tears in her eyes and running down her cheeks.

"Yeah, well, no one cares about that-"

"That will be enough, Sirius," said Neville firmly. He turned to Dominique. "How do we get them out?"

"I don't know if zere is a way to get zem out," she said tearfully. "Zey are probably dead already!"

"DON'T SAY THAT!" Sirius shouted. "Lily is all I've got!"

Neville bit his lip worriedly.

“Shacklebolt?” he called out. The elderly bald man was standing beside him. “Are you willing to enter that building with me, to search for Lily, Hermione, Fleur, and the Grangers?”

“I am, Minister,” he said firmly. Ron looked infuriated.

“HOW COME NEVILLE CAN GO AND I CANNOT GO IN TO SAVE MY OWN WIFE?” he roared. Sirius looked just as angry.

“Because, Ron,” said Neville, “you can’t afford to die. If Hermione is dead, she would want you to raise your three children. Not to go in after her and have them orphaned. And you, Sirius, you may come. I know Lily is like a daughter to you and I know you are like a father to her. I also know that she is the only thing you are living for.”

Neville waved his wand and Sirius was free from his restraint. He smiled at Neville; a smile that told him thanks. Neville nodded at Shacklebolt and Sirius, and the three of them ran towards the house, but as they did, they saw Fleur coming out with two unconscious bodies over her shoulder. Shacklebolt immediately grabbed both bodies from Fleur and ran away from the fire, as the rest of the building was collapsing.

“Where’s Lily?” Sirius asked Fleur urgently. At that moment, they heard Lily’s petrified scream.

“Ackledone,” was all Fleur said, before running back and diving at something. Sirius was hot on her tail and all he saw was an old man wrestling Lily to the ground and Fleur grabbing Lily’s arm as the three of them Apparated with a pop. Sirius gripped his hair and screamed as the rest of the building collapsed.

Neville grabbed Sirius by the back of the robes and dragged him away from the building just in time to save Sirius’ life, diving to the ground. Neville lifted his head to see Shacklebolt clutching on to an old woman softly and Ginny cradling Hermione. He looked back at the building and saw it totally hit the ground. It was no longer a shop, but just a heap. He looked down at Sirius, who was still screaming for Lily.

Lily felt herself hit the ground with a painful thud, a heavy mass on top of her. Before she could open her eyes, she felt a fist collide with the side of her face and the last thing she heard was the voice of a woman, with a heavy French accent, shouting curses and spells, before she fell unconscious.

Lily awoke on a stone floor, rubbing her cheek where she had been severely punched. She found herself in a dark room, almost pitch black. She noticed that her head had been resting on a folded up robe that had a sweet scent to it. She recognized it, but could not place it.

“Lilee?” a voice called out in the darkness. Lily squinted and looked around, her eyes still adjusting to the dark room.

“Professor Delacour?” Lily asked in a grumpily voice. “What’s going on?”

“Kidnapped,” she said simply, walking over to the teenage girl and sitting beside her. “I grabbed your arm before Ackledone could Apparate wiz you.”

“What happened to Hermione and Mrs. Granger?” Lily asked in concern. “Are they okay?”

“I zink so,” she said. “I would not know, would I? As I’m here in a dark room wiz you. But, zat Auror grabbed zem from me before ze building collapsed.”

“Good,” was all Lily said, not looking at her professor. In all honesty, Delacour would not have been Lily’s first choice of companionship while being locked in a dark room, kidnapped by one of Voldemort’s followers. No doubt she and Delacour would be facing Voldemort shortly, when he arrived or when he felt like trying to kill her again. Lily’s heart jumped and her stomach squirmed, realizing what she just said. Voldemort would try to kill her again, and this time, he would succeed, for he had the Stone of Merlin in his clutches. Lily rested her elbows on her knees and gripped at her hair.

“Lilee?”

"Voldemort is going to kill me," Lily whispered, her voice shaking.

"You 'ave escaped 'im before..."

"Yes, but now he has the Stone of Merlin," Lily said, a lump of fear appearing in her throat.

"Ze Stone of Merlin?" Delacour asked curiously.

"A weapon that could be only used by the Heirs of Merlin, which include the four Hogwarts Founders, which include both Voldemort and myself," Lily said, gripping her hair even tighter. "There is no way to defeat him. I am going to die."

"Well if you 'adn't insisted on going in after ze 'Eadmistress, you would not be in zis mess, now would you?" Delacour asked nastily. Lily looked up. Her eyes had now adjusted to the darkness of the room and she glared at her professor.

"Don't you dare accuse me of this!" Lily snapped. "I went in to save my godmother!"

"Oh shut-up, Potter!" Delacour snapped, getting to her feet and walking towards a wall. "You're so much like you fuzzer, it is ridiculous! It sickens me!"

"You don't know anything about my father!" Lily yelled, also getting to her feet. "So don't talk about what you don't know! I went in to save my godmother! Because I love her! And she is the only mother I have!"

"You have a muzzer," Delacour said coldly. But it wasn't in an angry, cold voice. It was more like a hurt, cold voice.

"I do not consider Dominique my mother!" Lily continued to yell. "I don't care how close you are with her or how hard she tried to repent by favoring me at school! There is no forgiving what she did! I HATE HER!"

With those words, Delacour slowly turned around and faced Lily, a strange look in her gray eyes which Lily could not place.

"You...you zink Dominique Delinor is you muzzer?" Delacour asked in choked up voice. Lily raised an eyebrow.

"She is, isn't she?" Lily asked coolly. "That would explain why she favors me in school. That is why she sent me the dress robes and the crest of the veela. That is why she flipped out at Ed Weasley when he accused her of being my mother. That is why she is so protective of me. That is why when someone mentions my father's name, she gets all upset and choked up. That is why you two have been arguing, because she doesn't like how you treat me."

"You over'eard zose conversations?"

"Eddie did," said Lily, feeling less and less sure of herself that Dominique was, in fact, her mother. Delacour looked down at her hands. "Dominique being my mother explains all of it, doesn't it?"

"No, Lilee, it does not," whispered Delacour, not looking up at her. Lily was growing impatient with the Potions Master.

"Then what does it explain?" Lily snapped.

"Lilee, Dominique Delinor is not your muzzer," Delacour whispered. She refused to look at Lily, as though ashamed of something.

"Yeah?" Lily sneered. "And how do you know that? You read it in her dairy somewhere? Or maybe she denied it! That wouldn't surprise me one bit"

"She is not your muzzer," Delacour said, more firmly, though she still refused to look up at Lily.

"And I ask you again, how do you know?" Lily shouted. Finally, Delacour looked up at the young girl standing before her, silent tears streaming down her beautiful porcelain skin. Lily's eyes widened at the intensity of emotion in her eyes.

"Because I am your muzzer..."

Chapter 31 – An Unforgivable Affair:

Sirius was sitting in the waiting room of St. Mungo's with Ron, Ginny, Dominique, and Neville. Molly and Arthur had taken Teresa and Anne for the time being. Eddie would be arriving at St. Mungo's first thing in the morning.

Neville made sure that Hermione and her mother got treatment right away. Once the magical doctors and nurses confirmed that Mrs. Granger had no magical illness, Shacklebolt immediately took her to a Muggle hospital, so she could be treated there.

But, in the meantime, Hermione had suffered a serious injury in her back when the beam had fallen on her. Ron was no longer sitting, but pacing around the room. Sirius was downright furious and he didn't hide it, as he stood up and punched the wall so hard, his hand went right through it.

"Why are we just sitting here when we should be looking for Lily?" Sirius shouted. "Remus is dead! Voldemort is out there with the Stone of Merlin and it was, no doubt, that Raa was the one that kidnapped her and Fleur!"

"Well, we don't know who Raa is, now do we?" Ron sneered. "You know that finding out who Raa is is the only way to find Lily! And guess what Sirius! The only one who does know is Hermione. And if you hadn't figured it out yet, Sirius, she isn't exactly talking considering she isn't even conscious!"

"Don't you snap at me, Weasley!" Sirius yelled.

"I'm not a child anymore, Black," Ron sneered back, "I can snap at you all I like! Hell, I can even take my wand out and hex you!" Ron pulled out his wand. Ginny gasped and ran to her brother, smacking him upside the head.

"Stop this, both of you! You're acting stupid, both of you!" Ginny said sternly. "Merlin, I wish Remus was still here. Now I know what everyone meant by saying he was always reasonable one. Keeping you two in check."

“Well, he isn’t here, is he?” Sirius said, sneering, but his voice choking up at the same time. “And even if he was, Remus is not – was not – my father!”

“Hex him, Ron,” Ginny said, turning away, rolling eyes, obviously growing impatient with Sirius’ childish comment. Neville threw her a dirty look and jumped in between Sirius and Ron.

“Stop,” he said softly. “Don’t do this. You both need each other. Both of you suffered a serious loss tonight.”

“Zis is what You-Know-Who and ‘is followers want,” Dominique pipped up bravely. “For us to turn against each ozer...zat way we will never find Lilee or Fleur, or be able to defeat zem. We need to stick togezer, for Lilee and Fleur’s sake. For ze wizarding world’s sake.”

“Dominique is right,” Neville said, not taking his eyes off her. Ginny came back over and smacked him upside the head again. He was taken out of his trance and turned back to Sirius and Ron. “Ron, Hermione is a strong, brave, powerful witch. She will get through this. Sirius, Dominique, we will find Lily and Fleur.”

“I’m just worried we’re going to find her dead,” Sirius said, his hands covering his face. “She’s all I got left!”

“Sirius, maybe it will give you some comfort to know zat, she is not completely unprotected...” Dominique said softly, her voice trailing off.

“How?” Sirius nearly shouted. “She was kidnapped by one of Voldemort’s followers and Voldemort has the Stone of Merlin!”

“Fleur is wiz her...”

“And Lily being with that wretched tramp is supposed to make me feel better?” Sirius snarled. “She abandoned Lily once. There is no doubt in my mind that she will do it again.”

“Fleur will protect Lilee,” was all Dominique said. “She loves Lilee.”

“Well she’s got an awfully funny way of showing it,” Ron snapped from behind Sirius. Dominique realized that it was evident that none of them were going to accept or forgive Fleur.

Lily stared long and hard at the beautiful, yet fearful woman standing before her. She didn’t move; she didn’t even blink. Lily just let Delacour’s words sink in, slowly. Then, slowly, very slowly, Lily turned so that her back was to Fleur.

Lily didn’t scream. She didn’t shout, yell, throw a fit, or start hexing Fleur left and right like she had always imagined she would. She simply closed her eyes and breathed out one word; “Why?”

“Why am I your muzzer?” Fleur asked stupidly. Lily rolled her eyes, but refused to face her.

“Why did you do it?” Lily asked in a whisper. “Why did you break my father’s heart? Why did you break mine? Why didn’t you want me?”

“Lilee, I was so young...”

“SO WAS MY FATHER!” Lily roared, finally turning around, her fuse snapping. “HE WAS EVEN YOUNGER! YET YOU DON’T SEE HIM ABANDONING ME ON A DOORSTEP SAYING HE WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME! HE LOVED ME!”

“Lilee...I am so sorry...”

“Sorry isn’t going to change anything, Professor,” Lily said snarled, her eyes still narrowed at her mother. “You know why my father isn’t here right now living; because he gave his life for me. He died for me! You didn’t even have the courage to be part of your own daughter’s life!”

“You’re right Lilee, you are right,” was all Fleur said. “Zere is no excuse for what I did.”

“Stop it!” Lily snapped. “Stop playing accepting your guilt rubbish on me. It won’t work. I hated you my entire life and that is not about to change! Bloody hell you treated me like vermin all year!”

“I was scared to get close to you,” whispered Fleur. “You reminded me so much of your fuzzer...”

“Good! I’m glad I got more of his character traits, rather than your’s,” Lily said coolly. Fleur shook her head.

“But I also saw me in you,” she whispered. Lily stared.

“Excuse me?” Lily whispered dangerously. “How dare you make that accusation? I am nothing like you. NOTHING! You don’t even know me!”

“You are right, I don’t know you...” Fleur said, tears brimming in her eyes. “And zat is my fault.

“Damn right it is!” Lily snapped. Fleur turned to her.

“You go right for the heart,” she said. Lily stared.

“Excuse me?”

“You in’erited the one trait I ‘ad ‘oped you would not in’erited from me,” Fleur repeated. “When you ‘urt someone, you go straight for zeir weakness, ze zing zat will ‘urt zem the most. Your words for example, you said you’re glad your got your fuzzer’s character traits instead of mine. You knew zat would ‘urt me and zat is why you said it. To ‘urt me. You didn’t in’erit zat from your fuzzer, Lilee. I saw you do it wiz Mr. Weezley as well...”

“STOP!” Lily roared. “I AM NOTHING LIKE YOU! I WOULD NEVER HURT EDDIE THE WAY YOU HURT HARRY! EVER! I HATE YOU DELACOUR, I HATE YOU!”

“Lilee...”

“STAY AWAY FROM ME!” Lily shrieked, starting to freak out.

“I will...”

Lily turned away and leaned against the wall, rubbing her arms up and down. She found it hard to believe she wasn't crying. It were as though she were back in her fifth, or when she was even younger, when she didn't know how to cry. She was so full of hate and anger right now she didn't know what to do with herself. Lily just sat there, angry at Delacour for telling her.

“Why did Harry fall in love with you, out of all people?” Lily snapped, more to herself than Fleur. Fleur, however, decided to answer.

“You fuzzer was so young, ‘e was only nineteen,” started Fleur. “I was twenty-two. We knew eachozer from ‘is fouz year, during ze Triwizard Tournament. ‘E came to the Auror Department in France and I was meeting wiz someone from ze Medical Department. We ran into eachozer and began seeing eachozer on a daily basis. ‘E fell in love wiz me. I ‘oweever, did not fall in love wiz him.”

“Why not?” Lily snarled, insulted that a woman like her could not love a man as wonderful as her father.

“‘E just was not ze man for me,” she said simply. “When ‘e he gave me zat black diamond necklace, I knew zings were going too far.”

“I think things went too far already,” Lily said coldly, “considering I somehow ended up in your dejected womb!”

“But, Lilee, I zought I was in love wiz your fuzzer,” said Fleur, “I was so very young and naïve. I zink I was more star struck at ze zought of me being wiz ‘Arry Potter! But when he proposed to me, I did not see a life or a future wiz ‘im and zat is when I knew I did not love him.”

“So that was it, huh?” Lily asked coldly. “You used him for the fame?”

“Of course not!” Fleur said firmly. “I did not love ‘im. I was infatuated wiz ‘im. And plus, I did not want to ‘urt Dominique!”

“Dominique?” Lily asked, suddenly curious. “What does Professor Delinor have to do with anything?”

"Dominique Delinor is my cousin, my dear cousin. I loved 'er just as much as I loved Gabrielle," explained Fleur. "But, Gabrielle 'ad married and moved to Germany, so Dominique was all I 'ad. She was 'Arry's age and zey 'ad become dear friends during 'is stay in France. She was so in love wiz 'im that I kept my relationship wiz your fuzzer a secret from 'er."

"So, that's why she favors me and was so devastated at the thought of Harry dead," Lily said quietly. "Because she was in love with him?"

"More zan I ever was," Fleur said with a sigh. "But when your fuzzer proposed, I broke down. 'E was a good man and understood. 'E left ze very next morning, understanding, but 'eartbroken."

"Did Dominique ever find out about your affair with my dad?" Lily asked. Fleur nodded. "How?"

"My pregnancy wiz you," said Fleur. "When I found out I was pregnant, I knew Dominique would be ze only person 'hoo would be zere for me. Of course she wanted to know who ze fuzzer was. I could not lie to her, for at ze time, I 'ad only been wiz one man; 'Arry Potter. And Dominique I 'ad no boyfriends or affairs. She would figure it out, so I just told her ze truz."

"That was nice of you," Lily mumbled sardonically. Fleur ignored her comment and continued with her story.

"Dominique was devastated. To zis day, I am still trying to earn back 'er trust. But, she loved me and stood by me. When you were born, I knew right away I didn't want a child. I 'ad 'urt 'Arry already..."

"And you figured dumping him with his kid would make everything all better?" Lily asked sarcastically. "Nice conclusion there, smart one."

"I didn't know what else to do," whispered Fleur. "Dominique tried to convince me to keep you, or to at least 'ave some part of your life. I zink it was because she wanted to be part of your life. She tried to contact you and 'Arry so many times, but I always intercepted her owls. It was selfish, a 'orrible zing to do and neizer you nor your fuzzer deserved it. I know what I did was wrong, but Lilee, I 'ope you can find it in your 'eart to forgive me..."

“Dominique showed me more love than you did,” Lily snarled. “She at least had some decency to try and contact me and show me love as best as she could as a Professor!”

“She zinks zat you are ‘er daughter,” said Fleur. “She zinks zat my choice of abandoning is as bad as you zink it is. She says zat you need some kind of muzzer figure in your life. She loved ‘Arry more zan anyzing and loved you just as much. I told ‘er she ‘ad no right, zat, zat you are not ‘er daughter.”

“Who sent me the dress robes and crest of the veela?” Lily asked. Fleur turned away.

“I did,” she whispered.

“And those conversations Eddie and I overheard?”

“Was Dominique and I arguing on ‘er affection for you and ‘ow I ‘ad no right to tell ‘er what to do, as I was not your muzzer because I refused to be part of your life,” finished Fleur.

“Well, Dominique was right,” Lily said stiffly. “That story gave you no excuse for what you did! You said you were scared. Imagine how Harry must have felt when he saw me on his doorstep! And he was even younger than you were!”

“I regret it everyday,” Fleur whispered, more tears streaming down her face. “Now zat I’ve seen ze woman you ‘ave become. What I missed out on. I regret it everyday of my life. And I want to make up for it. Please Lilee, tell me it’s not too late to be your muzzer, to be a part of your life!”

“Professor Delacour-”

“Please! Call me something more personal! Mum, Fleur, I don’t care,” Fleur pleaded desperately.

“Professor Delacour,” Lily repeated more firmly, “it was too late seventeen years ago, the day you left me on that doorstep.” Fleur let out a small gasp, as though Lily had handed her a death sentence.

"I understand," was all Fleur said before turning and sobbing into her hands. Lily turned and looked away. She knew what she was doing was cold and heartless, but how could she forgive someone who had just abandoned her and never made contact with her until this very moment. Lily couldn't forgive Fleur, even if she had wanted to, she just could not.

As Lily stared at the stone wall, listening to Fleur's sobs and hiccups, something clicked in her mind and she frantically turned to the devastated veela.

"Professor, you mentioned that Harry gave you a black, diamond necklace," said Lily.

"Yes, yes 'e did," Fleur managed through her sobs. Lily ignored them.

"Did he say anything when he gave it to you?"

"Just zat it was extremely important zat I could never let go of it," she whispered. "Twas like 'e was giving me 'is 'eart."

"And what did you do with the necklace?"

"I sold it, to zat man who ran zat shop zat burned down in 'Ogsmeade, Ackledone," said Fleur, recalling his name. "I 'ave 'ad a lot of financial problems in ze last few years and 'e gave me a lot of money for zat necklace. I don't even zink the diamond was real. 'Arry called it Merlin's stone when 'e gave it to me."

"AND YOU SOLD IT?" Lily screamed. "Professor, when Harry told you never to let go of it, he wasn't giving you his heart! It wasn't meant to be symbolic! He was giving you the Stone of Merlin, which is the key in defeating Voldemort. You sold it to Ackle- OH DEAR!"

"What?"

"Rupert Ackledone is working for Voldemort," whispered Lily. "That's how Voldemort got his hands on it. That's why out of all the shops and pubs in Hogsmeade, Ackledone's is the one that burned. He was the old man who jumped one me! This whole thing was a set up to kill

Remus and Hermione. I just showed up and added to the package. Ackledone must be Raa!"

"I gave Voldemort ze key to killing 'im?" Fleur asked in gasp. "No wonder zat old man offered me so much money for it! Why on earz did 'Arry give it to me?"

"Maybe he thought it'd be safe with you?" Lily suggested. "No one, especially Voldemort, would expect Harry to let a woman who broke his heart keep the only thing that can defeat Voldemort. Or maybe he was just a stupid young, naïve fool in love. Who knows? All I know is that I was supposed to inherit it and you sold it! Harry was an idiot! How did he expect me to inherit the stone if he gave it to you? Did he ever think things through?" Lily kicked the wall in frustration due to her own father's naivety and stupidity.

"I didn't know 'e 'ad passed it on to you..."

"Well, you shouldn't assume things, Professor," Lily said, narrowing her eyes again at the woman who was her mother. "Look at mess assuming got us in!"

"Yes, Potter," came a cold, high voice. "You certainly are in a mess, aren't you?" Lily gasped and looked to see a pair of gleaming red, snakelike eyes glowing in the darkness.

Chapter 32 – The Beginning of the End:

Eddie woke up the next morning to the sun shining in his eyes. He let out a loud groan and looked at his watch, realizing it was quite early to be getting up on a Saturday morning. It was only 7am. He grinned and decided to surprise Lily.

Eddie jumped out of bed and slipped into his robe before creeping out through the door, making sure not to wake Asher, Danny, or Jairus.

There were a few fifth years studying for their O.W.L.S at the last minute, for their exams started today. None of them noticed the tall red-headed boy dash across the Common Room and up the stairs to the seventh year girl dorm rooms. He timidly knocked on the door and called out, "Everyone decent?" He heard a very distinct, but yet disgruntled "Yes!" from Mandy. Eddie grinned while opening the door and muttering a hurried apology to Mandy before opening the curtains to Lily's bed. His stomach did a tumble when he saw that she was not there.

"Mandy, where's Lily?" Eddie asked, a curious, yet concerned eyebrow raised. Mandy rolled over in her bed and looked at him.

"She's not in bed?"

"No...she's not..." Eddie said slowly. "Where is she?"

"Breakfast?"

"Mandy, you tell me a time Lily Potter got up before noon on a Saturday morning," Eddie said sardonically, rolling his eyes. Mandy narrowed her eyes slightly.

"I don't know where she is, Eddie," she said coldly, becoming annoyed. "I am not her guardian; therefore, I don't spend all hours watching over her. She probably went to the kitchens for a late night snack and fell asleep while eating. It's happened before."

"Yeah," Eddie muttered, "yeah, sorry." Eddie ran out of the dorm room and went straight to the kitchens, the Great Hall, the library, and

The Room. Lily was in neither of these places and Eddie was growing concerned each time Lily did not turn up. Eddie continued to check Hagrid's hut and Remus' office. And once again, no Lily. Eddie was now beginning to panic.

Eddie decided to finally check his mother's office, hoping, praying that Lily would be there, safe and sound. He gave the gargoyle the password and entered Hermione's office without knocking. His eyes widened at what he saw inside. He saw Sirius sobbing hysterically against the back wall of the office and Aunt Ginny cradling an absolutely hysterical Ron. The Minister of Magic, Neville Longbottom, Uncle Neville to Eddie, was sitting at Hermione's desk, his elbows rested on it, gripping at his hair. Snape was pacing around the room, looking more distressed than ever. Dominique Delinor was leaning against the window, tears leaking out of her eyes. Eddie stared at the scene in absolute awe. Right then and there, he knew something was wrong; that something terrible had happened.

"Dad?" he choked out, realizing his mother was nowhere to be seen. "What's going on? What happened?"

"Ed?" Ron called out, lifting his face from Ginny's shoulder. Eddie couldn't fail to notice that her shoulder was soaking wet due to Ron's tears. Ron pulled away from his sister and dashed across the room to his son, embracing him in a tight hug, now sobbing on to his shoulder. Eddie looked up at his aunt with a questioning look. Tears were coming to her own eyes now.

"Your uncles will be here soon," was all she said, before turning away, covering eyes so Eddie would not see her cry.

"What happened?" Eddie asked urgently, now beginning to panic. Ron just continued to cry and everyone else seemed to ignore him, due to grief. Finally, Ginny wiped her eyes and turned to her nephew.

"Ed, come with me," she said. Dominique came on over to Ron and let him cry on her shoulder instead. Ginny guided Eddie out of the office and into the corridor, out of earshot of everyone else.

"Eddie, there was an attack in Hogsmeade last night," she said quietly as they continued to walk down the corridor. Eddie stopped dead in his tracks.

"And what happened?"

"Rupert Ackledone's shop was burned to the ground," said Ginny, as she looked at her nephew, grief stricken over what happened. She explained everything to Eddie on what happened the previous night. The more she talked, the wider's Eddie's eyes became.

"Remus Lupin was murdered," said Ginny, her voice choking up. Tears were threatening to leak from her eyes. "Your grandfather was also killed. Your grandmother is fine. She is at St. Mungo's and is being transferred to a Muggle hospital as we speak."

"And my mum? And Lily?"

"Your...oh Eddie!" Ginny cried out. "Your mother is in a coma...and nothing we do can retrieve her. The doctors, we all tried everything. She...the doctors say she may never come out of it. I wish there was a better way to tell you, Ed, but there isn't!"

Eddie was in shock, letting everything sink in. Tears began to form in his own eyes and leak down to his cheeks, as it hit him that he may never talk, hug, or do anything with his mother ever again. Lily! He needed Lily. Lily was the only person who could give him some comfort, put him at ease. Eddie went blank for a moment and woke up realizing he was only the floor of the corridor, crying, his aunt holding him in a comforting embrace.

"Aunt Ginny?" Eddie asked through a sob. "Where is Lily?"

"She was kidnapped," whispered Ginny. "She and Fleur Delacour were kidnapped."

"By whom?" Eddie asked urgently, knowing perfectly well that Voldemort had the Stone of Merlin and that Lily would surely die if she was kidnapped by one of his supporters or by Voldemort himself.

"We...we don't know who took her or where she is," whispered Ginny. Eddie buried his face in his hands and leaned back into his aunt's embrace, letting grief and panic take over.

Lily sucked in a lungful of air as she stared into those dreadfully red, gleaming, snakelike eyes. When she usually faced Voldemort, she always had a glimmer of hope within her, knowing she had escaped him before, and that she might possibly do it again. But, when she let her eyes wander to his neck, seeing a tiny, black diamond, no bigger than a raisin resting on a silver chain around his neck, she knew this was the end. Lily knew she was going to die. But, she refused to die like a coward. She was not going down without a fight. If Voldemort was going to kill her, she was going to make it difficult for him. Lily wanted to make sure this was the fight that Voldemort would remember for the rest of his life.

Lily just stared at him.

"No comment, Flower?" Voldemort asked. "Well, that certainly isn't like yourself."

"I'm not the person I once was, Tom," Lily said softly. Voldemort looked murderous when Lily called him by his birth name. He didn't do anything about it because he just looked at Fleur.

"May I ask how this beautiful creature braced us with her presence?" he asked one of the masked Death Eaters behind him. "I believe I said I wanted Potter alone."

"Raa said she grabbed him at the last moment," explained one of the Death Eaters, "when he Disapparated."

"Well, we certainly cannot blame Raa," claimed Voldemort. "He has done so much for me. He was only supposed to murder Remus Lupin and Hermione Weasley tonight. But, not only did he murder them, he brought Lily Potter to me. This beauty, however," he said pointing to Fleur, "is not needed. Kill her."

“No!” Lily shouted, stepping in front of Fleur. “Send her away. She doesn’t know where we are, so she won’t bring any friends or reinforcements or the Order, or anything for that matter. Set her free.”

“Now why would I do that, Potter?”

“Surely we will fight tonight,” said Lily. “Why do anything to interfere with that, including murdering my mother? That will throw me off guard and I will not fight. Or do you want to show how powerful you are by killing a vulnerable teenage girl. Vulnerable because you murdered her mother?”

Voldemort stared at Lily long and hard.

“This fight is between me and you, Potter!”

“So let’s keep it that way, Riddle,” Lily said coolly. Voldemort’s eyes blazed over and he raised his wand. “*CRUCIO!*”

Lily gasped as she moved out of the way and pressed herself against the wall of the dark room, the curse missing her by centimeters.

“LEAVER ‘ER ALONE!” Fleur shouted, running towards Voldemort, her wand raised. But, before she could reach him, one of the Death Eaters grabbed her by the throat and proceeded to choke her. Fleur gasped for her air, her porcelain cheeks turning red due to lack of air. Voldemort and Lily just continued to stare at each other, without blinking.

Voldemort ordered his Death Eater to let go of Fleur and pointed his wand at her and muttered something. Fleur disappeared with a pop. Lily stared.

“Where did you send her?”

“To the Forbidden Forest,” said Voldemort. “Whether she lives is up to herself.” With that, Voldemort turned with a swish of his cloak and walked out of the room. Lily took a deep breath and followed, Voldemort’s Death Eaters on her heels.

Lily reached outside and looked around. She recognized the area as Little Hangleton, the so very familiar graveyard where Voldemort's father was buried. Lily took a deep breath and looked up. Not a star was shining in the sky. Lily was able to see flashes of light, which she recognized as lightening light the darkness above her. Voldemort turned to her, wand raised.

"My followers, I will call on you when I have killed the final Heir of Gryffindor," he called out to them. "For now, leave us."

Lily watched as each Death Eater Disapparated. Lily then realized she was alone, in a graveyard, in the middle of nowhere, with Voldemort. He had his wand, and he had the Stone of Merlin.

"Convenient eh Flower?" Voldemort said coolly. "Convenient that I will finally be murdering you in the middle of a graveyard?"

"Convenient, but very unoriginal," Lily said shot back. Voldemort pointed his wand at her and started moving towards the side. Lily did the same, but in the opposite direction.

"I've dreamed of this my whole life," he snarled, he and Lily circling around each other. Lily heard thunder in the sky.

"Not much of dreamer then, eh?" Lily asked casually. "Only psychopaths and heartless bastards have dreams about killing less powerful teenage girls."

"You underestimate yourself, Flower."

"No," said Lily, "you just have the Stone of Merlin, and I know what that means."

"So you know the legend?"

"Quite well," said Lily. "I know you will destroy me, Tom. But, let me reassure you, I am not going down without a fight!"

"Oh how I'm going to miss that fiery spirit of yours, Flower," Voldemort sneered. "You would have made a fine Death Eater..."

“Don’t ever say that,” Lily snarled through gritted teeth. “YOU NEVER SAY THAT AGAIN! I WOULD NEVER WORK FOR YOU! EVER!”

“And what a shame that is,” he sneered before raising his wand and pointing it at Lily. “*CRUCIO!*”

Lily lifted her wand, knowing the final battle had begun.

Meanwhile, Sirius Black looked out the window of Hermione’s office to see Fleur Delacour limping towards the castle.

Chapter 33 – The Final Prophecy Fulfilled:

Snape ordered that Fleur be taken to the hospital wing, as she had collapsed while only yards away from the castle doors. Sirius was on top of her, eager for the young veela to get up so she could tell them where Lily had been kidnapped.

“Sirius, dear, please,” claimed Madame Parks, the nurse at Hogwarts. “Really! You breathing down her neck is not going to make her wake up any faster!”

“Oh, she will wake up,” claimed Snape as he charged through the hospital wing doors, with Neville at his side, a steaming goblet in his hands.

“What is that, Severus?” the nurse asked, looking worriedly at the goblet.

“A reviving potion,” he said simply. “Unlike Headmistress Weasley, Professor Delacour is not in a coma, but simply passed out due to exhaustion. She must wake up. We need to know where Potter is.”

“Severus, she passed out due to exhaustion because she needs rest,” said Parks, “Waking her up will not do her any good, really...”

““OSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, WOMAN?” Dominique screeched out at the top of her lungs, glaring at the nurse. Everyone looked at Dominique, stunned. No one expected that type of outburst from such a quiet, delicate woman. “Fleur is the only one ‘o knows where Lilee is. Do you want her to die and ze ‘E -‘O-Must-Not-Be-Named to prevail?”

“Of course not...”

“Then we need to give her the potion,” Snape said coolly. “With the Stone of Merlin in the Dark Lord’s clutches, it is Potter’s only chance...”

Dominique went over and lifted her cousin from the pillows so Snape could give her the potion without her choking. After Dominique tipped

Fleur's head back to make her swallow, her big, blue, crystal eyes slowly fluttered open before they widened with a petrified look.

"LILEE! YOU-KNOW-O! GRAVEYARD! LILEE!" Fleur screamed in fear. Sirius, Snape, and Ron all looked at each other knowingly.

"Riddle House," they all gasped in unison.

"We can't waste time," said Severus, as he laid Fleur back down, pulling his wand out of his robes. "We need to get there immediately! Before it's too late!"

"He hurt my wife, my family," snarled Ron, pulling out his own wand, "I will not let Voldemort hurt my goddaughter as well."

"We'll all go," said Ginny, looking at Dominique, Neville, Tonks, Fred, and George. "Tonks, you stay behind for when Bill, Charlie, and Percy get here. In the meantime, contact the Auror office. Get Shacklebolt. Tell him to send Aurors immediately to the Little Hangleton."

"Excellent Mrs. Finch-Fletchy," said Snape, nodding. Sirius was staring at Snape strangely.

"Why are you doing this?" Sirius asked Snape, his eyes narrowed in suspicion. "You hate Lily. You hate all the Potters. Why do you suddenly care so much about her well-being?" Snape turned away.

"We don't have time for that, Black," he sneered. "But, I can no longer blame Lily for her grandfather's...and her father's...mistakes." Sirius just stared, before nodding in understanding.

"I'm coming as well!" Fleur called out, throwing her legs over the bed. "She is my daughter! I will not let 'er die at ze 'ands of zat monster!"

To her surprise, no one objected.

"We're coming too," called out a hoarse voice from the doorway. The adults turned around to see Eddie and Asher standing there, their wands out, determined looks on their faces.

“No way-”

“Dad, I’m of age,” snapped Eddie. “It is my choice!”

“And with all due respect Mr. Weasley,” said Asher, “you’re not my father and have no say in what I do. He killed Robyn. We’re going for Lily.”

Ron sighed with defeat and nodded, keeping a mental note to not leave his son or Asher’s side.

They all stared at each other determinedly before making a dash to Hogsmeade to Apparate to the tiny cemetery in Little Hangleton; the cemetery where it all began in Harry’s fourth year, and where it would all end...tonight....

Lily gasped for breath, lying on the ground, as she wrapped her fingers around a clump of grass and clutching it tight in her fist, begging with her mind for the pain to go away. She grabbed the clump of grass, squeezing it, anything to help subside the pain that was coursing through her veins.

The legend of the Stone of Merlin was no lie. She could feel that Voldemort’s powers had grown stronger through his curses and spells. Lily had known she was no longer a match for Voldemort, but now she could feel it through the unbearable pain of his Cruciatus Curse. It was painful before he had the Stone of Merlin, but now it was even worse.

She could hear Voldemort’s laughs pierce the darkness as she laid there, gasping for her final breaths.

“Enjoy that Flower?” he asked with a sneer. Lily lifted her head and frowned. She was not going to let him enjoy this. Before he could do anything else, Lily whipped around, still on the ground, and pointed her wand at Voldemort.

"STUPEFY!" Voldemort was knocked off his feet and crashed into a tombstone, giving Lily enough time to get to her feet and stand her guard.

Lily's eye was swollen with a large bruise, along with her jawline, which was also outlined in bruises. Her upper lip was cut, and also swelling rapidly. Her long blonde hair was ruffled and dirty, her robes and pajamas ripped and muddy. Her left lense in her glasses was completely cracked. There were also various cuts and bruises on her body. Lily was...there are no other words for it, beat up and severely. But still, she fought on.

"I'm sick of you Potter," Voldemort shouted, getting up from Lily's Stunning Curse. Lily gave a short breath. "I just want you dead! Why am I wasting my time with this dueling when I could easily just kill you now?"

"To hell if I know how an idiot's mind works," Lily snapped back, he. Voldemort's red slits narrowed and he raised his wand and pointed it at Lily's forehead.

"Now I remember," he whispered, "I wanted to watch you suffer...and now I have. And the prophecy will be fulfilled!"

Lily, knowing what was coming, took her glasses off her face and threw them on the ground. She closed her eyes, letting her power build up in her. She opened her eyes so that the green fire blazed in her eyes. She was going to die. But Lily would die defending herself.

"AVADA-"

"STUPEFY!"

Voldemort was once again knocked off his feet. Lily whipped around to see a tall shadow, outlining the figure of a man standing behind her, his wand pointed right at Voldemort. It was like coming out of the shadows, and the man standing there was Eddie Weasley.

"Eddie..." Lily whispered with a small gasp. Coming out of the shadows, just as Eddie had done, were Asher, Ron, Sirius, Snape, Dominique, Fleur, Ginny, Fred, George, and Neville. Lily's eyes

widened at the sight of them. She turned her gaze to Fleur, knowing that she was the one who brought reinforcements. All had their wands out and all were pointed at Voldemort.

“Ah, here comes all of Potter’s henchmen,” Voldemort snapped, obviously furious that they had interfered with him murdering Lily all that much quicker.

“And where are your’s, Tom Riddle?” Neville called out bravely. Suddenly, several pops could be heard from around them as the Death Eaters all appeared. Voldemort had used the Dark Mark to call them back to the graveyard to aid him.

“Why, here they are!” he said sarcastically. With that, everyone charged at each other, wands raised, curses being shout left and right. Lily fought off all she could, but couldn’t help but stare at the scene that fell before as she fought off several Death Eaters.

“CRUCIO!”

“STUPEFY!”

“EXPELLIARMUS!”

“AVADA KEDEVRA!”

“SECTUMSEMPRA!”

“THEY’RE HERE!” Ginny’s voice shouted. Lily stunned a Death Eater before

whipping around and seeing Tonks Apparate with Ron’s brothers, Bill, Charlie, and Percy. Also, Shacklebolt, head of the Auror Department, arrived with at least thirty Aurors by his side. Lily only recognized Ginny’s husband out of the thirty men and women; Justin Finch-Fletchy who had his wand ready, even though he was not an Auror.

“CRUCIO!”

This spell woke Lily out of her reverie and she looked around to see both many

Aurors, even those who were not Aurors, and Death Eaters fall. She could hear screams of both men and women pierce the night. When another Death Eater had charged at Lily, she could not help but wonder, where was Voldemort?

When fighting off another Death Eater, Lily realized that all of the Aurors were using Avada Kedavra against them. She had only been stunning them, where they soon awoke again and continued fighting. Lily had never used the Killing Curse before, she always used Eyeluta in times like these. Unfortunately, she was saving Eyeluta for Voldemort and could not risk losing all her energy by trying to kill a Death Eater with it. She bit her lip when she saw a Death Eater placing the Cruciatus Curse on Asher and slowly stalked towards it, with her wand raised. She aimed at the Death Eater, standing over Asher's limp form.

"Avada Kedavra!" Lily shouted at the Death Eater, a green light bursting from her wand and hit the Death Eater square on. He fell to the ground dead, and for the first time in her short life, Lily Potter had killed someone. Her eyes widened and she was started to walk towards Asher's unmoving body to make sure he was still alive, but he heard a male's sharp scream from nearby.

"PANSY!"

Lily stopped dead in her tracks and spun to her left to see a Death Eater come straight at her and she raised her wand.

"*Wingardium Leviosa!*" she shouted, levitating the Death Eater into the air. He cursed at her and Lily recognized the voice as Draco Malfoy's. She grinned slightly and pulled the wand away, causing Draco to fall to the earth with a loud thud. He got back to his feet and ripped off his mask, glaring at Lily.

"I hate you Potter!" he roared, his face red with fury. "I don't care if the Dark Lord wishes to kill you! YOU'RE MINE! I WILL KILL YOU!" He raised his wand, but forgot that Lily had the upper hand. She was too quick for him, "*Rictusempra!*" The Death Eater was sent flying off his feet and back on the ground several yards away from where he stood. He stood back up and ripped off his mask, revealing the face of Draco Malfoy, and with his wand raised, he once again stormed

towards Lily. Then, it hit her. The Death Eater she had killed was Pansy Malfoy, Draco's wife and Daris' mother! Lily gasped and slowly backed away.

Finally, two forms jumped in front of her to face Draco, which she recognized as Eddie's and Ron's. Lily was thankful, for had no desire to duel Draco Malfoy, trying to save all the energy she had for when she faced Voldemort. Where was Voldemort? Did he flee? Surely not! Not with the Stone of Merlin draped around his neck.

"Move out of my Weasels!" Draco roared at Ron and Eddie. Ron pushed Eddie away, not taking his glaring eyes off of Malfoy.

"Go Ed," he said in monotone voice. "This is my fight." Eddie nodded in understanding and went to Lily's side as she watched the scene in amazement. Two school rivals finally faced each other and she knew that the hatred that they had for each other would soon show through this duel. And duel they did. Lily couldn't tell how much time passed, but she watched them in amazement and soon, she could never remember seeing two men bloodied up so bad. She continued to watch until she heard a familiar scream; Sirius' scream. Lily gasped and ran towards where she had heard the scream.

Lily found Sirius, several yards away from where Ron and Draco Malfoy were dueling. He was on the ground, not moving, looking lifeless. Lily screamed and looked to see a rather tiny figure of a Death Eater standing over him.

"SIRIUS!" Lily shrieked, afraid for the worst. The Death Eater looked up at her and Lily could almost see the grin behind the horrid mask. Lily raised her wand, full of rage and hate towards this wretched Death Eater. "YOU – WHAT DID YOU DO TO SIRIUS?"

"My, my Potter, obviously your temper has neither lessened nor improved..." the Death Eater said with a sneer. Lily's eyes widened. She recognized that voice, she had heard it before.

"You?" she asked with a gasp. The Death Eater ripped off her mask.

"Me," she said with a grin. "Surprised?"

"No, disgusted," Lily managed to say coolly, though still in shock at who had just attacked Sirius.

"Ha! You always were witty, Potter," she said throwing her head back with an evil laugh. Lily raised her wand and pointed it at her throat.

"You don't know me," Lily whispered with a snarl. "You never knew me, and you never will!" She could feel the hatred, the anger boiling up inside her. "*Crucio!*"

Lily watched as the Death Eater squirmed and screamed in pure agony of being under Lily's curse. She watched in satisfaction, then suddenly took the curse off, where the Death Eater moaned in agony, hardly able to move. Lily walked towards her, her wand still pointed down at her, and frowned.

"What did you do to Sirius?" Lily growled. The Death Eater gave a small groan before mumbling, "Killing Curse." Lily's eyes widened with fury and terror. Sirius? The Killing Curse? Surely...no!

"You...you killed Sirius?" Lily asked in a deadly whisper. The Death Eater nodded, still limp from Lily's powerful Cruciatus Curse. Lily screamed at the top of her lungs before shouting the Killing Curse at Sirius' murderer.

"*AVADA KEDEVRA!*" Lily roared it so loud that the entire graveyard echoed and everyone seemed to stop fighting and watch. Like before, another burst of green light came out of Lily's wand and killed the Death Eater lying before her. Eddie had heard Lily and ran towards her at top speed and came to a halt a few yards away. The scene he saw before him made his jaw drop. Lily was standing over the dead body of Britta Dirdel; the girl who had placed Eddie under a trance last year and the apparent murderer of Sirius Black.

Lily looked up to see everyone had just stopped fighting and stared. Britta Dirdel was an important Death Eater to Voldemort. She was cunning and cold; evil. No one touched her. No one dared to challenge her. Now, here, Lily Potter had killed her. Everyone stood away and led a clear path to Lily, letting Voldemort walk towards her. No one did anything. Everyone knew they couldn't. It was time; for the heir of Gryffindor and the heir of Slytherin to finally confront one

another. It was the inevitable and everyone knew they could not protect either one of the two.

"The time has come," said Voldemort. Lily nodded.

"No one will stop us," said Lily. "This is it."

"LILEE NO!" Lily heard Fleur call out, but she could hear someone immediately silence and she felt a rush of gratitude towards that person.

"Any last good-byes, Potter?" Voldemort said coolly, as though taunting her. For they both knew that Lily was going to die, as Voldemort had the Stone of Merlin laying upon his chest. But, even though she knew she wanted to say good-bye to everyone; Eddie, Ron, Asher, everyone who had the courage to come here tonight and help her in her final battle against evil.

"No," she said, not giving Voldemort any satisfaction. "Are you sure you don't want to say good-bye to anyone? Oh! I forgot! You've never loved anyone."

Voldemort's red snakelike eyes narrowed and he raised his wand.

"Your time has come to an end Lily Potter, heir to Godric Gryffindor!" Voldemort shouted, his wand pointed at Lily. "With your death and the Stone of Merlin, I will be invincible! *AVADA KEDEVRA!*"

Eddie screamed as he saw the green light burst from Voldemort's wand and straight for Lily. He tried running to her, to take the curse for her, to block her from death, to protect her from harm, but he felt Ron wrap his arms around his waist and pull him back. Eddie kicked and shouted as he tried to fight off his father's protective grip.

Dominique was too weak to even move; all he could do was sit there and shout, "NO!" Fleur tried running towards Lily, but she knew she would never make it.

It all happened in slow motion, Voldemort with an insane smile on his face as Lily closed her eyes, waiting for the sirens of death to hit her. She could hear them coming closer and closer.

The green light hit Lily square in the stomach, but something happened, something not expected. The Killing Curse did not kill Lily Potter. Instead, it made her stomach glow a bright golden color, making a ball of golden fire, with red and orange blazing inside of it. This ball of fire soon grew to the size of a baseball, and soared right back at Voldemort, hitting him in the neck where the Stone of Merlin lay. He was thrown back with such force that everyone, even the Death Eaters, had stopped fighting and dueling to watch the scene before them. Voldemort was thrown into a large tombstone of an angel and landed to the ground with a loud crunch. Everyone turned to look at Lily wide-eyed; the second person to survive the Killing Curse.

Lily hastily rolled up her shirt to look at her stomach, expecting to see some kind of scar on her stomach, just like her father, but there was nothing, just her bruised belly. Eddie ripped himself from his father's clutches and darted to Lily.

"Lily? Are you okay?" he asked, taking her by the elbows and pulling her towards him. Lily was speechless; she just stared at Voldemort's lifeless form. Eddie followed her gaze and his lip nervously.

"Is he-?"

"No Weasley," came that high, cold voice. "I am perfectly fine." He looked up at Lily again and pointed his wand at her. Lily gasped and closed her eyes.

"*Avada Kedavra!*" he shouted as Lily opened her eyes and shouted, "*Valor!*" Both lights of green soared toward each other and were thrown together, clasing, and the light was so strong, that it simply blinded everyone at the scene, except Lily and Voldemort. It clashed very similar to the way Harry's wand had clashed with Voldemort's.

Finally, the light gave out and a burst of high wind came flying at Voldemort, crashing at him, blowing at him, seems like it was tearing his flesh into pieces. Lily let her power of Eyeluta keep going at him,

putting every ounce of energy she had into that one spell. It continued to thrive at Voldemort, surrounding him, making him shriek in pain. Finally, Lily closed her eyes and completely collapsed, falling unconscious.

The wind continued to soar around Voldemort, as he continued to scream in sheer agony. As the wind and light grew stronger around him, the green fire that came from Lily's eyes grew more powerful until there was a huge explosion, blinding everyone temporarily. Tonks, thinking quickly, jumped on top of Asher, covering his head. Eddie did the same for Lily's unconscious body. Everyone screamed out of fear of what would come from that explosion.

When the light finally died down, Aurors, professors, students, and Death Eaters all quietly looked up to see what had happened. Laying where Voldemort had been standing was a heap of robes, with smoke coming out of them, along with his wand, which just simply laid there. Eddie looked at the sight and fearing that something similar had happened to Lily, he looked down to still see her form lying there, still breathing, unconscious, but alive all the same. Eddie nearly choked on his saliva. Lily had won. Lily had defeated Voldemort.

Ron slowly raised his wand and walked towards Voldemort's heap of robes. He slowly kicked his feet at them, and used his wand to lift them, as though they had been poisoned. The wizard was nowhere in sight; it seemed he had evaporated into thin air.

As Ron lifted the robes, a tiny necklace fell out; a silver chain with a black diamond pendent. The elder man bent down and went to pick it up, but the moment his finger touched the stone, a gold light burst forth from it, causing Ron to scream and jump backwards in alarm. An angelic voice filled the graveyard.

"One must win...one must win...one of them lives, the other has died...one must win and one did win...the Final Prophecy has been fulfilled."

After the angelic voice's words had ended, the gold light died down instantly. Ron looked around only to see the Death Eaters all Disapparate and no doubt, going into hiding, leaving several dead

bodies on the ground, including those who had fought on the side of the good. However, no one was concerned about that; they would catch Voldemort's followers later on. At the moment, everyone's only concern was on the unconscious teenage girl, lying in the arms of Eddie Weasley, who had just saved the entire wizarding and Muggle world.

Lily Potter, Heir of Godric Gryffindor, had won; good had prevailed over evil.

Chapter 34 – An Impossible Dream:

“Everything seems in order, Mr. Weasley,” said a polite, elderly nurse, levitating a clipboard with all of Ron’s information on it. “It’s a miracle you weren’t injured in that battle! So many were!” Ron nodded.

“How is my son, Edward Weasley?” Ron asked in concern. He wasn’t sure who was injured and who wasn’t in that battle. It was such chaos after Voldemort was killed that he never got a chance to check on anyone, even Eddie and Lily. The nurse flipped a few pages over the clipboard and smiled.

“Your son must have inherited his father’s good fortune,” said the nurse as she smiled. “He’s perfectly fine. A few broken bones but nothing we could not fix in a few minutes. We let him out this morning, just as we have done you.”

“And my wife?” Ron asked, a lump appearing in his throat. The nurse’s smile faded. Everyone who worked in the hospital knew of Hermione and her condition.

“There has been no change in her condition, Mr. Weasley,” she said sadly. “We’ve tried everything to revive her. But no one knows for sure what Rupert Ackledone hit her with or what happened in that fire. We’re trying everything, sir, we really are.”

Tears brimmed Ron’s eyes.

“May I see her?” he asked as he got out of the bed and summoned his clothes and robes.

“Of course!” The nurse raised her own wand and the bed immediately made itself. She gave him a sympathetic smile and left the room so he could change in privacy.

After Ron had slipped into his robes, he pocketed his wand and left for his wife’s room in the hospital. He walked in and saw her lying there, it looked like she was merely sleeping but Ron could only wish for it to be that simple. Beside the bed, he saw Mrs. Granger crying, her face in her hands and shoulders rocking to the rhythm of her sobs.

Standing beside her, comforting her was Eddie, looking quite distressed himself.

Ron didn't say anything. He just went and held his mother-in-law tightly for a moment. She hugged back, but urged him forward before going back to crying in Eddie's shoulder.

Ron sat down in the stool beside her bed, grasped her lifeless hand with one, and caressed her cheek with the other hand. Finally, he broke down and buried his face in Hermione's bushy hair and began to sob. The three people in the room just all began to cry over the sleeping Hermione.

When Ron couldn't bear to look at Hermione anymore, he sent Mrs. Granger to the Windum to watch over Teresa and Anne, while he went to see the aftermath of the battle. Eddie wanted to stay by his mother's side for the time being, and then he wanted to see Lily. The nurse, Davanee Anchorcan, talked with Ron as Eddie lingered behind to stay with Hermione.

"Thank you for all your help Nurse Anchorcan," said Ron, feeling glum, but felt he should be polite to the woman who was taking care of all of them.

"Oh please, call me Davanee," she said with a soft smile. "And it is really no problem at all. It is what I am here for. I assume you want to see the others who were in battle?"

Ron nodded.

"Well, Mrs. Ginevra Finch-Fletchly was let out yesterday, along with Mr. Fred Weasley. Miss Fleur Delacour will be released tomorrow afternoon," explained Davanee. Ron waited for her to say when everyone else was going to be released, except, she stayed silent and continued to walk on down the hallway.

"And everyone else?" Ron asked earnestly. Davanee bit her lip nervously.

"I think I had better warn you, before you see everyone," was all she said. Ron looked at her with his red eyebrows furrowed.

“What do you mean, ‘warn me,?’ asked Ron sharply. “Is it really that bad?” Davanee nodded. Ron let a defeated sigh and closed his eyes tightly, as though fighting off some inner pain. “Tell me.”

“Both Severus Snape and Sirius Black were brought in right after the battle” Davanee explained. “But, there was nothing we could have done for them. Sirius Black was killed with the Killing Curse and Severus Snape was hit several times with the Cruciatus Curse and then finally murdered with the ever so famous Killing Curse. We believe that You-Know-Who killed him personally. That would explain why he was tortured so.”

“Sirius and Snape?” Ron asked in a weak voice, “both dead?”

“Yes.”

Ron buried his face in one of his hands, knowing the reaction from Lily would not be a good one. She loved Sirius just as much as she had loved Harry. Ron took a shaking breath and urged nurse Davanee to continue.

“Who else was killed in the battle?”

“Kingsley Shacklebolt. Hit with a Stunning Spell and then killed while unconscious,” said Davanee, giving Ron a more sympathetic look. Ron nodded in understanding. The Head of the Auror Department; murdered. He didn’t know what to think. He looked at Davanee, who continued with the terrible news.

“Mr. Weasley, I didn’t want to tell you this, but there is no other way to say it. Besides, you’re going to find out anyway. Two of your brothers were killed in the battle. Two are in critical condition. Your brother-in-law was also killed. Mrs. Finch-Fletchley is in absolute distress. We’re not sure what to do with her. We keep placing her under Calming Charms and Cheering Charms but her depression keeps overcoming them.” Davanee said, placing a comforting hand on Ron’s shoulder. Ron stared blankly into space.

“Who died?”

“Bill and Percy Weasley.”

“And in critical condition?”

“Fred was fine. George and Charlie are in critical. Charlie should be fine. He is seriously cursed but nothing we can’t fix. George on the other hand...” Davanee’s voice trailed off. Ron understood. She didn’t need to say it.

“So, Bill, Percy, Justin, Snape, Sirius, and Shacklebolt are all...?”

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Weasley...” Ron turned and punched the wall as hard as he could, creating a slight crack and causing his knuckles to open and blood to spill out of them. He gave a cry of pain. Davanee couldn’t tell whether it was because he had split open his knuckles or because of the deaths of all these people. Davanee bit her lip, not knowing if she should tell him about the others who were in critical condition.

Davanee let Ron lean against the wall for a few moments and let him cry quietly over the deaths of his siblings. She heard him mumble something, but couldn’t hear exactly what he said.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Weasley...”

“Did Lily survive?” he asked through a small sob. Davanee took a deep breath.

“She is slightly unconscious,” said Davanee. “We were told that the Killing Curse hit her in the stomach and rebounded, correct?” Ron nodded. “Well, the curse must have done something because there is something not right about her abdomen and stomach. We still need to do more tests. She is in no life-threatening situations so we revived her than gave her an extremely strong sleeping potion, which she can only wake up from if we revive her. The poor girl had no energy whatsoever so we decided it was best if she just slept.”

“She will live, though?”

“We don’t see why not.”

Ron breathed slightly and claimed that he wanted to see Lily.

“Wouldn’t you rather see your sister and brother first?” Davanee asked softly. “They’ve been a wreck, especially your sister. They need you.”

“I want to see Lily first,” Ron said firmly. “I am now her legal guardian. She is my responsibility. I want to see her.”

“If you wish,” Davanee said with a sigh. “But, I must warn you, she is sharing a room with Miss Nymphadora Tonks and Miss Tonks is not well.”

“What’s wrong with her?”

“A Death Eater placed a Lung Curse on her. It’s irreversible.”

“A Lung Curse? What the bloody hell is that?” Ron asked, having never heard of such a curse before.

“It’s a very complex curse, few wizards and witches can perform it,” Davanee told Ron. “What it is, it is a curse that will slowly cause lung failure until she can no longer breathe. Like I said previously, it is irreversible.”

“Is she...?”

“Yes, she’s still alive. But it won’t be long before...”

“I understand,” said Ron, “there’s no need to say it.”

Davanee nodded and led Ron towards the room where Lily was staying. In the meantime, she told him about the rest of those who were injured. Dominique Delinor was placed under a poor Imperius Curse and it somehow made her a little insane, but Davanee was sure Dominique would be up and about in a few months time. Then, the nurse told Ron of the two tragedies that were sure to affect Lily. A Death Eater had placed Neville Longbottom on fire, when he had no Anti-Burning Charm on him, and he nearly burned to death. The scars would take years to heal and he was in a lot of pain. No one was sure he would even survive. Then, Asher Lazard; Voldemort himself attacked the boy and paralyzed him from the waist down. Ron stopped dead in his tracks when he heard this and demanded that

Asher be given the potion to help immobile bones and limbs, no matter how expensive the potion, as it was very expensive.

“That’s just the thing Mr. Weasley, we gave him that potion!” Davanee cried. She didn’t know Asher, but she remembered the look on his face when it did not work and he would never be able to walk again on his own two legs. “We have a potion for a normal spell, but You-Know-Who created something different. Something no one can figure out. And we can’t find a cure. You-Know-Who was so powerful, he created spells that we could never reverse and...” her voice trailed off.

Ron didn’t know what to do or think. He knew Lily had suffered a terrible ordeal, but she was sound asleep. He bit his lip, knowing that Ginny, Fred, Eddie, and Asher need him more. With Hermione, Remus, Sirius and Snape all gone, he felt it was his duty to be there for everyone.

“Where are my sister and brother?”

“I put George and Asher in the same room, so we could watch over those two,” Davanee said with a soft smile. Ron nodded and asked for the room number before running towards it.

“Come on, Ash,” said Eddie as he pushed Asher’s Muggle wheelchair towards the door of Lily’s room. “They’re waking Lils up. They apparently have some big news as well.”

“Yeah?” Asher asked tonelessly. It had only been two days since he found out about his legs, and he still hadn’t taken it very well. He was extremely drawn, tired, depressed, and closed up himself from people. The doctors said this was perfectly normal and that he would come around eventually. It was just going to take some time.

“Here we are,” said Eddie as he pushed open the door to Lily’s room. Inside, Fleur and Dominique were standing by Lily’s beside. Ron had a comforting arm around his sister, Ginny, while she clutched on to Tonk’s hand, who was lying in the bed next to Lily’s bed, tears in her eyes. Nurse Davanee Anchorcan stood beside Lily with her wand ready and a sweet smile on her face.

“Are we all here?” Davanee asked. Everyone nodded. Ginny helped Tonks sit up and placed Tonk’s wand in the position to help her breathe better. “Well, let’s see if Miss Potter is ready to tell her us what happened.” With that, Davanee pointed her wand at Lily.

“Ennervate,”

Everyone waited for a moment and those eyelids fluttered open and Lily’s eyes shown brightly. They were so bright that they looked almost lime green instead of emerald. Fleur and Ginny gasped at the sight of them.

“Lilee?” Dominique whispered, stroking her hair. This earned a glare from Fleur, but nobody really seemed to care what Fleur thought, so Dominique ignored her glare and continued to stroke Lily’s hair.

“Hm?” Lily moaned in a groggy voice. She closed her eyes again and rubbed them in a tired manner. One can tell that despite sleeping for the past two days, she was still completely drained of her powers.

“Lily?” Eddie called out, moving to the side of her bed and grasping her hand tightly.

“Whaaaaaat?” Lily moaned again, in a slightly whiney voice.

“Lily, honey, wake up,” Ron said gently, but yet, firmly. Lily opened her eyes again and they were still the lime green color. Ron turned to Davanee, slightly concerned.

“Why are her eyes like that?” he demanded.

“She is regenerating her powers,” explained Davanee. “Her Eyseluta must be very powerful, so it’s taking the longest to regenerate; to regain power. The color of her eyes is just a side effect. Although I would recommend she doesn’t use Eyseluta for a long, long time. If she does, she’ll probably drain herself even more. And you know what happens when a wizard or witch drains themselves too much.”

“I know,” said Ron. “Sickness. Weakness. Nothing good.”

"I feel like dung," Lily groaned, once again, rubbing her eyes. Ginny gave a slight chuckle, the first in days, bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

"You'll be fine in a couple of weeks," she said softly.

"Yeah, physically I'm sure," she mumbled, sitting up in the bed. This comment made Ron give a soft sigh. Lily wasn't stupid; she knew she had a lot to deal with, even if Voldemort had been destroyed. Lily looked all around the room and everyone in it; Eddie, Ron, Ginny, Fleur, Dominique, and Tonks, who was resting in the other bed in the room. A wand was resting against Tonks' chest, a blue light eliminating from it and surrounding her chest and throat.

"Is everyone all okay?"

No one answered, but all looked at each other nervously. Lily sat up and shook her head.

"Why did I ask that," she whispered. "I already know the answer." No one said anything, but continued to stare at her in amazement. Lily looked at Ron, and held out her hand.

"Are you my father now?" she whispered gently. Tears streamed down Ron's face and he looked down at his feet, crying.

"Lily..."

With that, Ron took her hand and told her everything about everyone. Who died, who lived, who was injured, and who was suffering. Lily slowly took in everything that was being said and just nodded and stared at Ron blankly as he poured everything out to her. When he finished, Lily looked around at everyone, particularly at Ginny and Asher.

"I'm sorry," was all she whispered, before laying down, turning on her side. She groaned and clutched on to her stomach.

"Don't you dare..." Ginny whispered under her breath, before grabbing Lily by her arm and turning her over so that she faced everyone. Tears were brimming in those lime depths. "Don't you dare

blame yourself Lily Potter! Don't you dare act like your father! I bloody hated how he always beat himself up over everything and I won't let you throw your life away by doing the same! Understood?"

"Why me?" Lily whispered, tears streaming down her face. "All of these people died, or got injured, but not me. I survived the Killing Curse. How? Why me?" She was still clutching on to her stomach tightly.

"Something happened, Lily," said Ron. "Something no one can explain."

"He hit me in the stomach, didn't he?" Lily asked.

"Yes, why?"

"Because it hurts..." Lily groaned. "It hurts a lot." Davanee raised a suspicious eyebrow before pushing everyone aside.

"How does it hurt, Lily?" Davanee asked, turning her over on her back. Lily groaned again.

"A sharp pain...almost like my menstrual cramps...only so much more badly..." Lily groaned, still clutching on to her stomach. Davanee mumbled a spell and looked inside Lily's stomach, the spell making a clear vision of what was inside. Her eyes widened and she lifted Lily's bed sheets only to see she was bleeding from below her waist. She gasped before demanding everyone get out of the room and levitating the hospital bed with her wand.

"CLEAR OUT!" Davanee screamed. "CLEAR OUT! SHE NEEDS TO BE CLEANED OUT IMMEDIATELY!"

"Bloody hell...?" Eddie mumbled as he was shoved out of the way. Ron, on the other hand, was more firm about what was happening.

"What's wrong with her?" Ron demanded.

"SHE NEEDS TO BE CLEANED IMMEDIATELY!" Davanee screamed, now running down the hall with Lily's bed levitating behind her. Ron was on her heels, with Eddie on his.

“WHAT IS GOING ON?”

Another nurse took Lily and ran away with her, clearly understanding what in the world nurse Davanee was talking about. Davanee quickly turned to Ron and said in hurried breath.

“Lily has had a miscarriage with the fetus decaying inside of her. This could lead to something very serious, diseases, even death unless it is fixed right away!” was all she said before running into a room with several other nurses and closing the door behind her. Ron stared wide-eyed for a moment, slowly comprehending what nurse Davanee had just told him. Miscarriage? Fetus? That had to mean Lily had been...

“Pregnant?” Ron whispered more to himself than anything. “Lily was pregnant?” With that, he slowly turned around and faced a very tormented looking Eddie, who had become so pale that even his freckles were no longer visible.

Ron had not taken Eddie getting Lily pregnant well at all. It resulted in Ron slapping his son across the face and embarrassing him in front of the whole hospital about being foolish and irresponsible. Eddie was too much in the state of shock that he had almost become a father at seventeen years old.

Lily had been cleaned out and fixed of any bacteria that had developed from the decaying fetus. She couldn't believe the news when the nurses had told her she was pregnant and had a miscarriage. She didn't know what to feel or how to think, for she didn't even know she was with child.

Despite Ron's disappointment towards the two for not being safe, he let them talk for hours on end about what had happened and their feelings about it. He felt it was best for them to lay out their feelings on the table. It was the healthiest thing to do.

“You okay?” Eddie asked, after the first time he saw her after she found out the news.

“Okay I guess...” Lily mumbled. There was a long pause. “How did this happen? I mean, we only had sex once and it didn’t last that long...”

“It doesn’t need to last long and it only has to happen once...” Eddie said, almost coldly. “We were stupid...we should have been more responsible.”

“You’re right...and next time we will...”

“I doubt there will be a next time, Lily,” was all he said. Lily looked down at her hands, praying that he hadn’t meant what she thought he meant. But, they didn’t say anything for Ron, Fleur, and Dominique had just entered the room.

“Ed? Fleur and Dominique want to talk to Lily alone,” he said firmly, giving his son a stern look. “I want to talk to you as well.” He turned his eyes on to Lily. “You too Lily, after Fleur and Dominique are finished.”

Eddie rolled his eyes as he got up from the chair beside Lily’s bed and walked towards Ron. He didn’t even look at Lily as he walked away and his eyes were cold, as though he were angry. Lily pretended to look passive but she felt her heart sink a little bit as he stormed out of the room. Ron gave Lily a soft, sympathetic smile before closing the door, and following Eddie down the hall.

Lily sat up slightly and looked at the two veelas standing before her.

“So, what are we going to talk about?” Lily asked sarcastically. “The fact that I had went and gotten myself pregnant or the fact that Fleur is my mother and Dominique is my second cousin?”

“Watch your mouth,” Fleur snapped. Dominique gave her a look before turning back to Lily. Fleur sighed; heeding Dominique’s look and said more gently, “both.”

“Lilee,” started Dominique started, “what were you zinking? ‘Aving sex wizout using ze proper protection!”

“Do you have to say it like that?” Lily grumbled, clearly embarrassed.

"Yes!" Fleur said firmly.

"Why do you care?" Lily snapped, glaring at Fleur.

"Lilee! Stop zis!" Fleur screamed. "You almost got pregnant! I care because I know what its like to have an unexpected pregnancy. It's what 'appened to 'Arry and I! I don't want you to make ze same mistakes zat I did!"

"Oh, I was a mistake?" Lily screamed, tears blazing her eyes.

"No, of course not, Lilee," Dominique said softly.

"No, you weren't a mistake Lilee," said Fleur, "but you were unexpected. Your fuzzer and I did not love each ozer. We let our emotions get ze best of us and I'm afraid zat is what happened between you and Edward."

"My father did love you," snarled Lily. "Though I don't see-"

"STOP ZIS LILEE!" Fleur screamed, tears in her eyes. "You 'ave so much of your fuzzer in you, but you also 'ave so much of me in you. And I don't want you to be like me, Lilee, I'm not a good person!"

"Fleur..." Dominique started. Fleur turned around on her.

"Let me finish," she whispered to her cousin before turning back to Lily. She moved towards her daughter's bed and looked her square in the eye; ice blue met a lime, greenish color, both filled with an emotion no one could place and neither of them blinked.

"Lilee, don't you see? You're so much like me too, not just 'Arry. You're followed in 'Arry's footsteps. You defeated Voldemort. But, now you're making my mistakes. You were irresponsible and you're beginning to...to..."

"To what?"

"I'm not a good person, Lilee..." she repeated. "I abandoned your father when 'e needed me most and I abandoned you...my own daughter...my own flesh and blood. I was so angry wiz your fuzzer

and wiz you. Anger is not a healzy zing, Lilee. I lost my daughter because of anger. I'll never get to know who you are, what you're made of, everyzing that is you. All because of my anger."

"I'm not angry," Lily whispered.

"Yes, you are," said Fleur, as she caressed her cheek. "You're angry with Voldemort..."

"Of course I am-"

"And you're angry wiz me, wiz life in general," said Fleur. Lily didn't say anything, just stared. "You've lost everyone you've ever loved, and you just lost your unborn child. Life 'asn't been very fair to you Lilee. But, please don't let your anger do to you what it did to me; push everyone who loved me away. I pushed you and your fuzzer away and not a day goes by zat I see you zat I don't regret it. I regret it everyday, losing you. Please Lilee, I beg you. I beg you; don't be like me."

Lily now had tears streaming down her face. She started at her mother with desperate eyes.

"How?" she whispered. "How do I not end up like you? I am you. I'm your daughter."

"You don't 'ave to like me Lilee. You don't 'ave to get to know me. You don't even 'ave to love me," said Fleur. "But, please, let go of your anger and forgive me. Maybe not today, maybe but someday. Just let go and forgive me." Fleur said, tears streaming from her own eyes. She got up from Lily's bed and started towards the door, Dominique not taking her eyes off her cousin. Lily stared down at her hands, which were clasped tightly in her hands. Just as Fleur's hand reached the doorknob, she heard a silent sob.

"Mum?"

Dominique's head turned to Lily, her eyes widened to the size of saucers. Fleur stopped dead in her tracks and gasped loudly.

"Yes, Lilee?" Fleur asked in a soft whisper.

"I forgive you..."

"Thank you, Lilee."

There was a long pause. Dominique kept turning her head back and forth between the two women.

"Mum?"

"Yes Lilee?"

"Can...can I have a hug?"

"Oh Lilee!" With that, Fleur turned around and threw herself on her daughter's bed, embracing her tightly.

"It's an awkward hug," Dominique whispered to herself, "but it's a start..."

Unknown to the women inside the room, Ron had placed himself outside the door after sending Eddie home to Teresa, Anne, and his grandmother. He had been curious as to what Fleur and Dominique had wanted to say to Lily. He had smiled softly at Lily's request for a hug. Ron pulled his ear away from the door and headed towards Hermione's room.

When he reached his wife's room, he grasped her hand tightly and smiled softly. He whispered to her, knowing she probably couldn't hear, but just in case.

"Hermione, so much has happened since you've been gone," whispered Ron. "And I know so much more is going to happen. You'd be so proud of our son and goddaughter. They've made their share of mistakes but they've grown up to be remarkable people; an amazing young man and woman. We've achieved an impossible dream, Hermione. Good has conquered over evil. Our children have marched into hell for a heavenly cause; Lily especially. Now, she's forgiven the one person that hurt her most. An impossible dream, Hermione, we've achieved an impossible dream. I just need to know...how did Lily survive? That's what make it all an impossible dream..."

With that, he laid down in Hermione's bed and held his wife close, closing his eyes and falling into a much needed deep sleep.

Chapter 35 – The Beginning of the End:

Davaneer was giving Lily a last check-up to make sure she had been fully cleaned of any decay and bacteria that had developed from the decay of the fetus. She was finished her stomach and took her wand out, muttered, "*Lumos*," and pointed it at her eyes.

"Have they turned back to their normal color?" Lily asked curiously.

"Almost, Lily," she said with a smile, "almost. They're still a little lighter than your normal emerald color, but they should be back to normal very soon."

"Good, I probably looked freaky with that lime green color," she mumbled. Davaneer gave a weak chuckle and she put her wand in her pocket before writing things down on her clipboard.

"Nurse Davaneer?"

"Yes Lily?" she asked, not looking up at the girl and continued to write things down on her clipboard.

"Am I going to be okay?" Lily asked. Davaneer stopped writing and looked up Lily and smiled softly.

"You're going to be just fine. We're just keeping you here until we know you're back to your full power and your eyes are your normal color. And you're perfectly clean of anything in your stomach," Davaneer explained.

"Yeah...my stomach..." Lily mumbled, looking down at it and patting it gently. Davaneer looked at her for a moment before putting down her quill and clipboard.

"Lily?" she asked. "Did you want a baby?"

There was a long pause and there was a pregnant silence, with the exception of a soft sigh from Lily.

“Sort of,” she whispered. “All my life, I’ve never had a real family. And after being cleaned out, I figured it would have been nice to have a baby, to have a real family, one of my own, one that I started.”

“But, you’re so young, Lily,” said Davanee, she pushed a piece of Lily’s blonde hair out of her face and behind her ear. “You and Eddie will have plenty of time to get married and start a family.”

“I don’t know...” she whispered, looking down at her hands. There was a long, awkward pause before Davanee gave a raised eyebrows look and turned away, before Lily spoke again.

“Did the Killing Curse kill my baby?” Lily asked out of the blue, looking out into space, not quite at Davanee. Davanee sighed and closed her eyes tightly.

“The Killing Curse was hit into your stomach, so yes, we believe that is what killed the baby and caused the miscarriage.” Davanee said softly.

“So Voldemort killed my whole entire family,” Lily snarled angrily. “He killed my grandparents, my father, and now my baby. I’m glad he’s dead. I’m just angry that I didn’t get to torture him first.”

“Don’t talk like that, Lily,” said Davanee softly. “You don’t mean that.”

“I don’t know what I mean anymore,” said Lily, turning away. “How did I survive? My baby died, but I survived. How did I survive?”

“We don’t know how you survived,” Davanee answered truthfully. “Just like we don’t know how your father survived the Killing Curse when he was a baby. We may never know.”

“I see...”

No one said anything. Davanee just finished Lily’s health and test results on to her clipboard before she gathered her things and headed towards the door.

“Feel thy fruit for it is the only power that can overcome the stone...” came a coarse voice from the bed beside Lily. Lily recognized the

quote, from Albus Dumbledore himself, when she traveled through time, learning about the past of Merlin and the Hogwarts. Her ears perked up and she swirled so that she was facing the person in the bed next to her's; Tonks. Davanee also turned around and rushed to Tonk's bed.

"Please, Tonks, no talk, save your strength," said Davanee, readjusting Tonk's wand so it helped her breathe better.

"Wait, Davanee," said Lily, holding up her hand. "I want to hear what she has to say."

"But Lily-"

"Where did you hear that, Tonks?" Lily asked urgently. "Where did you hear that phrase; 'Feel thy fruit for it is the only power that can overcome the stone?'"

"Albus Dumbledore," Tonks manage to say as she gasped for much needed breaths. "He just told me, whispered it into my ear, he did."

Davanee and Lily looked at each other as though Tonks had gone insane. Davanee checked Tonk's temperature as Lily's eyebrows rested in the middle of her forehead.

"Tonks, Albus Dumbledore is dead," said Lily. "He has been dead for over eighteen years. How...?"

"I called upon him," gasped Tonks.

"Called upon him?" Lily mumbled to herself. "How...?"

"Miss Tonks, you're delirious," said Davanee. "I'm going to have to request Dr. Mellinock to add more-"

"Tonks!" Lily gasped, her big green eyes wide, as though a dawn of revelation had dawned upon her. "Can you just hear Dumbledore or do you hear others who have died?"

"I hear many," Tonks croaked. "I mutter an incantation and..."

She coughed and Davanee muttered a spell to put more oxygen into her lungs. She took a deep, much needed breath before turning back to Lily, still gasping for much needed breaths.

"She needs a more powerful spell...I need to call a doctor," Davanee mumbled, waving her wand and pronouncing and muttering different incantations to help Tonks breathe better.

"I mutter an incantation...and...I talk to people who have already died," Tonks explained, gasping in between words, coughing afterwards. Lily stared in wide-eyed amazement.

"Tonks...you...you're the..." Lily shook her head and rubbed her forehead, a big amazed smile on her face. Davanee and Tonks both continued to stare at her. "Tonks, you're the heir of Hufflepuff; you can hear the dead!"

"I've always been able to hear the dead," Tonks explained as Davanee moved her wand around, making sure to get all of what was left of her lungs. "I mutter the incantation and..."

"I know, Tonks, I know!" Lily said excitedly. "You have the power of Oidosis! The power to hear the dead! Only the heirs of Hufflepuff have that power, just like I am the heir of Gryffindor and I am the only person who can perform Eyseluta!"

"But..."

"Lily, I think you're letting your imagination get the best of you..." Davanee said slowly, as though both Tonks and Lily were both insane now.

"No! No one knew whatever happened to Helga Hufflepuff. She could have had a son or daughter! Oh, Tonks, please believe me. Ask Dumbledore!" Lily demanded, knowing it wouldn't help her case but it reassurance for herself was all she needed. She knew that Davanee, or Ron, or even Eddie wouldn't believe her or Tonks. But, deep down, she knew that Tonks was the heir of Hufflepuff and that being able to talk with Dumbledore and whoever else who had already passed; she would be able to know why she survived.

Tonks turned away from Lily and stared into space. Lily watched her mumble something and her golden brown eyes go slightly gray, and then turn back in to her usual golden brown color. Davanee looked at the two curiously then dashed out of the room demanding she was going to get a doctor. It was just Lily and Tonks alone in the hospital room, which Lily preferred as Davanee was making her very uncomfortable with the insane looks she had been giving the pair of them.

“Tonks?” Lily whispered. Tonks looked at her with astonished eyes.

“I talked to her...I talked to Helga Hufflepuff...she says you’re right,” Tonks gasped. “Oh Lily...”

Tonks readjusted her wand and tears leaked out of her eyes as they turned back into that grayish color. Lily stared as she went in and out of conversation with Helga Hufflepuff, Albus Dumbledore, whoever she was talking to. Lily had no idea what she was doing but watched her intently. Finally, her eyes remained the brown, golden color and she smiled at Lily.

“Professor Dumbledore explained it all,” said Tonks and she explained everything to Lily, with needed breaths and gasps in between her words. “He told me that the reason you survived...was because of your unborn child in your womb. The only thing that could overcome the Stone of Merlin was the ‘fruit,’ or your child resting in your womb. That child came from love. It is a symbol of your love and....love is one thing You-Know-Who was never able to comprehend. Because of your love, the curse rebounded on to You-Know Who and with Eyeluta, you were able to destroy him.”

“So, my unborn baby is the ultimate symbol of my love so therefore it destroyed Voldemort?” Lily asked and Tonks nodded. “Well, what if the baby hadn’t been made from love? What if it had been a one night stand or a rape?”

“Then, you’d be dead right now,” whispered Tonks. “But, the baby was made with love. You love Eddie. So it defeated You-Know-Who. ‘Feel thy fruit.’ Feel the love...in your womb...that you created...and that was the only power that could overcome the stone.”

There was a long pause as Lily stared out the window and looked at the sunset setting in the distance. She heard Tonks taking much needed breaths until she heard her raspy voice again;

“He’s quite the little spitfire,” she said softly. Lily turned sharply to Tonks with a confused eyebrow.

“Who?”

“Your unborn son,” said Tonks. Lily sucked in her breath. “He is with Harry now. Quite the little spitfire; deep blood red hair and those emerald green eyes.”

“R-r-r-really?” Lily asked, a lump appearing in her throat. Tonks nodded.

“What would you have named him?” Tonks asked. Lily thought for a moment before answering;

“Though I’m not particularly fond of the name, his name would have been Harry Edward Potter. Both after his father and grandfather,” Lily answered, smiling at Tonks, her eyes looking glassy.

“He wants you to be happy. So does your father, so does Sirius, Remus, your grandparents, everyone,” said Tonks. “Be happy...for them...and for me.”

“I’ll try, Tonks,” she said softly, slightly smiling, “for my father, my son, for Sirius, for everyone; and for you. I’ll try.”

“Thank you, Lily. And take care of yourself, and Ron, Eddie, they all deserve all the happiness in the world,” whispered Tonks.

“I will,” said Lily. With that, Tonks reached out her hand towards Lily and Lily grasped it tightly in hers. The final living heirs of Merlin looked into each other’s eyes and smiled, as the light illuminating from Tonks’ wand, giving her the air she needed to breathe slowly started to dim.

Lily's tassel blew into her eyes and she slowly waved it out, looking up at Professor McGonagall giving a speech at the podium. Lily looked around at all the familiar faces that surrounded her. These were the faces that she spent almost every day for the last seven years.

Lily never thought she would make it to this day; her graduation day. But, she did. She looked down at her black Hogwarts graduation robes, with a scarf that shined of red and gold; the colors that represented Godric Gryffindor. On one side of the scarf was the Hogwarts crest and on the other side was the crest of Gryffindor. She smiled as Asher Lazard wheeled himself up in his wheelchair to receive his Hogwarts diploma. Asher had grown to become accustomed to his wheelchair, using spells to levitate it and make it go as fast as lightening. He received his diploma, shook hands with McGonagall, and smiled at the audience, waving to his mother. On the way back down from the stage, he caught Lily's eye and winked. Lily winked right back.

"Mister Daris Malfoy, House of Slytherin," called out Professor McGonagall. "Mr. Malfoy will begin working at the Ministry in the Department of Magical Corporations this summer."

Lily was very tempted to mutter an incantation for a spitball to throw at Daris Malfoy as he received his diploma but thought better of it. She did feel sorry for him and all because his parents were now in Azkaban.

"Miss Lily Potter, House of Gryffindor," Professor McGonagall announced, "Miss Potter will begin training in the Auror Department this fall, pursuing a job as an Auror for the Ministry."

Lily smiled as she walked up to the stage to receive her diploma. She shook hands with McGonagall, who pulled her into a huge and whispered "Thank you," before handing her diploma. Lily looked into the audience and saw Ron with Teresa by his side and Anne on his lap. She smiled at the pair and returned back to her seat.

Lily spaced out for the rest of the names being called until;

“Mister Edward Weasley, House of Gryffindor,” McGonagall called out. “Mr. Weasley will be heading to the United States of America to continue his education at the University of Salem Witchcraft and Wizardry this fall.”

Lily’s eyes widened as and she nearly choked on her saliva as Eddie went up and received his diploma, hesitantly smiling at his family. His eyes set on Lily for a moment, and something flickered in his eyes as he saw the look of astonishment on Lily’s face; fear, regret, and something Lily couldn’t place. He turned his gaze from her and returned to his face.

Lily’s stomach now had an unsettling feeling in her stomach, a feeling of loss and devastation. How could Eddie go to the United States and not tell her of his plans? Hadn’t they planned on getting married after graduation? What was to become of them if he was to go to the States and she stay here and train in the Auror Department? She turned around to look at Asher and he looked just as shocked and hurt as she felt. Lily then to look at Ron and he looked angry, shocked, hurt, everything that Lily and Asher both felt. It seemed as though Eddie had told not a soul that he was heading to the States to live and study magic.

After the diplomas had been handed out, McGonagall returned to the podium and smiled. “Every year we choose a student that we feel represents Hogwarts in everyway, shape, and form to receive a special award from the school. This year, I think our choice is obvious. This is a student that was born with a name that everyone would remember, but she proved herself to be greater than just a name. She started her Hogwarts years with quite a start and ended them with quite a bang. We feel she has demonstrated intelligence, bravery, moral ethics, and love. I’m sure we’re going to see many great things from her. Ladies and gentleman, we present this award to Miss Lily Potter.”

Lily smiled slightly, got up from her seat, and headed back on to the stage. Professor McGonagall handed her a special certificate and hugged her again. Lily brushed her tassel away from her eyes again and stood behind the podium, facing the audience. She pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose and took a deep breath,

“Thank you, I appreciate all of this,” said Lily softly. “But in all honesty, I could not have been any of those things without the help of Hogwarts and my family and friends.” There was a slight pause as the audience waited for her to continue her speech. Lily bit her lip and continued. “I’m not going to give one of those speeches that I’m sure the faculty hears every year at this graduation ceremony. But I will say these few words. Take a chance. Make mistakes, but learn from them. Work hard, play hard. But most importantly, love unconditionally. If you love, you’ll always win happiness in the end and that is what counts the most. If I’ve learned anything in the last seven years at Hogwarts, it is how to love unconditionally. I hope you all learned the same. Thank you. That is all I have to say.” With that, Lily took her award and sat down as the audience applauded for her. She looked up at Ron and he had tears in his eyes as he hugged his daughters tightly.

When Lily returned to her seat, McGonagall stood at the podium and smiled at the audience; “Ladies and gentleman, I present to you the class of 2025! Good luck graduates and make this magical world all you can make it!”

With that, Lily stood up with the rest of her classmates and turned to the applauding audience, changing the tassel from the left side of her face to the right side of her face, presenting the glowing numbers of the year. Finally, students were having sparks and fireworks coming out of their wands. Many Muggle-born students were throwing their hats in the air. Lily smiled and in honor of Robyn Andrews, who should have been here today, she threw her hat in the air.

Lily worked her way through the crowd, hearing many people thank and congratulate her by either shaking her hand or ruffling her blonde hair. She gave quick, non-caring answers of “thank you,” trying to find the Weasleys. When she saw a bunch of heads with fiery red hair, she dashed towards it with a big smile on her face.

“Ron!” she shouted. Ron whipped around and enveloped her in the biggest hug of her life.

"Oh Lily I'm so proud of you!" Ron said, holding her at arms length. Lily smiled and hugged Teresa and little Annie. Ginny then came up and placed a small kiss on both sides of her face. She saw Eddie standing behind his aunt, a blank look on his face. Lily started towards him but a hand was placed on her shoulder. She turned around to see her mother and cousin staring into her emerald depths.

"Congratulations Lilee, my dear cousin!" Dominique screeched before enveloping her cousin into a giant hug. Lily hugged her back, awkwardly, but returned it all the same.

Dominique pulled away and Fleur stepped forward and, like Ginny, kissed her daughter on both sides of her face, and hugged her tightly. Kissing the side of her face once again, Fleur whispered in her daughter's ear; "I've never been more proud of anyone in my entire life. I'm sure your fuzzer is just as, if not more proud than I am..."

"Thanks," said Lily, pulling away and smiling up an awkward smile at her mother. When she had turned around, Eddie was no longer with the group of Weasleys and veelas, but had wandered off somewhere. Lily, without anyone noticing, also escaped the group in search for him, for Lily knew exactly where he was. She knew he'd be in his dormitory, packing his things. And when Lily reached his dorm, sure enough, there he was, his fiery red head lying on his pillow, resting on his bed, as he waved his wand, his suitcase packing itself. His nose was behind a book.

"Hey Ed," she called out. Eddie looked up with a start and when he realized who it was, he turned the page over to hold his place and closed the book.

"Hey Lily," he said softly. "Uh...how are you?"

"Fine," she said shortly. There was a long awkward pause. "Why are we trying to make small talk?" Eddie shrugged, but didn't say anything. "Y'know, you haven't spoken to me since the hospital. Since....since we found out I almost had a baby..."

"I know," was all Eddie said, before picking up the book and reading it again.

“Real mature, Ed,” snapped Lily, her temper rising. “I’m trying to talk to you and you’re ignoring me by reading a stupid book!”

“What do you want me to say, Lily?” Eddie retorted, snapping the book shut and throwing it on the other side of his bed. “Honestly! What do you want me to say?”

“Why have you been ignoring me?” asked Lily, placing her hands on her hips. “We’ve been friends since the day we were born and we’ve both claimed to love each other all our lives. If we can’t talk about any of this then it all seems for nothing!”

“Lily, we were irresponsible and stupid!” Eddie practically yelled. “We almost had a baby at seventeen years old! You and I both know that neither of us was ready for such a responsibility!”

“You know, Ed,” started Lily, in a very cynical tone. “I couldn’t have made that baby on my own, y’know. You were a big help in that aspect.”

“I know, and I realized we made a mistake,” Eddie said, crossing his arms over his chest and narrowing his eyes at Lily.

“That still doesn’t explain why you’ve been ignoring me,” said Lily. “You’re ignoring me because we got pregnant?”

“No,” said Eddie, “I’ve been avoiding you because...because I feel like we’ve gone much too fast with our relationship.”

Lily’s heart sank slightly.

“What do you mean?” she asked slowly.

“I mean, we have our whole lives ahead of us and we’ve only ever been with each other. And we almost messed up our lives by getting pregnant.” Eddie explained. “I just...I want to see what else is out there besides Hogwarts, England...and you.”

Lily felt the lump forming in her throat, but she would not let herself cry in front of Eddie. She would rather die than let Eddie know he

made her cry. She took a deep, shaky breath, closed her eyes for a second, and opened them to see Eddie opening his book once again.

“So, are you saying you want to break-up?” Lily asked slowly. Eddie took a deep breath and nodded slightly. Lily took another breath, but this time, she was not only heartbroken, but she was beginning to shake with anger.

“So, you want to break-up,” she snarled. Eddie looked up at her worriedly. “I can accept that Ed. If you don’t want to be together, I’ll accept that. But, the fact that you didn’t have the guts or courage to say it to my face, the fact that you hid and ignored me for the last couple of weeks, that just proves you’re a coward Ed Weasley! And you know what? I refuse to date a coward! So, I would have wanted this relationship over anyway as well. So, it is most definitely for the best.”

“Lily, please,” said Eddie, “it wasn’t just because of the pregnancy. I mean, you’re going into Auror training, meaning you won’t have any contact with anyone for months at a time and I’ll be in the States-”

“Save it, Ed,” said Lily, holding up her hand to silence him. “I get it okay? I get it. Enjoy your life in the United States. Maybe I’ll see you around.”

“Lily...”

“Good-bye Eddie,” was all she said as she stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Eddie bit his lip, debating whether he should go after her. Instead of going after her, he flopped back down on his bed, rubbing his head, feeling a bad headache coming on.

“I hurt her,” was all he whispered.

“Well, ya think?” the mirror in his room asked sarcastically. Eddie picked up his shoe and threw it at the mirror.

“Shut-up!”

That summer was a very difficult one for Lily Potter. To avoid any confrontation with Eddie, she denied Ron's offer to live at the Windum with him and the rest of his family. Instead, Lily moved into Sirius' old house just outside London, away from prying Muggle eyes, and even wizarding eyes.

Everyone wanted to meet and greet the witch that defeated the most powerful, darkest wizard of all time. People, especially reporters, swarmed Lily wherever she went. She knew that within time this would die down, especially when she went into Auror training and disappeared for a few years. But, in the meantime, she was going under the Fidelous Charm, with Ginny Weasley as her Secret Keeper until she went into training. It was just for protection and privacy; protection from Voldemort's old supporters and privacy from everyone else in the wizarding world.

The only people who came in contact with Lily over the summer were Asher and the Weasleys, all of the Weasleys except Eddie. She hadn't heard from or seen Eddie since their break-up in his dormitory. The thought of Eddie was very difficult to think about. Lily was completely heartbroken and devastated over losing Eddie and having him out of her life. She loved Eddie with every fiber of her being and their love for each other, and creating something with their love, was what had saved her against Voldemort. Their love was what had helped her destroy evil, destroy Voldemort. There were countless nights where Lily cried herself to sleep thinking and dreaming of him.

"So, this is what heartbreak is," Lily would whisper into the night, before turning over and falling into a fitful sleep. Lily also remembered how this wasn't the first time that Eddie had broken her heart, so she figured, maybe it was for the best that they were no longer together. But, it still hurt her nonetheless.

To take her mind off things; losing Eddie, Sirius, Remus, Tonks, and so many others this year and during the final battle, Lily practiced different defense spells and read books on the practice of being an Auror, in order to help prepare for her Auror training. She knew it probably wouldn't help, but it kept her busy, it kept her sharp. So, Lily spent the summer practicing, reading, and studying, with daily visits from Asher and the Weasleys.

It was only two weeks before Lily began her Auror training at the Ministry. Lily was going through the list of all the things she needed to begin the training and it seemed as though she already had everything. As she was rechecking her list; there was a knock on the door. It was Ginny Weasley, levitating a large bag of food and other groceries.

"Hello Lily, sweetie," she said as she kissed the young girl on the cheek. "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks, Gin," she said with a smile, stepping aside to let her in. "How are you doing?"

"Fine," she said, setting the groceries on Lily's kitchen table. "I bought you some food to last you for the next two weeks, before your training begins."

"Thanks, Gin," Lily said with a smile, unpacking her groceries. "I really appreciate it." Lily placed her supplies in the different cabinets and such as Ginny began to make them both a cup of tea.

"You know Lil," started Ginny as she put some sugar in the two cups, "Ed is leaving for the States tomorrow morning."

Lily's heart stopped in her chest but she tried to look passive; "Is he now?"

"Yes, he is," said Ginny. "Ron isn't too happy. He's still furious that Ed applied to the University and accepted its scholarship offer without consulting or informing him; without telling anyone for that matter."

"I would be too if he was my son," Lily said nonchalantly, taking her cup of tea and moving towards the kitchen table.

"I think he misses you," said Ginny, eyeing Lily curiously.

"It is his fault if he does," Lily said sharply. "He was the one who wanted to break-up. He was the one who acted like a coward." Ginny just gave a soft sigh before taking a final sip of her tea and placing the empty cup in the kitchen sink. She muttered a spell and the cup began to clean itself.

"I just think that maybe you should just come see him off. He's Apparating tomorrow morning at eight in the morning from the Windum. It's just a suggestion," said Ginny with a smile. She gave Lily a tight hug and Disapparated home. Lily sighed and banged her head against the kitchen table.

But, Lily did not go to see Eddie off as he left for the United States of America. And no one noticed the look of disappointment when Eddie Weasley Disapparated to the States knowing he'd probably never return to England and that he'd probably never see Lily Potter ever again.

Two weeks passed. Lily stood in front of the Ministry of Magic with two suitcases and all the things that she needed levitating behind her. Also, standing behind her was Ron Weasley, each of his daughter's holding one of his hands, Fleur, Ginny, and Dominique.

"You think you're ready for this Lils?" Ron asked his goddaughter with a giant smile on his face. Lily turned around to face him, grinning at him.

"I've been ready for this since my first encounter with Voldemort," she said with a smile. The group gave a weak chuckle and Lily put her wand in her pocket, turning to the six people standing behind her, getting ready to say good-bye.

"Well, this is it," she said with a sigh. Ron nodded. "I'll see you all during my first visit home?"

"When is zat Lilee?" Dominique asked curiously. Lily took the tiny calendar out of the pocket of her robes and flipped through it.

"Six months and two weeks from today," she said softly. With that, Ron grabbed Lily and hugged her tightly.

"We're going to miss you Tiger Lily," he whispered in her ear. "And I know Harry is so proud of you, words cannot describe it." Lily smiled into his shoulder, and then said good-bye to everyone else that was there to support her. After her good-byes and some tears from

Dominique, Lily turned and faced the building before grabbing her belongings and walking inside. Everyone left as she walked into the building, that is, everyone except Ron Weasley. Ron stared at the building long after Lily had disappeared inside, and he whispered something to himself.

“We’re going to see many great things from you, Lily Potter,” he whispered into the sunlight, “nothing terrible, just great...just good.”

With that, he turned around to only have Teresa and little Annie come dashing into his arms.

“Come on girls,” he said softly, with one last look at the doors Lily had entered a few moments ago, “we’re going home.”

And here it is; the beginning of the end.

Epilogue – The Mistress of Magic:

“Mr. Weasley?” came a gentle voice, shaking the elder man awake. Ron awoke with a start and began scratching his graying red hair.

“Oh, I’m sorry Davanee,” he said with a croaky voice. “I was just sitting here and I suppose I fell asleep.”

“It’s quite alright Mr. Weasley,” she said a smile. “I just wanted to remind you that visiting hours end in five minutes. Normally, I’d let you stay but my boss caught me letting you stay after hours and-”

“It’s fine Davanee,” Ron said with a smile. “I thank you for all that you’ve done for me and my wife these last few years.”

“Of course Mr. Weasley,” said Davanee, chuckling softly. “It is what I am here for.” Ron shared a chuckle and turned back to his sleeping wife.

Hermione had been in a coma for eight years now. The doctors and nurses claimed that she would never come out and that it was just better to let her die. Ron would hear none of it, knowing that one day his wife would come back to him and his children.

Little Annie was now in her first year at Hogwarts, sorted into Gryffindor just like the rest of the family. Annie was shy and humble, but had her mother’s brains. Ron knew that was where she belonged. Annie reminded him so much of her mother, with her bushy red hair and big almond shaped brown eyes.

Teresa had now entered her fifth year at Hogwarts. According to her record and the constant owls Ron got about her behavior, Teresa had taken much after her uncles; Fred and George Weasley. Teresa was very mischievous, but very humorous and intelligent. She was also sorted into Gryffindor and Ron sometimes worried if Teresa would look after Anne while the two of them were at Hogwarts. One thing was for sure, she definitely did not take after their parents for she did not receive the honor of being prefect. Ron didn’t care, he was proud of her no matter what.

Then, there was Eddie. Ron, Ginny, Teresa, Anne, nor Lily, no one had heard from Eddie since he left England eight years ago. No one received an owl or anything from him. Everyone, except Lily, had sent him many owls and notes, hoping to hear something from him. But everything went unanswered. They knew he was still alive because the owls always managed to deliver him the letters and packages. It were as though Eddie had fallen off the face of the planet.

Ron knew Hermione would never accept this kind of behavior from Eddie, but she was still in her coma and Ron was much too stressed with working and trying to raise his two daughters. Ginny and Fred tried to help as often as they could, but there was only so much they could do. Ron felt lost without his wife. Several times Fred tried to get Ron to see other people but he insisted that his heart was with and always will be with Hermione.

Ron was now working at Hogwarts as the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. The heavily scarred Neville Longbottom had become Headmaster after his term as Minister of Magic had ended. Neville never married due to his low self-esteem because of his scarred face, so he dedicated his life to teaching by becoming the Herbology professor and now acclaimed Headmaster. Ron knew both Albus Dumbledore and Hermione would be proud with Neville's work as Headmaster. And when Neville asked Ron to work as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, he couldn't say now and has had this post for almost six years now. He was very comfortable with it.

Ginny and Fred continued to run their successful joke shop and lived together in a flat until Ginny remarried and started her own family, but continued to run the joke shop beside her brother. It was almost like Ginny felt she had to take George's place, for the sake of Fred.

Ron heard loud clanks coming down the hall and he smiled to himself as he turned around to see Asher and his wife, Yvonne, standing in the doorway of Hermione's hospital room. Asher hadn't changed a bit since he graduated with the exception of his legs. His face had become handsome with masculine, yet soft features, soft brown hair that fell into his eyes and his stormy gray eyes which were always dancing with amusement.

“Asher!” he said with a smile. He got up and embraced the boy who had become like a son to him in the past eight years tightly. “How are you?”

“Fantastic!” he said with a smile, “just had me legs checked up on and cleaned.”

He lifted his pants and Ron smiled. Asher had gotten rid of his legs which were no longer of use to him and created a spell that gave him fake legs, however, being fake, they made him walk with a limp so he constantly carried around with a cane. It was a gold cane with the Hogwarts crest engraved on the side, hence the loud clanking one always heard when he was walking by. Ron thought it was a sin that a young man of twenty-five had to walk with a cane.

Yvonne and Asher continued to date long after Hogwarts, had been married for almost two years now, and Yvonne was pregnant with her first child. Ron couldn't have been happier for the pair of them. It was the kind of future he had always pictured for Ed and Lily, but if they couldn't have it, at least someone else he cared about could.

“Here to see Hermione?” Ron asked. Asher smiled.

“We visited her this morning,” he said simply. “We actually came to see if you wanted to have dinner with Yvonne and myself tonight. We're heading to the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade, so it won't be out of your way. You may invite Teresa and Annie if you wish.”

“Sounds great,” said Ron with a smile. “Let me just say good-bye to my wife and send the girls an owl.”

“Okay, we'll give you some privacy,” said Yvonne, taking Asher's hand and leading him down the hall. “Meet you in the lobby, Ron?”

“Sure, see you in a bit,” said Ron, turning back to give Hermione a tender kiss on the forehead.

Yvonne nearly had water squirt out of her nose as Teresa told of the latest prank she had pulled on the Gryffindor boys for teasing little

Annie. Even Annie couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of the boys not being able to speak, but simply croak as frogs.

"It was great! And the only way the spell could be reversed is if Anne here kissed them on the cheek," Teresa said proudly. "It's the last time those boys tease a Weasley!"

"Did you kiss any of them yet?" Asher asked eagerly. Anne blushed.

"Of course not!" Teresa nearly shouted. "She's too shy! Why do you think I chose that curse in particular?"

Once again, everyone roared with laughter and Anne blushed harder. Ron's heart melted at the sight of his youngest daughter and pulled her into a small embrace to comfort her shyness. At that moment, a group of Aurors came bursting into the pub and looked around the room, and when they set their eyes on Ron, they walked over to him.

"Mr. Weasley, we got an emergency call from you? Your fiancé has been kidnapped?" One of the Aurors, which looked like the leader of the group, asked Ron. Ron raised a confused eyebrow.

"Fiancé?" Anne whispered. "Dad?"

"You have a fiancé dad?" Teresa snapped angrily. "Bloody hell!"

"Watch your mouth, Teresa Molly Weasley!" Ron said sternly before turning to the guards. "I'm afraid you've made a mistake. I made no such call and I have no fiancé. I am a married man."

"Well, we received a call from a Mr. Weasley claiming his fiancé had been kidnapped. He claims to have received a ransom note stating that she was brought here to England. She is American, I believe?" the head Auror asked, reading off a small slip of paper. "You stated that you'd have no other Auror except the best to help find her."

"American..." Ron mumbled to himself. Then, it dawned on him. "Oh my, Merlin! My son!"

"I beg your pardon sir?"

“Son? Dad, you mean Eddie?”

“Dad, what the bloody hell is going on here?”

“Ron...”

“My son has been living in America for the last eight years. I don't know if he is engaged or not but it might be him. He is a Mr. Weasley.” Ron explained. “Wait, Ed is engaged and she's been kidnapped to England? Bloody hell...”

“Eddie is engaged?” Asher asked eagerly.

At that moment, an owl came bursting into the Three Broomsticks and dropped a letter into the Head Auror's hands and flew off. The Auror hastily opened the letter and read it quickly before looking at his followers.

“Mr. Weasley is at the Ministry,” he explained, “We've confronted the wrong Mr. Weasley. Let's head out then.”

“Wait!” Ron said urgently, pushing Teresa out of his way and her swearing loudly. “What is Mr. Weasley's first name?”

“When he moved, he changed his name to Mr. Edward Whesley, but his real name is Mr. Edward Weasley,” the Auror explained, then looked back up at Ron. “Is he your son?”

“Yes...” Ron whispered. “May I come with you? I haven't seen him in eight years...”

“If he is your son, we don't see a problem,” said the Head Auror. “Come with us.” With those words, Ron grabbed both Teresa and Anne, said a hasty good-bye and apology to both Asher and Yvonne, and followed the group of Aurors.

As the Weasleys and the Aurors left the Three Broomsticks, Asher jumped to his feet, his eyes widened.

“Merlin...” he whispered. “Yvonne...Eddie Weasley is back!”

“Why are you asking me all these questions?” a man, about six foot, with fiery red hair, chestnut eyes, and face load of freckles shouted as she slammed his fist down against Miranda Michael’s desk. Miranda Michaels was Head of the Auror Department in the Ministry of Magic. “Why aren’t you out there finding my fiancé?”

Miranda couldn’t help but notice how this man had a combination of both an American accent and a British accent and it sounded funny to her, but she tried as hard as she could not to laugh at it.

“Mr. Weasley, please,” Miranda said softly. “You claimed you wanted the best Auror we can get our hands on. And considering the money you’re offering, we’re trying to get in touch with someone we have in mind.”

“Well where is he?”

“Ed,” came a voice from outside the office, near the doorway. The tall man with fiery red hair and freckles eyes slowly widened and he sucked in a deep, nervous breath, recognizing the voice from the doorway. “Son?”

Ed Weasley turned around and faced the man standing in the doorway. Eddie was astonished at how poorly his father, Ron, had aged. His hair, now hardly red, but was graying. Freckles were not the thing that covered his face; but now aging wrinkles from both time and stress had taken over. His warm brown eyes were no longer sparkling and full of joy, but tired, old, worn down by life.

“Hi dad,” he said, trying to contain his composure.

“Ed...” Ron whispered, as he dashed forward and embraced his son tightly, sobbing into his shoulder. “Oh, Ed...how could you? How could you abandon us all here? No word from you, no letters, nothing!”

“I’m sorry...I was just busy...” said Eddie, awkwardly. Ron pulled away from Eddie’s embrace and slapped him straight across the face.

“Busy? Too busy to write a letter to see if your mother had woken up? I bet you didn’t even know your friend, Asher married and his wife is now pregnant with their first child! I bet you don’t even know what year your two sisters are in at Hogwarts, or who they are, do you? DO YOU?” Ron shouted at the top of his lungs. Eddie looked down at his feet for a moment, before looking back up at his father, a glaring look in his chestnut eyes.

“I’m not a child anymore, dad,” Eddie snapped. “I’m twenty-five years old. I will do as I wish.”

“You can do as you wish,” Ron said just as angrily. “I just want you to know that your mother would be ashamed of you. I, however, am just disappointed.” At this, Eddie rolled his eyes.

“Dad, my fiancé has been kidnapped and I am here to find her, not to be lectured from you!” Eddie snapped before turning back to Miranda. “And about this Auror you promised me? Where is he?”

“Don’t you even want to see your sisters? I brought them with me,” said Ron. “Teresa, Anne, please come here.” Eddie whipped around about to blow up at his father but the sight of the fifteen year old girl and the eleven year old girl before him made him stop dead in his tracks.

“Anne? Teresa?” he asked through a tiny whisper. Both girls nodded. “Where did the time go? You girls are practically women!”

“Not so much Anne here, but I’m almost there,” Teresa said coolly, white quietly nudging Anne in a joking manner.

“Oh wow...”

“You’re engaged?” Anne asked quietly. “Since when?”

“About a year now,” said Eddie. “She’s a woman from the state of California; a real American girl, Jane Anderson.”

“What a dull name,” Teresa said nastily, very resentful towards her brother for pushing her and the rest of the family out of his life.

"Thanks Teresa," Eddie said sarcastically, seeing how his little sister hadn't changed a bit in the course of eight years. "But, she's been kidnapped by dark wizards. In the ransom note they claimed to have taken her to England so here I am! I am here to help this Auror they assign to the case to help me find her. I won't accept anything less than the best."

"And the best is on the way," Miranda said sardonically.

"WHERE IS HE?!?" Eddie snapped.

An emergency owl had just dropped into her lap. She opened it hastily and read it carefully.

"Bloody hell," she muttered. "I'm going to have to cancel my meeting with the Irish Minister. Dominique, could you take care of that for me?" she asked politely. The woman, known as Dominique, was an enticing elder woman with aging hair, of gold and gray that she kept in a tiny knot at the nape of her neck. Her piercing crystal gray eyes were lined with fine lines that gave an attractive look that only some elder women were able to hold. Dominique took out a tiny notebook and quill and wrote down the instructions, saying it would be no problem whatsoever.

"Is zere a problem at ze Ministry?" another woman at the table, who was sitting beside Dominique, asked. She was just as stunning as Dominique, with aging hair that was silky white that she kept in a loose elegant bun at the top of her head and the same fine lines around her eyes, except her eyes were a bright blue and she wore fancy spectacles around her crystal blue eyes.

"Yeah, apparently they have an emergency Auror assignment..." she mumbled with a sigh. "I'm sorry I have to leave our weekly lunch early today, but-"

"Go sweetie, you 'ave your job to do," said the second beautiful woman. "I understand 'ow demanding it must be."

"Thanks mum," she said kissing both her mother and Dominique on the cheek and grabbing her bag. "I'll see you here again same time next week ladies?"

"Yes indeed," said her mother, smiling. Her daughter took out her wand and Apparated to the Ministry. Dominique looked at the young lady's mother.

"Fleur, every time I see your daughter, ze more and more proud of 'er I get," Dominique said with a smile.

"Trust me, your not ze only one," said Fleur. "Not a day goes by zat I don't regret zrowing 'er out of my life when she was a baby."

"Zankfully she forgave you and 'as zese weekly lunches wiz us," said Dominique, who checked her fancy white gold pocket watch. "We 'ave to be at ze shop in five minutes. Might as well leave now?"

"Yes," said Fleur sitting up, leaving some Galleons on the table. "I'm so 'appy we finally opened zat jewelry shop in Diagon Alley. It keeps us busy and vibrant." Both ladies gave an elegant chuckle and Fleur's comment, pulled out their wands, and Apparated to their jewelry shop; A Veela's Shop, in Diagon Alley.

A young woman Apparated in front of the Ministry of Magic with her wand clenched in her right hand. She was a beautiful young woman, in her mid-twenties. Her long golden blonde hair fell in layers around her face and to the middle of her back. She was wearing a knee length black skirt with black knee length boots and an emerald green turtleneck sweater, making her almond shaped emerald green eyes stand out vibrantly. Her black robes and blonde hair billowed around her as it was a windy day, making her cheeks rosy.

She entered the building and headed straight to her office, where her student assistant, Jeremiah Reachenburg, was sitting at the front desk, a pile of papers on his desk, looking very disgruntled.

"Good morning Mistress," he said with angry groan.

“Long day Jeremiah?” she asked politely as she picked up some of her papers from his desk. He gave her a sarcastic look, making her chuckle.

“What do you think? You just got elected Mistress of Magic, of course it is a hectic day!” he said in an annoyed voice. She chuckled at his comment.

“You know, it’s that kind of attitude that has given this working relationship a lot of spice,” she said as she took out her fancy, cat like glasses, put them on, and went through some of the papers. Jeremiah rolled his eyes and continued his work. She looked down at him for a moment and sighed. “Take the week of Jeremiah. I’ve been called to the Auror Department.”

“Auror Department?” he asked incredulously. But, Mistress, you’ve just been elected Mistress of Magic! You shouldn’t be receiving calls and jobs from the Auror Department! You’re work is here and trust me, you have tons of it!”

“Jeremiah, they have a complaining man demanding for the best,” she said while putting down the papers. “And I am the best so I am doing the job. It is my last one until my term is over.”

“Modest I see,” Jeremiah grumbled, packing up his suitcase, making her smile to herself. She knew that part of the reason she had hired Jeremiah was because of his dry sense of humor. It kept things amusing in this office, which was always filled with stress and tension. “I’ll see you in a week, Mistress.”

She smiled and took off her glasses, as she placed the papers back on Jeremiah’s desk. “Make sure you lock up my office before you leave,” was all she said as she grabbed her briefcase and headed out the door towards the Auror Department. Miranda, her old partner, had said it was urgent so she had agreed to take this one final job.

“This Auror better be good,” Eddie snarled, sitting in front of Miranda’s desk. Miranda rolled her eyes.

“She is the best, Mr. Weasley,” said Miranda. “She’s so good that she was recently elected Mistress of Magic.” Eddie’s eyes nearly bulged out of his head.

“Wait, wait, wait, the MISTRESS of MAGIC will personally be taking on my fiancé’s case?” he asked in shock. Miranda nodded slowly.

“You asked for the best, Mr. Weasley,” said Miranda. “She became one of the best Aurors the Ministry has ever seen and was elected as Head of the Auror Department when she was only twenty-two years old. Now, she has been elected one of the youngest Ministers, or Mistresses of Magic, at twenty-five. Passionate about her work, she is.”

“Yeah? Who is she?” Eddie asked curiously.

“Sorry I’m late, I had a meeting,” came a voice from behind, from the doorway. “It is a pleasure to meet you, sir. And don’t worry, we will find your fiancé.” Eddie, recognizing that scratchy voice, whipped around to see a stunning young woman standing in the doorway with long golden blonde hair and emerald green eyes.

“Mr. Weasley, I present to you Miss Lily Potter, Head Auror and Mistress of Magic,” said Miranda. “She will be taking on your case to find your fiancé.”

Eddie’s eyes locked with Lily’s for a moment and he fainted.

Author’s Note – That’s it. That’s the end.

I thank everyone who read and stuck with this series I began back in like 2002! I started this series as a freshman in high school and now I am a sophomore in college! This series really grew up with me. I put a lot of my own experiences and events of maturity into this story along with many others I know. I hope you all loved reading this as much as I loved writing it. I definitely left room for a possible sequel so we’ll see what happens. I may start it now, months from now, or never. We’ll see. Maybe a faithful reviewer would like to continue this series if they so wish if I decide not to. Maybe. But for now I say

farewell and THANKS SO MUCH TO THOSE WHO REMAINED FAITHFUL SINCE DAY ONE! I REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY APPRECIATE IT!

This bloody road remains a mystery

This sudden darkness fills the air

What are we waiting for?

Won't anybody help us?

What are we waiting for?

We can't afford to be innocent

Stand up and face the enemy

It's a do or die situation

We will be invincible

This shattered dream you cannot justify

We're gonna scream until we're satisfied

What are we running for?

We've got the right to be angry

What are we running for?

When there's nowhere we can run to anymore

We can't afford to be innocent

Stand up and face the enemy

It's a do or die situation

We will be invincible

And with the power of conviction

There is no sacrifice

It's a do or die situation

We will be invincible

Won't anybody help us?

What are we running for?

When there's nowhere, nowhere we can run to anymore

We can't afford to be innocent

Stand up and face the enemy

It's a do or die situation

We will be invincible

And with the power of conviction

There is no sacrifice

It's a do or die situation

We will be invincible

We will be invincible

("Invincible" – Pat Benatar)